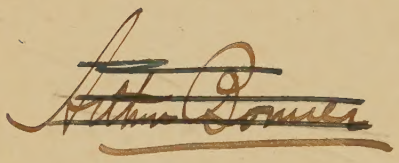
English Poems



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Mrs. Roosevelt "My Day" —ms

My Weekend

ENGLISH POEMS

SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY NOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES

BY

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THE ELIZABETHAN AGE AND
THE PURITAN PERIOD
(1550–1660)

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PREFACE

This volume is the second in a series of four volumes of English Poems, intended especially for use with college classes. The principles governing the selection of poems, the editing of the texts, and the composition of the notes, in the series, were fully set forth in the Preface to Vol. IV, which was the first to appear, and they need not be repeated here at length. In brief, the method followed is (1) to choose poems representing the different phases of the work of poets and schools of poetry, without including an undue number of minor poets; (2) so far as possible to print entire poems or entire parts of poems; (3) to follow the latest accessible text approved by the author; (4) to modernize spelling and punctuation as a rule, but to retain the original spelling when change would affect rhyme or rhythm; (5) in the notes to explain difficulties of expression and allusion, give the poet's view of poetry in his own words, furnish material (chiefly variant readings and literary sources) which illustrate his mode of work, and throw some light, by means of extracts from contemporary criticism, upon the literary standards of different periods.

The application of this method necessarily varies with the nature of the material for each volume. In the present volume the great problem in the selection of poems was to represent at all adequately the poetic fertility of the Elizabethan Age as shown by the host of lesser poets, and yet save space enough for the supreme names of Spenser, Shakspere, and Milton. Two-fifths of the book was finally given to these three, and the remainder to some

sixty of the minor poets—a larger number than have been admitted into the other volumes of the series, but not larger in proportion to the full choir. Again, the question of texts has offered peculiar difficulties in many instances, where it is impossible to say what was the latest text approved by the author, if indeed he approved of any. In such cases, what seems intrinsically the best text has been adopted, or some standard text of acknowledged excellence has been followed. In regard to spelling, the temptation was even stronger than in Vol. III to reproduce the original editions without change; but such procedure might fairly be deemed pedantic in a book designed for immature students and the general reader, and would certainly prove to be of more inconvenience than benefit. The original spelling of Spenser, however, has been retained, since it was deliberately adopted by him as a part of the romantic archaism of his poetry; and for a like reason certain spellings and word-forms which were preferred by Milton have been kept.

I wish to renew my disclaimer of originality in the notes, and at the same time to repeat that even the best editions have not been followed blindly, that statements, references, and quotations have been verified whenever possible, and that some of the material is new or is brought together for the first time. I also acknowledge gratefully my obligations to the authorities of the Harvard College Library, of the Library of Heidelberg University, and of the Bodleian Library, for access to early editions and other valuable works; to Professor R. E. Neil Dodge and to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for their courtesy in allowing me to use the text of the Cambridge Spenser; to Mr. Bertram Dobell for permission to print two of Traherne's poems; and to Mr. Earl N. Manchester, of the Brown University Library, for careful transcripts of variant readings in Milton. As in the volumes previously published, my wife

has given constant and invaluable assistance by preparing copy, collating texts, reading proof, and translating from the Greek and Latin; the table of contents, the indices, and the glossary to Spenser were also made by her.

W. C. B.

OXFORD, ENGLAND
April 28, 1909

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

SIR THOMAS WYATT

The Lover Compareth His State 1
The Lover Beseecheth His Mistress 1
He Complaineth to His Heart 2
He Ruleth Not Though He Reign over Realms . . . 3

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

Description of Spring 3
The Means to Attain Happy Life 4
From Translation of the Æneid 4

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

From The Steel Glass 5

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

From The Induction 8

ANONYMOUS

Ale Song 15

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Epithalamium 16
From Astrophel and Stella 19
Thou Blind Man's Mark, Thou Fool's Self-Chosen Snare . 24
Leave Me, O Love Which Reachest but to Dust . . . 24

SIR FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

Chorus Sacerdotum 25
Myra 25
Love beyond Change 26
Pomp a Futile Mask for Tyranny 27
True Monarchy 27

EDMUND SPENSER

From The Shepheardes Calender . . . . .
January 27

From An Hymne in Honour of Beautie 30
The Faerie Queene
Book I
From Canto I 33
Canto III 38
Canto XI 49
Book II
From Canto VII 62
From Canto XII 70
Book VI
Canto IX 72
From Amoretti 83
Prothalamion 85

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
The Silent Lover 90
His Pilgrimage 90
The Conclusion 92

JOHN LYLY
Song by Apelles 92
What Bird So Sings, Yet So Does Wail 92

GEORGE PEELE
Cupid's Curse 93

THOMAS LODGE
Rosalind's Madrigal 94
Rosalind's Description 95

ROBERT GREENE
The Shepherd's Wife's Song 97
Sweet Are the Thoughts That Savour of Content . . . 98
Philomela's Ode 98

THOMAS NASH
Spring, the Sweet Spring 99
Adieu, Farewell, Earth's Bliss 100

NICHOLAS BRETON
Phyllida and Corydon 101
A Sweet Lullaby 102
Worldly Paradise 103

ALEXANDER HUME
From Of the Day Estivall 105

JOSHUA SYLVESTER
Were I as Base as Is the Lowly Plain 108

BARNABE BARNES
Ah, Sweet Content 109

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
From Hero and Leander 109
The Passionate Shepherd to His Love 111

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From Venus and Adonis 112
From The Rape of Lucrece 115
From Sonnets 119
Who Is Sylvia 126
On a Day, Alack the Day 127
Winter 127
Now the Hungry Lion Roars 128
Under the Greenwood Tree 128
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind 129
It Was a Lover and His Lass 129
O Mistress Mine, Where Are You Roaming 130
Come Away, Come Away, Death 130
How Should I Your True Love Know 131
And Will He Not Come Again 131
Take, O Take Those Lips Away 132
Witches' Incantation 132
Come, Thou Monarch of the Vine 133
Hark! Hark! the Lark 133
Fear No More the Heat o' th' Sun 134
Come unto These Yellow Sands 134
Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies 135
Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I 135

GEORGE CHAPMAN
From The Iliads of Homer Translated 135

THOMAS CAMPION
Follow Thy Fair Sun, Unhappy Shadow 139
My Sweetest Lesbia, Let Us Live and Love 139
Rose-Cheeked Laura, Come 140
The Man of Life Upright 140
Jack and Joan, They Think No Ill 141
Never Weather-Beaten Sail 142
Now Winter Nights Enlarge 142

Good Wife 143
Thrice Toss These Oaken Ashes in the Air 144
Shall I, Then, Hope When Faith Is Fled 144
There Is a Garden in Her Face 145

Sir Henry Wotton
The Character of a Happy Life 145

Sir John Davies
From Orchestra 146
From Nosce Teipsum. 148

Anonymous
Crabbed Age and Youth 151
I Saw My Lady Weep 152
The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint 152
Phyllida's Love-Call to Her Corydon, and His Replying . 153
The New Jerusalem 155
Weep You No More, Sad Fountains 156
Maying Song 157
Ye Little Birds That Sit and Sing 157

Samuel Daniel
From Delia 158
From The Civil Wars. 159
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland . . . 162

Michael Drayton
Daffadil 166
From Idea 168
From The Barons' Wars 169
His Ballad of Agincourt 173
From Poly-Olbion 176
From Nymphidia 177

Joseph Hall
From Virgidemiarum Libri Sex
Book I, Satire VI 180
Book III, Satire I 181

John Marston
The Scourge of Villainy
From Satire VII 183

Thomas Dekker
O Sweet Content 185
Lullaby 185
O Sorrow, Sorrow 186

BEN JONSON
Queen and Huntress, Chaste and Fair 186
Epode 187
Song 190
Witches' Charm 190
Simplex Munditiis 191
To My Bookseller 192
On Giles and Joan 192
On My First Son 193
Inviting a Friend to Supper 193
Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H. 194
To Sir Robert Wroth 195
To Celia 197
The Triumph of Charis 198
Her Man Described by Her Own Dictamen 199
To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakspeare . 200
A Pindaric Ode 202
An Elegy 206

JOHN DONNE
Satires
From Satire I 207
The Indifferent 209
Lovers' Infiniteness 210
A Valediction Forbidding Mourning 211
Sweetest Love, I Do Not Go 212
From The Second Anniversary 213
Death, Be Not Proud 214

THOMAS HEYWOOD
Pack, Clouds, Away, and Welcome, Day 215

JOHN FLETCHER
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair 215
Hence, All You Vain Delights 216
Care-Charming Sleep 217
The Beggars' Holiday 217
Weep No More 218

FRANCIS BEAUMONT
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey 218

JOHN WEBSTER
A Dirge 219
Hark! Now Everything Is Still 219

GILES FLETCHER
From Christ's Victory and Triumph
Justice and Mercy 220
Satan 224

PHINEAS FLETCHER
From The Purple Island
Koilia 226
The Shepherd's Life 227
Faith and Knowledge Fight the Dragon . . . 228

ANONYMOUS
Then I Was in Love 229
The Bellman's Song 230
See Where My Love A-Maying Goes 230
Sweet Suffolk Owl 231
Open the Door 231

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
I Know that All beneath the Moon Decays 231
Sleep, Silence' Child 232
If Crossed with All Mishaps Be My Poor Life . . . 232
Phœbus, Arise 233
To Chloris 234
No Trust in Time 234
The World a Game 235
The Praise of a Solitary Life 235

WILLIAM BROWNE
From Britannia's Pastorals
Sweeter Scents than in Arabia Found 236
A Squirrel Hunt 236
Walla, the Fairest Nymph 237
A Fairy Banquet 239
A Rose, as Fair as Ever Saw the North 242
An Epitaph on Mr. John Smyth 242
On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke 243

RICHARD CORBET
The Fairies' Farewell 243

HENRY KING
A Contemplation upon Flowers 245

GEORGE WITHER
Shall I, Wasting in Despair. 246
From Fair Virtue 247

JAMES SHIRLEY
No Armour against Fate 251
GEORGE HERBERT
From The Church-Porch 251
Virtue 253
The Pearl 254
Peace 255
The Collar 256
The Pulley 257
The Elixir 258
WILLIAM BOSWORTH
Arcadius' Song to Sepha 258
THOMAS RANDOLPH
An Ode 260
ROBERT HERRICK
The Argument of His Book 262
To Perilla 263
Upon the Loss of His Mistresses 263
Upon Julia's Voice 264
The Bag of the Bee 264
Divination by a Daffadil 264
Corinna's Going A-Maying 265
To Live Merrily and to Trust to Good Verses . . . 266
To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time 268
From The Fairy Temple, or Oberon's Chapel . . . 269
The Hock-Cart, or Harvest Home 270
How Violets Came Blue 271
To Anthea 272
Bashfulness 272
Upon Sneape 272
To Daffadils 273
The Bracelet to Julia 273
The Mad Maid's Song 274
His Winding-Sheet 274
Upon Julia's Hair Filled with Dew 276
Another on Her 276
Night Piece, to Julia 276
The Country Life 277
His Grange, or Private Wealth 279
A Ternary of Littles 280
The Wake 280

A Conjuration, to Electra 281
Upon Julia's Clothes 281
Moderation 282
His Litany to the Holy Spirit 282
To His Sweet Saviour 283
Another Grace for a Child 284
The Bellman 284
To Keep a True Lent 284

WILLIAM HABINGTON
To Roses 285
The Reward of Innocent Love 286
Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam 287

THOMAS CAREW
Disdain Returned 288
A Deposition from Love 288
An Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers 289
Ask Me No More Where Jove Bestows 290

SIR JOHN SUCKLING
Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover 291
From A Ballad upon a Wedding 291
True Love 294
Constancy 294

RICHARD LOVELACE
To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars 295
To Althea from Prison 295
To Amarantha, That She Would Dishevel Her Hair . . 296

RICHARD CRASHAW
On a Foul Morning 297
From The Holy Nativity 298
The Flaming Heart 300

HENRY VAUGHAN
The Retreat 303
Peace 304
The World 304
They Are All Gone into the World of Light 306
From The Timber 307

THOMAS TRAHERNE
The Salutation 308
Wonder 310

SIR JOHN DENHAM
From Cooper's Hill 311

ABRAHAM COWLEY
From A Vote 314
The Spring 314
The Resurrection 316
Of Solitude 318

EDMUND WALLER
From The Battle of the Summer Islands 319
On a Girdle 321
Go, Lovely Rose 322
From A Panegyric to My Lord Protector 322
Of the Last Verses in the Book 323

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT
From Gondibert 324
The Lark Now Leaves His Wat'ry Nest 325

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE
From Pharonnida 326

ANDREW MARVELL
An Horatian Ode 328
The Garden 331
From The Character of Holland 333

JOHN MILTON
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity 334
On Shakespear 341
Song on May Morning 341
To the Nightingale 342
On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three . . 342
L'Allegro 343
Il Penseroso 347
At a Solemn Music 351
Comus 352
Lycidas 378
When the Assault Was Intended to the City 383
To the Lady Margaret Ley 383
On the Detraction Which Followed upon My Writing Certain Treatises 384
To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652 384
On the Late Massacre in Piemont 385

On His Blindness 385
To Mr. Cyriack Skinner upon His Blindness 386
To Mr. Lawrence 386
On His Deceased Wife 387
From Paradise Lost
Book I 387
From Book III 407
From Book IV 408
From Paradise Regained 412
From Samson Agonistes
Samson's Lament 416
Samson's Revenge 419

NOTES 427

BIBLIOGRAPHY 517

INDEX OF AUTHORS 533

INDEX OF TITLES 533

INDEX TO FIRST LINES 537

SIR THOMAS WYATT

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE

TO A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA

My galley, chargèd with forgetfulness,
Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights, doth pass
'Tween rock and rock; and eke mine enemy, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness;
And every oar, a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case;
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forcèd sighs and trusty fearfulness;
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance;
Wreathèd with error and eke with ignorance,
The stars be hid that led me to this pain;
Drowned is Reason, that should me comfort;
And I remain, despairing of the port.

1557.

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS

NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE INTENT

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can:
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in denays:
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet, forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The mind that never meant amiss:
Forget not yet!

Forget not, then, thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this!

1557.

HE COMPLAINETH TO HIS HEART

THAT, HAVING ONCE RECOVERED HIS FREEDOM, HE HAD AGAIN BECOME THRALL TO LOVE

Ah, my heart, what aileth thee
To set so light my liberty,
Making me bond when I was free?
Ah, my heart, what aileth thee?

When thou were rid from all distress,
Void of all pain and pensiveness,
To choose again a new mistress,
Ah, my heart, what aileth thee?

When thou were well, thou could not hold;
To turn again, that were too bold;
Thus to renew my sorrows old,
Ah, my heart, what aileth thee?

Thou know'st full well that but of late
I was turned out of Love's gate;
And now to guide me to this mate,
Ah, my heart, what aileth thee?

I hoped full well all had been done;
But now my hope is ta'en and won;
To my torment to yield so soon,
Ah, my heart, what aileth thee?

1557.

HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE REIGN OVER REALMS

THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will, and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage;
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulè,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governor.

If to be noble and high thy mind be movèd,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning;
For He That hath each star in heaven fixèd,
And gives the moon her horns and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made thee noble in His working;
So that wretched no way thou may be,
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones, a thousandfold
More precious than can thyself devise,
Ychargèd were thy back; thy covetise
And busy biting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

1557.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING

WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale, with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck, in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new-repairèd scale;
The adder, all her slough away she slings;

The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee, her honey now she mings.
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays; and yet my sorrow springs!

1557.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

Martial, the things for to attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;
The equal friend; no grudge, nor strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fare;
Wisdom joined with simplicity;
The night dischargèd of all care,
Where wine may bear no sovereignty;
The chaste wife, wise, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Neither wish Death, nor fear his might.

Before 1547. 1557.

FROM

TRANSLATION OF THE AENEID

Whiles Laocon, that chosen was by lot
Neptunus' priest, did sacrifice a bull
Before the holy altar, suddenly
From Tenedon, behold, in circles great,
By the calm seas, come fleting adders twain,
Which plièd towards the shore (I loathe to tell),
With rearèd breast lift up above the seas;
Whose bloody crests aloft the waves were seen;
The hinder part swam hidden in the flood;
Their grisly backs were linkèd manifold.
With sound of broken waves they gate the strand,

With glowing eyen, tainted with blood and fire;
Whose waltring tongues did lick their hissing mouths.
We fled away; our face the blood forsook:
But they with gait direct to Lacon ran.
And first of all each serpent doth enwrap
The bodies small of his two tender sons,
Whose wretched limbs they bit and fed thereon.
Then raught they him, who had his weapon caught
To rescue them, twice winding him about,
With folded knots and circled tails, his waist;
Their scalèd backs did compass twice his neck,
With rearèd heads aloft and stretchèd throats.
He with his hands strave to unloose the knots
(Whose sacred fillets all besprinkled were
With filth of gory blood and venom rank),
And to the stars such dreadful shouts he sent,
Like to the sound the roaring bull forth lows,
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,
The swerving axe when he shakes from his neck.
The serpents twain, with hasted trail they glide
To Pallas' temple and her towers of height;
Under the feet of which, the goddess stern,
Hidden behind her target's boss, they crept.

1557.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

FROM

THE STEEL GLASS

But here methinks my priests begin to frown,
And say that thus they shall be overcharged,
To pray for all which seem to do amiss;
And one I hear, more saucy than the rest,
Which asketh me, "When shall our prayers end?"
I tell thee, priest, when shoemakers make shoes
That are well sewed, with never a stitch amiss,
And use no craft in utt'ring of the same;
When tailors steal no stuff from gentlemen;
When tanners are with curriers well agreed,

And both so dress their hides that we go dry;
When cutlers leave to sell old rusty blades,
And hide no cracks with solder nor deceit;
When tinkers make no more holes than they found;
When thatchers think their wages worth their work;
When colliers put no dust into their sacks;
When maltmen make us drink no fermenty;
When Davie Diker digs and dallies not;
When smiths shoe horses as they would be shod;
When millers toll not with a golden thumb;
When bakers make not barm bear price of wheat;
When brewers put no baggage in their beer;
When butchers blow not over all their flesh;
When horse-coursers beguile no friends with jades;
When weaver's weight is found in huswives' web;
(But why dwell I so long among these louts?)
When mercers make more bones to swear and lie;
When vintners mix no water with their wine;
When printers pass none errors in their books;
When hatters use to buy none old cast robes;
When goldsmiths get no gains by soldered crowns;
When upholsters sell feathers without dust;
When pewterers infect no tin with lead;
When drapers draw no gains by giving day;
When parchmentiers put in no ferret silk;
When surgeons heal all wounds without delay.
Tush! these are toys; but yet my glass showeth all.

EPILOGUS

Alas, my lord, my haste was all too hot;
I shut my glass before you gazed your fill,
And, at a glimpse, my silly self have spied
A stranger troop than any yet were seen.
Behold, my lord, what monsters muster here,
With angel's face and harmful hellish hearts,
With smiling looks and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skins and stony cruel minds,
With stealing steps yet forward feet to fraud.
Behold, behold, they never stand content

With God, with kind, with any help of art,
But curl their locks with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their hair with sundry subtle sleights,
But paint and slick till fairest face be foul,
But bumbast, bolster, frizzle, and perfume.
They mar with musk the balm which Nature made,
And dig for death in delicatest dishes.
The younger sort come piping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they birded.
The elder sort go stately stalking on,
And on their backs they bear both land and fee,
Castles and towers, revenues and receipts,
Lordships and manors, fines, yea farms and all.
What should these be? Speak you, my lovely lord.
They be not men; for why? they have no beards.
They be no boys, which wear such side long gowns.
They be no gods, for all their gallant gloss.
They be no devils, I trow, which seem so saintish.
What be they? women? masking in men's weeds,
With Dutchkin doublets and with jerkins jagged,
With Spanish spangs, and ruffs fet out of France,
With high-copped hats, and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt?
They be so sure, even *wo* to *men* indeed.
Nay, then, my lord, let shut the glass apace!
High time it were for my poor Muse to wink,
Since all the hands, all paper, pen, and ink
Which ever yet this wretched world possessed,
Cannot describe this sex in colors due!
No, no, my lord, we gazèd have enough;
And I too much, God pardon me therefor.
Better look off than look an ace too far;
And better mum than meddle overmuch.
But if my glass do like my lovely lord,
We will espy, some sunny summer's day,
To look again and see some seemly sights.
Meanwhile my Muse right humbly doth beseech
That my good lord accept this vent'rous verse,
Until my brains may better stuff devise.

1575–76. 1576.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

FROM

THE INDUCTION

The wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrappèd been
  The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
  The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoilèd of her beauty's hue;
And soote fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew;
And small fowls, flocking, in their song did rue
  The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
  In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery;
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly.
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
  Myself within; for I was gotten out
  Into the fields, whereas I walked about.

When lo, the Night, with misty mantles spread,
'Gan dark the day and dim the azure skies;
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloody Mars, to will him not to rise,
Which she herself approached in speedy wise;
  And Virgo, hiding her disdainful breast,
  With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.

. . . . . .

And pale Cynthea, with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supply her brother's place,
Was past the noonstead six degrees in sight,

When sparkling stars amid the heaven's face,
With twinkling light, shone on the earth apace,
That, while they brought about the Nightès chare,
The dark had dimmed the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas, forlorn,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourished so beforn,
It taught me well all earthly things be born
To die the death, for naught long time may last;
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

Then, looking upward to the heaven's leams,
With nightès stars thick powdered everywhere,
Which erst so glistened with the golden streams
That cheerful Phoebus spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near,
The sudden sight reducèd to my mind
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That, musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My busy mind presented unto me
Such fall of peers as in this realm had be;
That oft I wished some would their woes descrive,
To warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And straight, forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In black all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwast:
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears outbrast;
And, sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

. . . . . .

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolour so distrained in heart
That, while my hairs upstarted with the sight,

The tears outstreamed for sorrow of her smart.
But when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dewle which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

"Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
And stint in time to spill thyself with plaint.
Tell what thou art and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaint."
And with that word of "sorrow," all forfaint
She lookèd up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus she 'gan to say:

"Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrained
With wasting woes, that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the infernal lake,
Where Pluto, god of hell, so griesly black,
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast.

. . . . . .

"I shall thee guide first to the griesly lake,
And thence unto the blissful place of rest;
Where thou shalt see and hear the plaint they make
That whilom here bare swing among the best.
This shalt thou see; but great is the unrest
That thou must bide, before thou canst attain
Unto the dreadful place where these remain."

And with these words, as I upraisèd stood
And 'gan to follow her that straight forth paced,
Ere I was ware into a desert wood
We now were come, where, hand in hand embraced,
She led the way, and through the thick so traced
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

. . . . . .

An hideous hole, all vast, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, o'erwhelmed with ragged stone,

With ugly mouth and griesly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one.
Here entered we; and, yeding forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might discern,
As black as pitch, that clepèd is Averne.

A deadly gulf where naught but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth in thickened lumps that lies,
Which up in the air such stinking vapours throws
That over there may fly no fowl but dies,
Choked with the pestilent savours that arise.
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And first within the porch and jaws of hell
Sate deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for Death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain proferred here and there;
Benumbed of speech, and with a ghastly look
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair,
Stoynd and amazed at his own shade for dreed,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

. . . . . .

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,

With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for naught his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forwast;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But and the cruel Fates so fixèd be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayèd he:
That in such withered plight and wretched pain
As Eld, accompanied with his lothsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his lief,

And not so soon descend into the pit,
Where Death, when he the mortal corps hath slain,
With retchless hand in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground y-lain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to naught,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him, sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookbacked he was, toothshaken, and blear-eyed;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side;

His scalp all pilled, and he with eld forlore;
His withered fist still knocking at Death's door;
Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath:
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed,
Sore sick in bed, her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic and all physic's cure.

But oh the doleful sight that then we see!
We turned our look, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought we see,
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth that cried
And roared for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left naught but the case alone.

And that, alas! was gnawen on everywhere,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrain
From tears to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain;
When all for naught she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay,
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means y-may
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself, as she that hath no law;
Gnawing, alas! her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shryght in so huge wise

As made hell-gates to shiver with the might:
Wherewith a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and therewithal pale Death
Enthrilling it, to reave her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law;
Against whose force in vain it is to fight.
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all perforce must yield unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayèd me.
His body dight with naught but bones, perdie;
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms y-clad,
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued.
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued;
And in his left, that kings and kingdoms rued,
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razèd towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked; and realms, that whilom flowered
In honour, glory, and rule above the best,
He overwhelmed and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceast,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress:
His face forhewed with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe with gashes deep and wide.

. . . . . .

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell;

The wide waste places, and the hugy plain,
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed
With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed;
Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead,
That slew themselves when nothing else availed;
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed
With sighs, and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfere,
That, oh alas! it was a hell to hear.

We stayed us straight, and with a rueful fear
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes
The vapoured tears downstillèd here and there;
And Sorrow eke, in far more woeful wise,
Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies
Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
'Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

"Lo here," quoth Sorrow, "princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheel,
Now laid full low; like wretches whirlèd down,
Even with one frown, that stayed but with a smile.
And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw only in thought; and what thou now shalt hear
Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer."

1563.

ANONYMOUS

ALE SONG

CHORUS—Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapt and throughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I have take my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

1566? 1575.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

EPITHALAMIUM

Let mother Earth now deck herself in flowers,
To see her offspring seek a good increase,
Where justest love doth vanquish Cupid's powers,
And war of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,
Which never may decrease,

But, like the turtles fair,
Live one in two, a well-united pair;
Which that no chance may stain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

O heav'n, awake! show forth thy stately face;
Let not these slumb'ring clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerful presence help to grace
The honest bridegroom and the bashful bride;
Whose loves may ever bide,
Like to the elm and vine,
With mutual embracements them to twine;
In which delightful pain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

Ye Muses all, which chaste affects allow,
And have to Thyrsis showed your secret skill,
To this chaste love your sacred favours bow,
And so to him and her your gifts distill
That they all vice may kill,
And, like to lilies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotless may endure,
Where that all bliss may reign:
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

Ye nymphs which in the waters empire have,
Since Thyrsis' music oft doth yield you praise,
Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis crave:
Let one time—but long first—close up their days,
One grave their bodies seize;
And like two rivers sweet,
When they, though diverse, do together meet,
One stream both streams contain:
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

Pan, father Pan, the god of silly sheep,
Whose care is cause that they in number grow,
Have much more care of them that them do keep—
Since from these good the others' good doth flow—
And make their issue show
In number like the herd
Of younglings which thyself with love hast reared,

Or like the drops of rain:
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

Virtue, if not a god yet God's chief part,
Be thou the knot of this their open vow,
That still he be her head, she be his heart;
He lean to her, she unto him do bow,
Each other still allow;
Like oak and mistletoe,
Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow:
In which most lovely train,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

But thou, foul Cupid, sire to lawless lust,
Be thou far hence with thy empoisoned dart,
Which, though of glittering gold, shall here take rust,
Where simple love, which chasteness doth impart,
Avoids thy hurtful art,
Not needing charming skill
Such minds with sweet affections for to fill;
Which being pure and plain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbed looks,
All privateness, self-seeking, inward spite,
All waywardness which nothing kindly brooks,
All strife for toys and claiming master's right,
Be hence aye put to flight;
All stirring husband's hate
'Gainst neighbors good, for womanish debate,
Be fled, as things most vain:
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

All peacock pride, and fruits of peacock's pride,
Longing to be with loss of substance gay,
With retchlessness what may the house betide,
So that you may on higher slippers stay,
Forever hence away;
Yet let not sluttery,
The sink of filth, be counted huswifery,
But keeping whole your mean:
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

But, above all, away vile jealousy,
The evil of evils, just cause to be unjust:
How can he love, suspecting treachery?
How can she love, where love cannot win trust?
Go, snake, hide thee in dust,
Ne dare once show thy face
Where open hearts do hold so constant place
That they thy sting restrain:
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

The earth is decked with flowers, the heav'ns displayed,
Muses grant gifts, nymphs long and joinèd life,
Pan store of babes, virtue their thoughts well stayed,
Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife:
Happy man, happy wife!
No pride shall them oppress,
Nor yet shall yield to loathsome sluttishness,
And jealousy is slain;
For Hymen will their coupled joys maintain.

1580–83? 1598.

FROM

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburned brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my trewand pen, beating myself for spite,
"Fool!" said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write!"

V

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light; and that the heavenly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve
(Rebels to Nature) strive for their own smart:
It is most true what we call Cupid's dart
An image is which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make church and churchman starve:
True that true beauty virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortal mixture breed:
True that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move:
True—and yet true that I must Stella love.

XXX

Whether the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill his horns this year on Christian coast;
How Poles' right king means, without leave of host,
To warm with ill-made fire cold Muscovy;
If French can yet three parts in one agree;
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast;
How Holland hearts, now so good towns be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasing Orange tree;
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit
Wherewith my father once made it half tame;
If in the Scotch court be no welt'ring yet:
These questions busy wits to me do frame.
I, cumbered with good manners, answer do,
But know not how, for still I think of you.

XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case:
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.

Then ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

XXXIII

I might—unhappy word, O me!—I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my bliss;
Till now, wrapt in a most infernal night,
I find how heav'nly day, wretch! I did miss.
Heart, rent thyself! thou dost thyself but right.
No lovely Paris made thy Helen his,
No force, no fraud robbed thee of thy delight,
No Fortune of thy fortune author is,
But to myself myself did give the blow;
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me
That I respects for both our sakes must show,
And yet could not by rising morn foresee
How fair a day was near. O punished eyes!
That I had been more foolish or more wise!

XXXIX

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so:
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

XLVIII

Soul's joy, bend not those morning stars from me,
Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might,

Where Love is Chasteness, Pain doth learn Delight,
And Humbleness grows one with Majesty:
Whatever may ensue, O let me be
Co-partner of the riches of that sight!
Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light!
O look! O shine! O let me die and see!
For though I oft myself of them bemoan
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone,
Whose cureless wounds, even now, most freshly bleed,
Yet since my death-wound is already got,
Dear killer, spare not thy sweet cruel shot!
A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

LXIV

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try!
O give my passions leave to run their race!
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry;
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye;
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace;
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case;
But do not will me from my love to fly!
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Caesar's bleeding fame,
Nor aught do care though some above me sit,
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame
But that which once may win thy cruel heart:
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

LXIX

O joy too high for my low style to show!
O bliss fit for a nobler state than me!
Envy, put out thine eyes, lest thou do see
What oceans of delight in me do flow!
My friend, that oft saw, through all masks, my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour myself on thee!
Gone is the winter of my misery;
My spring appears! O see what here doth grow!
For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchy:
I, I, oh I may say that she is mine!
And though she give but thus conditionly

This realm of bliss—while virtuous course I take,—
No kings be crowned but they some covenants make.

LXXXIV

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber-melody,
Now, blessed you, bear onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet.
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully:
Be you still fair, honoured by public heed,
By no encroachment wronged, nor time forgot,
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed;
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss—
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss!

LXXXVII

When I was forced from Stella ever dear,
Stella, food of my thoughts, heart of my heart,
Stella, whose eyes make all my tempests clear,
By Stella's laws of duty to depart,
Alas, I found that she with me did smart,
I saw that tears did in her eyes appear,
I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sense did hear.
For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so;
I sighed her sighs, and wailèd for her woe;
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seen.
Thus while th' effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vext if vext I had not been.

CVIII

When Sorrow, using mine own fire's might,
Melts down his lead into my boiling breast,
Through that dark furnace to my heart opprest,
There shines a joy from thee, my only light!
But soon as thought of thee breeds my delight,

And my young soul flutters to thee, his nest,
Most rude Despair, my daily unbidden guest,
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night,
And makes me then bow down my head and say,
"Ah, what doth Phoebus' gold that wretch avail
Whom iron doors do keep from use of day?"
So strangely, alas, thy works in me prevail
That in my woes for thee thou art my joy,
And in my joys for thee my only annoy.

1581?–84? 1591.

THOU BLIND MAN'S MARK, THOU FOOL'S SELF-CHOSEN SNARE

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought,
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care,
Thou web of will whose end is never wrought;
Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought,
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire,
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire,
For Virtue hath this better lesson taught—
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring naught but how to kill Desire.

Before 1586. 1598.

LEAVE ME, O LOVE WHICH REACHEST BUT TO DUST

Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,

And think how ill becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heav'n and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

Before 1586. 1598.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

CHORUS SACERDOTUM

O wearisome condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound;
Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity;
Created sick, commanded to be sound:
What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and reason self-division cause.
Is it the mark or majesty of power
To make offences, that it may forgive?
Nature herself doth her own self deflower,
To hate those errors she herself doth give.
For how should man think that he may not do,
If Nature did not fail and punish too?
Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
Only commands things difficult and hard;
Forbids us all things which it knows we lust;
Makes easy pains, impossible reward.
If Nature did not take delight in blood,
She would have made more easy ways to good.
We that are bound by vows and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To preach belief in God and stir devotion,
To preach of heaven's wonders and delights,
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks
He finds the God there far unlike his books.

1609.

MYRA

I, with whose colors Myra dressed her head,
I, that ware posies of her own hand-making,
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking,

Must I look on, in hope time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet with true-love knots in flowers,
Which I to wear about mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was ours,
Must I lead now an idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named,
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs till dead love be awakèd?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like Jealousy o'erwatchèd with Desire,
Was ever warnèd modesty to keep
While her breath, speaking, kindled Nature's fire,
Must I look on a-cold while others warm them?
Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

Was it for this that I might Myra see
Washing the water with her beauties white?
Yet would she never write her love to me:
Thinks wit of change when thoughts are in delight?
Mad girls may safely love, as they may leave:
No man can print a kiss; lines may deceivè.

1633.

LOVE BEYOND CHANGE

Fie, foolish Earth! think you the heaven wants glory
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
All's dark unto the blind; let them be sorry:
The heavens in themselves are ever bright.
Fie, fond Desire! think you that Love wants glory
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
The hopes and fears of lust may make men sorry,
But Love still in herself finds her delight.

Then, Earth, stand fast! The sky that you benight
  Will turn again, and so restore your glory.
Desire, be steady! Hope is your delight,
  An orb wherein no creature can be sorry,
Love being placed above these middle regions,
Where every passion wars itself with legions.

1633.

POMP A FUTILE MASK FOR TYRANNY

I saw those glorious styles of government—
God, laws, religion—wherein tyrants hide
The wrongs they do, and all the woes we bide,
Wounded, profaned, destroyed. Power is unwise
That thinks in pomp to mask her tyrannies.

1633.

TRUE MONARCHY

For that indeed is no true monarchy
Which makes kings more than men, men less than beasts,
But that which works a perfect unity,
Where kings as heads, and men as members, rest,
  With mutual ends like twins, each helping other,
  In service of the Commonwealth, their mother.

Before 1628. 1670?

EDMUND SPENSER

FROM

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

JANUARYE

A shepeheards boye (no better doe him call),
When winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was (alas the while!):
May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke.
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

"Ye gods of love, that pitie lovers payne
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie),
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bow your eares unto my dolefull dittie;
And Pan, thou shepheard's god, that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

"Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhow to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with daffadillies dight;
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart
As if my yeare were waste and woxen old:
And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas, yt is already donne!

"You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of bloosmes wherwith your buds did flowre;
I see your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

"All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare
With breathèd sighes is blowne away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

"Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill governement,
Thy maysters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne;
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

"A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see;
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee:
Yet all for naught; such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breede both joy and payne!

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit;
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gyfts bene vayne;
Colin them gives to Rosalind againe.

"I love thilke lasse (alas! why doe I love?),
And am forlorne (alas! why am I lorne?):
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes that Colin Clout doth make.

"Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou should;
Both pype and Muse shall sore the while abye."
So broke his oaten pype, and downe did lye.

By that, the welkèd Phoebus gan availe
His weary waine; and nowe the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:
Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sonnèd sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

1579.

FROM

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE

What time this worlds great Workmaister did cast
To make al things such as we now behold,
It seems that He before His eyes had plast
A goodly paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as He could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore;
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortall sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestiall powre
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seeme to please. That is thy soveraine might,
O Cyprian Queene, which, flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe, which, shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre;

Therewith thou pointest thy sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent
That Beautie is nought else but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arrayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oftimes we Nature see of Art
Exceld in perfect limming every part?

But, ah, beleeve me there is more then so
That workes such wonders in the minds of men;
I, that have often proved, too well it know,
And whoso list the like assayes to ken
Shall find by tryall and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairely spred
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay;
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes which kindleth lovers fire,
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay,
But when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retyre;
For it is heavenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derivèd was,
At first, out of that great immortall Spright
By Whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heavens hight
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enracèd,
Through every part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heavens have her gracèd,
And frames her house in which she will be placèd,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules, which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might
Tempers so trim that it may well be seene
A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight:
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

About 1579? 1596.

THE FAERIE QUEENE
(Book I)

FROM

CANTO I

The patrone of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie him to entrappe
Doth to his home entreate.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

But on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For Whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever Him adored;
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For soveraine hope which in His helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious Queene of Faerie Lond,
To winne him worshippe and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide

Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent as that same lambe
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this knight from far compeld.

. . . . . .

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayèd, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after askèd him if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
"Ah, my dear sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

"But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil, ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
"Of such," saide he, "I chiefly doe inquere,

And shall you well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace
That such a cursèd creature lives so long a space."

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe but thorough great distresse."
"Now," sayde the ladie, "draweth toward night,
And well I wote that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

"Then with the sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
"Right well, sir knight, ye have advisèd bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night." The knight was well content,
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A litle lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and even-tyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine wellèd forth alway.

Arrivèd there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas,
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas;

He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor, loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and there, amiddes
His magick bookes and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible
(Let none them read), thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame,
And cursèd heven, and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light:
A bold bad man, that dared to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like little flyes
Fluttring about his ever damnèd hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

He, making speedy way through spersèd ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth, full steepe
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth lockèd fast,
The one faire framed of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownèd deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the wallèd towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

The messenger, approching, to him spake,
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine;
So sound he slept that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe
Shooke him so hard that forcèd him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate; whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie askèd him for what he came.
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame;
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent."

The god obayde, and, calling forth straightway
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay

His heavie head, devoide of careful carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And framed of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguilèd with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schoolèd privily;
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feignèd hew.

1580–90. 1590.

CANTO III

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the Lyon mylde;
Marres Blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse
That moves more deare compassion of mind
Then beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance and fast fealty
Which I do owe unto all woman kynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

And now it is empassionèd so deepe
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorcèd in despayre,
And her dew loves deryved to that vile witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wishèd tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven shynèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushèd suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse;
But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswagèd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.

Oh, how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he, my lyon and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adord
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayèd champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard;
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandèment,
And ever by her lookes conceivèd her intent.

Long she thus travailèd through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the trodden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,

Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approching, she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand,
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand:
Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away; for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands and other signes of feare;
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrivèd there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darkesome corner pent,
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater-nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves,* she was wont to say.

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackecloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bitt;
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
Whose needelesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framèd words and count'naunce fitt;

Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad Una downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe.
In stead of rest, she does lament and weepe
For the late losse of her deare lovèd knight,
And sighes and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias Chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drownèd lie,
One knockèd at the dore, and in would fare:
He knockèd fast, and often curst and sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call,
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents;
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow, ...
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne sparèd he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none dorst rize
(The lyon frayèd them) him in to lett.
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize,
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call;
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath; the thirsty land
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap which on them is alight,
Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pas,
In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke
That for his love refusèd deitye;
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him that from her still did flye,
Then furthest from her hope when most she weenèd nye.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazèd deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling and lamenting cry,

Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling she did pray
That plagues and mischiefes and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retournèd with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have toste:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry and curse and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying that harlott she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemèd he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed and eke his charmèd launce.

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turnèd wyde
Unto an hil: from whence when she him spyde,
By his like-seeming shield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride;
Approching nigh she wist it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came,

And weeping said, "Ah, my long lackèd lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much fearèd I to have bene quite abhord,

Or ought have done that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my deare heart light;
For since mine eie your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is:
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis!"

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought and fro my wil
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me lovèd stil,
And chose in faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly berth.

"And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place,
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend. Now, then, your plaint appease."

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passèd paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past. True is, that true Love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before:
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

Much like as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of heaven, that none can bide,

And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound,
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups, his mates him pledg around:

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found:
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her what the lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fiersnesse fomèd all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffèd side;
His looke was sterne, and seemèd still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the red crosse which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couchèd speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryèd dint of deadly steele;
But yet his lady did so well him cheare
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele,
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
And full of wrath, that with his sharphead speare
Through vainly crossèd shield he quite did perce;
And had his staggering steede not shronke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare;
Yet so great was the puissance of his push
That from his sadle quite he did him beare;

He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
And from his gorèd wound a well of bloud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said, "Lo, there the worthie meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife!
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
When mourning altars, purged with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake.
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take."

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, "O hold that heavie hand,
Deare sir, what ever that thou be in place!
Enough is that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy. Mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
And whilest him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
In bloudy field: therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight; but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amasèd hold,
And, halfe ashamèd, wondered at the sight;
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

And said, "Why Archimago, luckless syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis!"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazèd eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay,

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amasèd stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him who has the guerdon of his guile
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have reft away with his sharpe rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he drawes.

O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast his puissance to withstand;
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he percèd through his chaufèd chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart; with death opprest
He rored aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithful gard removed, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildly entertaines, and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light;
Her prayers naught prevaile, his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting paine
And piteous plaintes she filleth his dull eares,

That stony hart could riven have in twaine,
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enraged with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her far of, nè ought hę feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild, in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

1580–90. 1590.

CANTO XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly;
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre;
Whereto whenas they now approchèd neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake:
"Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take!

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle:
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell;
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell;
That shall ye evermore renowmèd make
Above all knights on earth that batteill undertake."

And pointing forth, "Lo yonder is," said she,
"The brasen towre in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare.
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;

That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror fillèd wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadfull dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes, that heven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill her selfe withdraw asyde,
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a litle wyde.
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name,

O gently come into my feeble brest;
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great heroès doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage;
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The god of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
And scarèd nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

Fayre goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long and endlesse prayse.
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this the dreadfull beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measurèd much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he rearèd high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson and with bloody gore,

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couchèd neare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse bee harmd
With dint of swerd nor push of pointed speare:
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shakèd he that horror was to heare;
For as the clashing of an armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzèd scales did send unto the knight.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full and worketh speedy way;
And eke the pennes that did his pineons bynd
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The clowdes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still, amazèd with his threat.

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back;
Whose wreathèd boughtes whenever he unfoldes,
And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges in fixèd arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farr.

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes;

Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gapèd, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraungèd were,
In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late devourèd bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealèd feare;
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke and sulphure seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemèd still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre;
As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far of to every shyre,
And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade,
So flamed his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brusèd gras,
As for great joyaunce of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advaunce his haughtie crest,
As chauffèd bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest;
That made the Redcrosse Knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might;
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,

But, glauncing by, fourth passèd forward right;
Yet, sore amovèd with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turnèd light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle that horse and man to ground did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflamed the furious beast,
To be avengèd of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight,
Yet had he proved the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayèd wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight; he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soarèd round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightès end;
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight,
Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

He so disseizèd of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quakèd, as affrayd,
And, glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde

Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly cryde.

He cryde as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat:
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite asunder broke: forth flowèd fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drownèd all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethril.

His hideous tayle then hurlèd he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout,
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder: who can quickly ryse
From of the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he strbke so furious and so fell
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had bene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground,
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then, full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd and almost made affeard;
The scorching flame sore swingèd all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave and helmet to unlace.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd,
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboylèd, grievèd, brent,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment:
Death better were; death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke that to the ground him feld.

It fortunèd (as fayre it then befell),
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,

Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursèd dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise nor Hebrus match this well.
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That fearèd chaunce from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent,
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,

Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And lookèd all about, if she might spy
Her lovèd knight to move his manly pace,
For she had great doubt of his safèty,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well wherein he drenchèd lay.
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe, stil as he flies;
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

Whom when the damnèd feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new-supplièd knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewèd might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite
That to the scull a yawning wound it made;
The deadly dint his dullèd sences all dismaid.

I wote not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy-water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptizèd hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enragèd him so sore
That loud he yellèd for exceeding paine,
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretchèd traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore

That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott.
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott;
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
From loathèd soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixèd sting;
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflamed with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte:
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was coverèd with darkenesse dire.
Then, fraught with rancour and engorgèd yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all,
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the gripèd gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparckles from the andvile use to fly
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foote, fast fixèd on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine;
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missèd not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmèd all the hevens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew;
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench and heven with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd that forst him to retire
A litle backeward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide),
As he recoilèd backeward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,

As they in pure vermilion had beene dyde,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting, did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With His Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
That tree through one mans fault have doen us all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowèd all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawèd bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave.
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

For nigh thereto the ever damnèd beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preservèd did detest;
Yet he it oft adventured to invade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, mooved not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,

Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

The joyous day gan early to appeare,
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan her selfe to reare,
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healèd of his hurts and woundès wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advauncèd neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who, him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe: the weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life-blood forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudès swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundacion waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,

And, rolling down, great Neptune doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heapèd mountaine lay.

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeemd:
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, of-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

1580–90. 1590.

(Book II)

FROM

CANTO VII

Guyon findes Mamon in a delve,
Sunning his threasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent
And covered heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his wingèd vessell fairely forward fly:

So Guyon, having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle Lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his owne vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes;
For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shewed all around.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Covered with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favoured sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben scard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath envelopèd with gold;
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appearèd to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turnèd upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars stroung and rare.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them pourèd through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd:

"What art thou, man (if man at all thou art),
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,

And these rich heapes of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye and from her right usaunce?"
Thereat, with staring eyes fixèd askaunce,
In great disdaine he answerd: "Hardy elfe,
That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious pelfe.

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldès good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

"Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund, lo, all these mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind or greedy vew
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free."
"Mammon," said he, "thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

"Me ill besits, that in derdoing armes
And honours suit my vowèd daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend.
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend:
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes, be my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

"Vaine-glorious elfe," saide he, "doest not thou weet
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet,
It can purvay in twinckling of an eye,
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.

Doe not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe;
And whom I lust do heape with glory and renowne?"

"All otherwise," saide he, "I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserved with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse.
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize:
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize,
That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despize.

"Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline.
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground;
The crownèd often slaine, the slayer cround;
The sacred diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gorèd with many a wound;
Castles surprizd, great citties sackt and brent:
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government!

"Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
The private state, and make the life unsweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."
Then Mammon, wexing wroth, "And why then," sayd,
"Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd;
And, having not, complaine, and, having it, upbrayd?"

"Indeede," quoth he, "through fowle intemperaunce
Frayle men are oft captived to covetise;
But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes.
At the well-head the purest streames arise;

But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.

"The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace,
But with glad thankes and unreprovèd truth
The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace;
Like angels life was then mens happy cace.
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encreace
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

"Then gan a cursèd hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacriledge to dig: therein he fownd
Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd;
Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire."

"Sonne," said he then, "lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that lived therin in state forlorne;
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If, then, thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse,
But thing refusèd doe not afterward accuse."

"Me list not," said the elfin knight, "receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that blood guiltinesse or guile them blott."
"Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From hevens sight and powre of al which them poursew."

"What secret place," quoth he, "can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
"Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow grownd,
And was with dread and horror compassèd arownd.

At length they came into a larger space,
That strecht it selfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne.
By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandishèd a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threten life.

On thother side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might;
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint a sonder could have rifte,
Which having ended, after him she flyeth swifte.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
By whom they passing spake unto them nought,
But th' elfin knight with wonder all the way

Did feed his eyes and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gapèd wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought;
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth divide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard,
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compard,
Therefore his house is unto his annext:
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and hel-gate them both
betwext.

So soone as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open and affoorded way:
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore;
Ne darknesse him, ne daunger, might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day;
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

Well hopèd hee ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
Should be his pray; and therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong.
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,
Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,

That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,
Enwrappèd in fowle smoke and clouds more black then jett.

Both roofe and floore and walls were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light,
Such as a lamp whose life does fade away,
Or as the moone, cloathèd with clowdy night,
Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placèd were along.
But all the grownd with sculs was scatterèd,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives, it seemèd, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburièd.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said,
"Loe, here the worldès blis! loe, here the end

To which al men doe aymę, rich to be made!
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

"Certes," sayd he, "I n' ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend!
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them that list, these base regardes I lend;
But I in armes and in atchievements brave
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile sclave."

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieved so long to lacke his greedie pray,
For well he weenèd that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away
More light then culver in the faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

1580–90. 1590.

FROM

CANTO XII

There the most daintie paradise on ground
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by,
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appearèd in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scornèd partes were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonesse ensude

Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see.
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes;
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so colourèd
That wight who did not well avised it vew
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That, themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

. . . . . .

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elswhere.

Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee:
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all.

(Book VI)

CANTO IX

Calidore hostes with Meliboe,
And loves fayre Pastorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left.
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
Unploughed, the which my coulter hath not cleft,
Yet seemed the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft,
Besides the great dishonour and defame
Which should befall to Calidores immortall name.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endurèd, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, throgh forests, and throgh plaines,
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,

Which he atchievèd to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the monster did pursew
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe but natures dew,
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursèd,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsèd,
And from the country back to private farmes he scorsèd.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes that fed
Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull heat.
Him thether eke, for all his fearefull threat,
He followed fast, and chacèd him so nie
That to the folds where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the litle cots where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forcèd him to flie.

There on a day, as he pursewed the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed and nipt the tender bloomes;
For other worldly wealth they carèd nought.
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answered him that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to send.
Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer; so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

Upon a little hillocke she was placèd
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environed with a girland, goodly gracèd,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne,
But her did honour; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone.
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend:
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend;
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewèd well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemèd
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell

As that he in his mind her worthy deemèd
To be a princes paragone esteemèd,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the Blynd Boy, ne thence could be redeemèd
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

By this the moystie night, approching fast,
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warned the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemèd
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of her selfe in very deede so deemèd;
Yet was not so, but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone,
And, taking up, brought home and noursèd well
As his owne chyld, for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare.
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:

Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive,
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

But Melibœe (so hight that good old man),
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrivèd hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto
(Being his harts owne wish), and home with him did go.

There he was welcomed of that honest syre
And of his aged beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slakèd well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And, drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

"How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease,
Where warres and wreckes and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease,

That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie."

"Surely, my sonne," then answered he againe,
"If happie, then it is in this intent,
That having small yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe my selfe with that I have content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

"Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
They that have much feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I but to praise th' Almighty That doth send it!

"To them that list, the worlds gay showes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmovèd qüiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day to what I list I doe attend.

"Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowèd foe
Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde, how to convay;
Another while I baytes and nets display,
The birds to catch or fishes to beguyle;
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle,
And drinke of every brooke when thirst my throte doth boyle.

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth prickèd my desire,
That I disdained amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire.
For further fortune then I would inquire;
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought.

"With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learned to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy care
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare
That he was rapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach, that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That, twixt his pleasing tongue and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entrauncèd grew.

Yet, to occasion meanes to worke his mind
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde: "Now surely, syre, I find
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges dread.

"That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,

And now have proved what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great lordship and ambition,
And wish th' heavens so much had gracèd mee
As graunt me live in like condition,
Or that my fortunes might transposèd bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

"In vaine," said then old Meliboe, "doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse,
Sith they know best what is the best for them;
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use:
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse;
But fittest is that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

"It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise:
For wisedome is most riches; fooles therefore
They are which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

"Since, then, in each mans self," said Calidore,
"It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awhyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

"Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.

Besides, for recompence hereof I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live."
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake: "Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread.
But if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that shepheards lead,
Be it your owne; our rudenesse to your selfe aread."

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such queint usage, fit for queenes and kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
But, being bred under base shepheards wings,
Had ever learned to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But carèd more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe or ever devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all despize.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And, doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepheards hooke;
That who had seen him then would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,

When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play,
And every evening helping them to fold;
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milk: love so much could.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had loved, and hoped her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceived in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were.
That made him scoule and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell, to all the shepheards there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more dere.

And ever when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he gracèd him with her,
Ne ever shewèd signe of rancour or of jarre.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best.
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest;
This new-come shepheard had his market mard:
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day, whenas the shepheard swaynes together
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,
They fell to daunce. Then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit:
Thereat frowned Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace.
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons in stead:
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earst seemèd dead.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their judge did Pastorella chose:
A garland was the meed of victory.
There Coridon, forth stepping openly,
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great shame.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake,
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they the which his rivals were
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs;
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour. So it surely wrought
With this faire mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

Thus Calidore continued there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell;
Which having got, he usèd without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menagèd so well
That he of all the rest which there did dwell
Was favourèd and to her grace commended.
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attained the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

1594. 1596.

FROM

AMORETTI

XXXIV

Lyke as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde
Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast:
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse.

XL

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it,
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day,
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Thrugh the broad world doth spred his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up theyr drouping hed:
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is chearèd
With that sunshine when cloudy looks are clearèd.

LII

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld
To sorrow and to solitary paine,
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Longwhile alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;
But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penaunce make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washèd it away:
Agayne I wrote it, with a second hand,
But came the tyde and made my paynes his pray.
"Vayne man," sayd she, "that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,

And eek my name bee wypèd out lykewize."
"Not so," quod I; "let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name;
Where, whenas death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

1593–94. 1595.

PROTHALAMION

Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre,
When I (whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
Like empty shaddowes, did aflict my brayne)
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver-streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty bancke, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours,
Against the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of nymphes I chauncèd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde
As each had bene a bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entraylèd curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.

Of every sort which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some: the violet, pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To decke their bridegroomes posies
Against the brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee.
Two fairer birds I yet did never see:
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew
Did never whiter shew;
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were
That even the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seemed foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones the nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the christal flood;
Whom when they sawe they stood amazèd still,
Their wondring eyes to fill.
Them seemed they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of fowles so lovely that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede,
But rather angels, or of angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,

In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seemed as day,
Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild;
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store,
Like a brydes chamber flore.
Two of those nymphes, meanewhile, two garlands bound
Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepared against that day,
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle birdes, the worlds faire ornament
And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
Joy may you have and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement;
And let faire Venus, that is queene of love,
With her heart-quelling sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound

Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, run softlie, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridale daye should not be long;
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birdes did passe along,
Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake but that he lackt a tong,
Yeat did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser starres: so they, enrangèd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding-day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,
The which on Themmes brode agèd backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gaynèd giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case.
But, ah, here fits not well
Olde woes but joyes to tell,
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great Englands glory and the worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare.
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie,
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name,
That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, filed with thy wide alarmes;
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billowes he hath bathèd fayre,
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of anie queene,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright.
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
Received those two faire brides, their loves delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his bryde,
Against their brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

1596. 1596.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE SILENT LOVER

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
So, when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

1651?

HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven,
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains.
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But, after, it will thirst no more.

Then, by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I 'll take them first,
To quench their thirst

And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we 'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney,
Who pleads for all, without degrees,
And He hath angels but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death; and then we live.
Be Thou my speaker, taintless Pleader!
Unblotted Lawyer! true Proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms,
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him That made heaven and earth and sea:
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths, which before I writ.

About 1603. 1651?

THE CONCLUSION

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
  Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
  Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

1618? 1628.

JOHN LYLY

SONG BY APELLES

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too. Then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

1581? 1584.

WHAT BIRD SO SINGS, YET SO DOES WAIL

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 't is the ravished nightingale;
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise:
Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring;
"Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring.

1581? 1584.

GEORGE PEELE

CUPID'S CURSE

ŒNONE

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

PARIS

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

ŒNONE

My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as been the flowers in May;
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

AMBO SIMUL

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

ŒNONE

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on the green,
A love for any lady.

PARIS

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

ŒNONE

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing;
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

AMBO SIMUL

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

1581? 1584.

THOMAS LODGE

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then, sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes; I like of thee:
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

About 1588. 1590.

ROSALIND'S DESCRIPTION

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines.
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm incloses
Apt to entice a deity.
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes.
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same.
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view.
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for her fair there is fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine.
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

About 1588. 1590.

ROBERT GREENE

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too;
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat,
And blither too;
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen,
More wanton too;
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
More sounder too;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe,
And blither too;
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

1590.

SWEET ARE THE THOUGHTS THAT SAVOUR OF CONTENT

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare:
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss.
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

1591.

PHILOMELA'S ODE

THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOUR

Sitting by a river side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.

I gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to man in life is lent;
And some others do contend
Quiet none like to a friend;
Others hold there is no wealth
Comparèd to a perfect health;
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve
Naught so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisses, and heart 'grees,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting—
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall;
But unhappy, maidens all
Who esteem your virgins' blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses:
No such quiet to the mind
As true love, with kisses kind.
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced;
Though love be sweet, learn this of me:
No sweet love but honesty.

1592.

THOMAS NASH

SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king:
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring;
Cold doth not sting; the pretty birds do sing,
"Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"

The palm and may make country houses gay;
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day;
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
"Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet;
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet:
"Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"
Spring, the sweet Spring!

1593. 1600.

ADIEU, FAREWELL, EARTH'S BLISS

Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss;
This world uncertain is;
Fond are life's lustful joys;
Death proves them all but toys;
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flow'r,
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave;
Worms feed on Hector brave;
Swords may not fight with Fate;
Earth still holds ope her gate;

"Come! come!" the bells do cry:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Wit, with his wantonness,
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Haste, therefore, each degree
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage;
Mount we unto the sky:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

1592. 1600.

NICHOLAS BRETON

PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth the wood, forsooth a-Maying;
When anon by the wood side
There I spièd, all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said never man was true;
He said, "None was false to you."
He said he had loved her long;
She said love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said maids must kiss no men

Till they did for good and all.
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

1591.

A SWEET LULLABY

Come, little babe, come, silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief:
Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know
The cause of this thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone:
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou wail,
And knowest not yet what thou dost ail?

Come, little wretch, ah silly heart,
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the Destinies implore:
'T was I, I say, against my will;
I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile? O, thy sweet face!
Would God himself he might thee see!
No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me:
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
  Thy father home again to send,
If Death do strike me with his lance,
  Yet mayst thou me to him commend:
    If any ask thy mother's name,
    Tell how by love she purchased blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield;
  I know him of a noble mind;
Although a lion in the field,
  A lamb in town thou shalt him find:
    Ask blessing, babe; be not afraid;
    His sugared words hath me betrayed.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,
  Although in woe I seem to moan;
Thy father is no rascal lad,
  A noble youth of blood and bone:
    His glancing looks, if he once smile,
    Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock asleep;
  Sing lullaby and be thou still;
I that can do naught else but weep
  Will sit by thee and wail my fill:
    God bless my babe, and lullaby,
    From this thy father's quality.

1594.

WORLDLY PARADISE

Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green balk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise;
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing;
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by;
Or, along the shallow brook
Angling with a baited hook,

See the fishes leap and play
In a blessed sunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call,
Till she have her covey all;
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box,
After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneaks away
Through the hedge and down the furrow
Till he gets into his burrow;
Then the bee to gather honey;
And the little black-haired coney,
On a bank for sunny place,
With her forefeet wash her face.
Are not these, with thousands moe
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's delights?
But, with all this happiness,
To behold that shepherdess
To whose eyes all shepherds yield
All the fairest of the field,
Fair Aglaia, in whose face
Lives the shepherds' highest grace;
In whose worthy-wonder praise,
See what her true shepherd says.
"She is neither proud nor fine,
But in spirit more divine;
She can neither lour nor leer,
But a sweeter smiling cheer;
She had never painted face,
But a sweeter smiling grace;
She can never love dissemble:
Truth doth so her thoughts assemble
That, where wisdom guides her will,
She is kind and constant still.
All in sum, she is that creature
Of that truest comfort's nature,
That doth show (but in exceedings)
How their praises had their breedings.
Let, then, poets fain their pleasure

In their fictions of love's treasure;
Proud high spirits seek their graces
In their idol painted faces:
My love's spirit's lowliness,
In affection's humbleness,
Under heav'n no happiness
Seeks but in this shepherdess.
For whose sake I say and swear,
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place,
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad,
Hard to lie, and go full bare,
And to feed on hungry fare,
So I might but live to be
Where I might but sit to see
Once a day, or all day long,
The sweet subject of my song:
In Aglaia's only eyes
All my worldly paradise."

1604.

ALEXANDER HUME

FROM

OF THE DAY ESTIVALL

The shaddow of the earth anon
Remooves and drawes by;
Sine in the east, when it is gon,
Appeares a clearer sky.

Quhilk sunne perceaves the little larks,
The lapwing, and the snyp,
And tunes their sangs like Nature's clarks,
Ou'r midow, mure, and stryp. . . . .

The golden globe incontinent
  Sets up his shining head,
And ou'r the earth and firmament
  Displayes his beims abread. . . . .

The pastor quits the slouthfull sleepe,
  And passis forth with speede,
His little camow-nosed sheepe
  And rowtting kie to feede. . . . .

The time sa tranquill is and still
  That na where sall ye find,
Saife on ane high and barren hill,
  Ane aire of peeping wind.

All trees and simples great and small,
  That balmie leife do beir,
Nor thay were painted on a wall,
  Na mair they move or steir.

Calme is the deepe and purpour se,
  Yee smuther nor the sand;
The wals that woltring wont to be
  Are stable like the land.

Sa silent is the cessile air
  That every cry and call,
The hils and dails and forrest fair
  Againe repeates them all.

The rivers fresh, the callor streames,
  Ou'r rockes can softlie rin;
The water cleare like chrystall seames,
  And makes a pleasant din. . . . .

The sunne maist like a speedie post
  With ardent course ascends;
The beautie of the heavenly host
  Up to our zenith tends,

Nocht guided be na Phaeton,
Nor trainèd in a chyre,
Bot be the high and haly On,
Quhilk dois all where impire.

The burning beims downe from his face
Sa fervently can beat
That man and beast now seekes a place
To save them fra the heat.

The brethles flocks drawes to the shade
And frechure of their fald;
The startling nolt, as they were madde,
Runnes to the rivers cald.

The heards beneath some leaffie trie,
Amids the flowers, they lie.
The stabill ships upon the sey
Tends up their sails to drie.

The hart, the hynd, and fallow deare
Are tapisht at their rest.
The foules and birdes that made the beir
Prepares their prettie nest. . . . .

Now noone is went, gaine is mid-day,
The heat dois slake at last;
The sunne descends downe west away,
Fra three of clock be past.

A little cule of braithing wind
Now softly can arise;
The warks throw heate that lay behind
Now men may enterprise. . . . .

Great is the calme, for everie quhair
The wind is sitten downe;
The reik thrawes right up in the air
From everie towre and towne. . . . .

The gloming comes; the day is spent;
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With pourpour sanguine bright. . . . .

What pleasour were to walke and see,
Endlang a river cleare,
The perfite forme of everie tree
Within the deepe appeare? . . . .

O then it were a seemely thing,
While all is still and calme,
The praise of God to play and sing
With cornet and with shalme. . . . .

All labourers drawes hame at even,
And can till uther say,
"Thankes to the gracious God of heaven,
Quhilk send this summer day."

1599.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

WERE I AS BASE AS IS THE LOWLY PLAIN

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honour of my love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whatsoe'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you, like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am—below or else above you,—
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

1602.

BARNABE BARNES

AH, SWEET CONTENT

Ah, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds and light-hearted swains,
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven with angels which the praises sing
Of Him That made and rules at His behest
The minds and hearts of every living thing?
Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine harbor hold?
Is it in churches with religious men
Which please the gods with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear,
Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbor here!

1593.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

FROM

HERO AND LEANDER

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite, two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn;
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.

Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath;
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:
Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,
When 't was the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, usèd she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee,
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold;
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true: so like was one the other
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely-fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung),
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece

To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere:
Grief makes her pale because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand.
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpassed
The white of Pelops' shoulder. I could tell ye
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods. Let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes;
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamoured of his beauty had he been.
His presence made the rudest peasant melt
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt.
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with naught,
Was moved with him and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire:
A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally.
And such as knew he was a man would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."

1598.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

1600.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

FROM

VENUS AND ADONIS

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early plucked is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;

The owl, night's herald, shrieks; 't is very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good-night."

. . . . . .

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes, never sheathed, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crookèd tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venter;
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still:
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will:
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I feared thy fortune, and my joints did tremble."

. . . . . .

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced Night, Desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there,

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barred of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurped his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forgèd lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distressed.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarkèd friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropped a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonished as night-wandrers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

1593.

FROM

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn Night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistered be.

Revealing Day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,

Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath naught to do what 's done by night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild:
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenchèd in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare:
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues.
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy:
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society;
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficèd
When with like semblance it is sympathizèd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good:
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopped, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feathered breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:

My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears:
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevelled hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I 'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompassed with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily,
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it

Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peeled from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peeled away.

"Her house is sacked, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion battered by the enemy,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoiled, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy;
Then let it not be called impiety,
If in this blemished fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stainèd blood to Tarquin I 'll bequeath,
Which, by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I 'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonourèd.
'T is honour to deprive dishonoured life:
The one will live, the other being dead.
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred:
For in my death I murther shameful scorn;
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,

By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe;
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so."

1594.

FROM

SONNETS

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or Nature's changing course untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,

Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth:
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of batt'ring days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry:
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disablèd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

CII

My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,

And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived;
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CXI

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed:
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited

To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unswayed the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be.
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind:
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy "Will,"
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My Reason, the physician to my Love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest:
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed;
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

About 1594? 1609.

WHO IS SYLVIA

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

1591? 1623.

ON A DAY, ALACK THE DAY

On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

1591? 1598.

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit,
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit,
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

1591? 1598.

NOW THE HUNGRY LION ROARS

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dreâm,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

1594–95? 1600.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

1599? 1623.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly!
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.

1599? 1623.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crownèd with the prime
In spring time, etc.

1599? 1623

O MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'T is not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

1600? 1623.

COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

1600? 1623.

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

1602? 1603.

AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed;
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

1602? 1603.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

1604. 1623.

WITCHES' INCANTATION

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries, "'T is time, 't is time."
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmèd pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

1606? 1623.

COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

1608? 1623.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

1610–11? 1623.

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' TH' SUN

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renownèd be thy grave!

1610–11? 1623.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

Ariel. Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Burthen. Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

Ariel. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

1611? 1623.

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

Ariel. Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen. Ding-dong.
Ariel. Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong bell.

1611? 1623.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS THERE SUCK I

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

1611? 1623.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

FROM

THE ILIADS OF HOMER TRANSLATED

This said, old Nestor mixt the lots. The foremost lot surveyed
With Ajax Telamon was signed, as all the soldiers prayed.
One of the heralds drew it forth, who brought and showed it round,
Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renowned.

None knowing it, every man denied; but when he forth did pass
To him which marked and cast it in, which famous Ajax was,
He stretched his hand, and into it the herald put the lot,
Who, viewing it, th' inscription knew; the duke denièd not,
But joyfully acknowledged it, and threw it at his feet,
And said: "O friends the lot is mine, which to my soul is sweet;
For now I hope my fame shall rise, in noble Hector's fall.
But, whilst I arm myself, do you on great Saturnius call,
But silently or to yourselves, that not a Trojan hear;
Or openly, if you think good, since none alive we fear.
None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,
At least for plain fierce swing of strength, or want of skill in fight;
For I will well prove that my birth and breed, in Salamine,
Was not all consecrate to meat or mere effects of wine."
This said, the well-given soldiers prayed; up went to heaven their eyne:
"O Jove, that Ida dost protect, most happy, most divine,
Send victory to Ajax' side; fame; grace his goodly limb;
Or, if thy love bless Hector's life and thou hast care of him,
Bestow on both like power, like fame." This said, in bright arms shone
The good strong Ajax; who, when all his war attire was on,
Marched like the hugely-figured Mars, when angry Jupiter
With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to infer
Wreakful contention, and comes on with presence full of fear.
So th' Achive rampire, Telamon, did twixt the hosts appear;
Smiled, yet of terrible aspect; on earth, with ample pace,
He boldly stalked, and shook aloft his dart with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to see; but heartquakes shook the joints
Of all the Trojans. Hector's self felt thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold bosom; but he now must make no counterflight,
Nor, with his honour, now refuse, that had provoked the fight.
Ajax came near; and like a tower his shield his bosom barred:
The right side brass, and seven ox-hides within it quilted hard;
Old Tychius, the best currier that did in Hyla dwell,
Did frame it for exceeding proof, and wrought it wondrous well.

With this stood he to Hector close, and with this brave began:
"Now, Hector, thou shalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,
What other leaders arm our host besides great Thetis' son,
Who with his hardy lion's heart hath armies overrun;
But he lies at our crookt-sterned fleet, a rival with our king
In height of spirit. Yet to Troy he many knights did bring
Coequal with Æacides, all able to sustain
All thy bold challenge can import. Begin, then; words are vain."
The helm-graced Hector answered him: "Renownèd Telamon,
Prince of the soldiers come from Greece, assay not me like one
Young and immartial, with great words, as to an Amazon dame.
I have the habit of all fights, and know the bloody frame
Of every slaughter: I well know the ready right-hand charge,
I know the left, and every sway of my secureful targe;
I triumph in the cruelty of fixèd combat fight,
And manage horse to all designs. I think, then, with good right
I may be confident as far as this my challenge goes,
Without being taxèd with a vaunt, borne out with empty shows.
But, being a soldier so renowned, I will not work on thee
With least advantage of that skill I know doth strengthen me,
And so, with privity of sleight, win that for which I strive,
But at thy best, even open strength, if my endeavours thrive."
Thus sent he his long javelin forth. It strook his foe's huge shield
Near to the upper skirt of brass, which was the eighth it held;
Six folds th' untamèd dart strook through, and in the seventh tough hide
The point was checked. Then Ajax threw: his angry lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, shirt of mail,
And did his manly stomach's mouth with dangerous taint assail;
But, in the bowing of himself, black Death too short did strike.
Then both, to pluck their javelins forth, encountered, lion-like,
Whose bloody violence is increased by that raw food they eat,
Or boars whose strength wild nourishment doth make so wondrous great.
Again Priamides did wound in midst his shield of brass,
Yet pierced not through the upper plate; the head reflected was.
But Ajax, following his lance, smote through his target quite,
And stayed bold Hector rushing in; the lance held way outright,

And hurt his neck; out gushed the blood. Yet Hector ceased not so,
But in his strong hand took a flint, as he did backwards go,
Black, sharp, and big, laid in the field; the sevenfold targe it smit
Full on the boss, and round about the brass did ring with it.
But Ajax a far greater stone lift up, and, wreathing round,
With all his body laid to it, he sent it forth to wound,
And gave unmeasured force to it: the round stone broke within
His rundled target; his loved knees to languish did begin,
And he leaned, stretched out on his shield; but Phoebus raised him straight.
Then had they laid on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight,
Unless the heralds, messengers of gods and godlike men,
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them, then,
Imperial sceptres; when the one, Idaeus, grave and wise,
Said to them: "Now no more, my sons. The sovereign of the skies
Doth love you both; both soldiers are, all witness with good right.
But now Night lays her mace on earth; 't is good t' obey the Night."
"Idaeus," Telamon replied, "to Hector speak, not me;
He that called all our Achive peers to station-fight, 't was he.
If he first cease, I gladly yield." Great Hector then began:
"Ajax, since Jove, to thy big form, made thee so strong a man
And gave thee skill to use thy strength, so much that for thy spear
Thou art most excellent of Greece, now let us fight forbear.
Hereafter we shall war again, till Jove our herald be
And grace with conquest which he will. Heaven yields to night, and we.
Go thou and comfort all thy fleet, all friends and men of thine;
As I in Troy my favourers, who in the fane divine
Have offered orisons for me. And come, let us impart
Some ensigns of our strife, to show each other's suppled heart,
That men of Troy and Greece may say, 'Thus their high quarrel ends:
Those that, encount'ring, were such foes are now, being separate, friends.'"

He gave a sword, whose handle was with silver studs through driven,
Scabbard and all, with hangers rich. By Telamon was given
A fair well-glossèd purple waist.

1598.

THOMAS CAMPION

FOLLOW THY FAIR SUN, UNHAPPY SHADOW

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow;
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth.

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorchèd thee
As thou still black must be
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth:
There comes a luckless night,
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordainèd:
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade;
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdainèd.

1601.

MY SWEETEST LESBIA, LET US LIVE AND LOVE

My sweetest Lesbiá, let us live and love;
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive;

But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the camp of Love.
But fools do live and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

1601.

ROSE-CHEEKED LAURA, COME

Rose-cheeked Laura, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.
Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framèd;
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.
These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them;
Only beauty, purely loving,
Knows no discord,
But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
Selves eternal.

1602.

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

The man of life upright
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends;
His wealth a well-spent age;
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

About 1613.

JACK AND JOAN, THEY THINK NO ILL

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy-day;
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.

Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss;
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the homespun gray
And revel in your rich array,
Though your tongues dissemble deep
And can your heads from danger keep,
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

About 1613.

NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my weary sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high paradise:
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes;
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

About 1613

NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.

Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques, and courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well:
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

About 1617.

GOOD WIFE

What is it all that men possess, among themselves conversing?
Wealth or fame or some such boast, scarce worthy the rehearsing.
Women only are men's good, with them in love conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest; if sick, their hand attends us;
When with grief our hearts are pressed, their comfort best befriends us;
Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what fortune sends us.

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and form presenting.
What we get, how wise they keep, by sparing, wants preventing,
Sorting all their household cares to our observed contenting.

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is expressèd:
Good wife is the good I praise, if by good men possessèd;
Bad with bad in ill suit well, but good with good live blessèd.

About 1617.

THRICE TOSS THESE OAKEN ASHES IN THE AIR

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
And thrice three times tie up this true-love's knot,
And murmur soft, "She will or she will not."

Go burn these poisoned weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round;
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound.—
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

About 1617.

SHALL I, THEN, HOPE WHEN FAITH IS FLED

Shall I, then, hope when faith is fled?
Can I seek love when hope is gone?
Or can I live when love is dead?
Poorly he lives that can love none.
Her vows are broke, and I am free:
She lost her faith in losing me.

When I compare mine own events,
When I weigh others' like annoy,
All do but heap up discontents
That on a beauty build their joy.
Thus I of all complain, since she
All faith hath lost in losing me.

So my dear freedom have I gained,
Through her unkindness and disgrace;
Yet could I ever live enchained,
As she my service did embrace.
But she is changed, and I am free:
Faith failing her, love died in me.

About 1617.

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow;
There cherries grow which none may buy
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry.

About 1617.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of princes' grace or vulgar breath;

Who envieth none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

1614?

SIR JOHN DAVIES

FROM

ORCHESTRA

The sovereign castle of the rocky isle,
Wherein Penelope the princess lay,
Shone with a thousand lamps, which did exile
The dim dark shades and turned the night to day.
Not Jove's blue tent, what time the sunny ray
Behind the bulwark of the earth retires,
Is seen to sparkle with more twinkling fires.

That night the queen came forth from far within,
And in the presence of her court was seen;
For the sweet singer Phoemius did begin
To praise the worthies that at Troy had been:
Somewhat of her Ulysses, she did ween,
In his grave hymn the heavenly man would sing,
Or of his wars, or of his wandering.

Pallas, that hour, with her sweet breath divine
Inspired immortal beauty in her eyes,
That with celestial glory she did shine

Brighter than Venus when she doth arise
Out of the waters to adorn the skies.
The wooers, all amazèd, do admire,
And check their own presumptuous desire.

Only Antinoüs, when at first he viewed
Her star-bright eyes, that with new honour shined,
Was not dismayed, but therewithal renewed
The noblesse and the splendour of his mind;
And as he did fit circumstances find,
Unto the throne he boldly 'gan advance,
And with fair manners wooed the queen to dance.

"Goddess of women, sith your heavenliness
Hath now vouchsafed itself to represent
To our dim eyes, which though they see the less,
Yet are they blest in their astonishment,
Imitate heaven, whose beauties excellent
Are in continual motion day and night,
And move thereby more wonder and delight.

"Let me the mover be, to turn about
Those glorious ornaments that youth and love
Have fixèd in you, every part throughout;
Which if you will in timely measure move,
Not all those precious gems in heaven above
Shall yield a sight more pleasing to behold
With all their turns and tracings manifold."

With this, the modest princess blushed and smiled
Like to a clear and rosy eventide,
And softly did return this answer mild:
"Fair sir, you needs must fairly be denied
Where your demand cannot be satisfied.
My feet, which only nature taught to go,
Did never yet the art of footing know.

"But why persuade you me to this new rage?
For all disorder and misrule is new:
For such misgovernment in former age
Our old divine forefathers never knew;
Who if they lived, and did the follies view

Which their fond nephews make their chief affairs,
Would hate themselves, that had begot such heirs."

"Sole heir of virtue and of beauty both,
Whence cometh it," Antinoüs replies,
"That your imperious virtue is so loath
To grant your beauty her chief exercise?
Or from what spring doth your opinion rise
That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,
First known and used in this new-fangled age?

"Dancing, bright lady, then began to be
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring—
The fire, air, earth, and water—did agree
By Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,
To leave their first disordered combating,
And in a dance such measure to observe
As all the world their motion should preserve.

"Since when, they still are carried in a round,
And, changing, come one in another's place;
Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
But every one doth keep the bounded space
Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace.
This wondrous miracle did Love devise,
For dancing is Love's proper exercise."

1596.

FROM

NOSCE TEIPSUM

Are they not senseless, then, that think the soul
Naught but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll
A quick resulting and a consequence?

What is it, then, that doth the sense accuse
Both of false judgments and fond appetites?
Which makes us do what sense doth most refuse?
Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much asunder:
What tells us, then, their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder:
What tells us, then, they both together are?

When men seem crows, far off upon a tower,
Sense saith, "They are crows!" What makes us think them men?
When we, in agues, think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judgments then?

What power was that whereby Medea saw
And well approved and praised the better course,
When her rebellious sense did so withdraw
Her feeble powers as she pursued the worse?

Did sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
The mermaid's songs, which so his men did please
As they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas.

Could any power of sense the Roman move
To burn his own right hand, with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless in man there is a nature found
Beside the senses and above them far;
Though "most men being in sensual pleasures drowned,
It seems their souls but in their senses are."

If we had naught but sense, then only they
Should have sound minds which have their senses sound;
But wisdom grows when senses do decay,
And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had naught but sense, each living wight
Which we call brute would be more sharp than we,
As having sense's apprehensive might
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing power
Which doth, in us, the erring sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flower,
And birds of grapes the cunning shadow pecked.

Sense outsides knows; the soul through all things sees;
Sense circumstance, she doth the substance, view;
Sense sees the bark, but she the life, of trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concords true.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a power which she extends,
Which, being in divers parts diversified,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward; but the root doth grow
In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive,
For the eyes and ears no more their objects know
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Although our eyes be ope we do not see;
And if one power did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature which contains
The power of sense within a greater power;
Which doth employ and use the senses' pains,
But sits and rules within her private bower.

. . . . . .

O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear
Locked up within the casket of thy breast!
What jewels and what riches hast thou there,
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest!

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find
Like those which drowned Narcissus in the flood;
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passions base.

Kill not her quick'ning power with surfeitings;
Mar not her sense with sensualities;
Cast not her serious wit on idle things:
Make not her free will slave to vanities.

And when thou thinkest of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is:
Think it a birth; and when thou goest to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss!

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, when thou didst nothing see,
Now have I brought thee torch-light, fear no more;
Now, when thou diest, thou canst not hoodwinked be.

1599.

ANONYMOUS

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; Youth, I do adore thee.
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee! O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

1599.

I SAW MY LADY WEEP

I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe;
But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts
That Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And passion wise; tears, a delightful thing;
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve!
Enough, enough! your joyful look excels;
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

1600.

THE UNKNOWN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams speed not, all is amiss;
Love is denying, faith is defying,
Hearts reneying, causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot;
All my lady's love is lost, God wot;
Where her faith was firmly fixt in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross wrought all my loss:
O frowning Fortune, cursèd fickle dame!
For now I see, inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall;
Heart is bleeding, all help needing,
O cruel speeding fraughted with gall!

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have played,
Plays not at all but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep, procures to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight:
How sighs resound through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meeting on the plains,
All our evening sports, from us are fled;
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet Love! thy like ne'er was
For sweet content, the cause of all my moan.
Poor Coridon must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

1600.

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER CORYDON, AND HIS REPLYING

Phyl. Corydon! arise, my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.
Cor. Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?
Phyl. Phyllida, thy true love calleth thee:
Arise then, arise then;
Arise, and keep thy flock with me!
Cor. Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phyl. Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.
Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.

Phyl. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee,
A pair of stockings white as milk.
Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee,
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phyl. I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.
Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
Phyl. I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.
Cor. I will buy my true love yellow say,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.
Phyl. When my Corydon sits on a hill,
Making melody,
Cor. When my lovely one goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily;
Phyl. Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight;
Cor. And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phyl. Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack! her swain;
Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain;
Phyl. Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring,
My Corydon to play withal;
Cor. The Queen of Love had been excused,
Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phyllida the golden ball.

Phyl. Yonder comes my mother, Corydon;
Whither shall I fly?
Cor. Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.

Phyl. Say to her thy true love was not here.
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.
Cor. Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear.
Farewell then, farewell then!
Heaven keep our loves alway!

1600.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

Hierusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones;
Thy bulwarks, diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

1601.

WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINS

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at ev'n he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes;
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

1603.

MAYING SONG

Sister, awake! close not your eyes!
The Day her light discloses,
And the bright Morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See, the clear Sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping.

Therefore, awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a-Maying!

1604.

YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT AND SING

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys,
Go, pretty birds, about her bower!
Sing, pretty birds; she may not lower!
Ah me, methinks I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble!

Go tell her, through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden:
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so!
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble!

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing I am her lover!
Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note
With sweet content may move her!

And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice.
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble!

O, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber!
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That, waking, she may wonder.
Say to her 't is her lover true,
"That sendeth love to you, to you!"
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

1607.

SAMUEL DANIEL

FROM

DELIA

XXXVI

Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose
(The image of thy blush, and summer's honour)
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty Time bestows upon her:
No sooner spreads her glory in the air
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorned that late adorned the fair.
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine:
No April can revive thy withered flowers
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift, speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou mayst be loved again.

XLVII

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 't is gone as it had never been.

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose,
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose,
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that in beauty's lease expired appears
The date of age, the Calends of our death.
But, ah, no more! this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

LI

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light.
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwrack of my ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

1592.

FROM

THE CIVIL WARS

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
And views the town, and sees how people passed;
Where others' liberty makes him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

"O happy man," saith he, "that lo I see
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,

If he but knew his good (how blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!),
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptres wields.
Thine, thine is that true life; that is to live—
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou sit'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others' harms but feelest none;
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone;
And pitiest this my miserable fall,
For pity must have part, envy not all.

"Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wrack you see,
No int'rest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery and what we be!
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

"Great Diocletian (and more great therefore,
For yielding up that whereto pride aspires),
Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
Than all the empire, all what th' earth admires,
Thou well didst teach that he is never poor
That little hath, but he that much desires;
Finding more true delight in that small ground
Than in possessing all the earth was found.

"Are kings, that freedom give, themselves not free
As meaner men to take what they may give?
What! are they of so fatal a degree
That they cannot descend from that and live?
Unless they still be kings, can they not be?
Nor may they their authority survive?
Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
Still am I feared? Is there no way but death?"

Scarce this word "death" from sorrow did proceed,
When in rushed one and tells him such a knight
Is new arrived and comes from court in speed.
"What news," said he, "with him, that trait'rous wight?
What, more removing yet? alas, what need?
Are we not far enough sent out of sight?
Or is this place here not sufficient strong
To guard us in? Or must we have more wrong?"

By this the bloody troop were at the door,
Whenas a sudden and a strange dismay
Enforced them strain who should go in before.
One offers, and in off'ring makes a stay;
Another forward sets, and doth no more;
A third the like; and none durst make the way.
So much the horror of so vile a deed,
In vilest minds, deters them to proceed.

At length, as to some great advent'rous fight,
This bravo cheers these dastards all he can,
And valiantly their courage doth incite,
And all against one weak, unarmèd man.
A great exploit, and fit for such a knight;
Wherein so much renown his valour won.
But see how men that very presence fear
Which once they knew authority did bear!

Then on thrusts one, and he would foremost be
To shed another's blood, but lost his own:
For, ent'ring in, as soon as he did see
The face of majesty, to him well known,
Like Marius' soldier at Minternum, he
Stood still amazed, his courage overthrown;
The king, seeing this, starting from where he sate,
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gate.

Thus even his foes, who came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon that before had none,
That yet he might not idly lose his breath,
But die revenged in action, not alone.
And this good chance, that thus much favoureth,
He slacks not, for he presently speeds on,

And, lion-like, upon the rest he flies,
And here falls one and there another lies.

And up and down he traverses his ground,
Now wards a felling blow, now strikes again;
Then nimbly shifts a thrust, then lends a wound;
Now back he gives, then rushes on amain.
His quick and ready hand doth so confound
These shameful beasts that four of them lie slain,
And all had perished happily and well
But for one act that, oh, I grieve to tell.

This coward knight, seeing with shame and fear
His men thus slain, and doubting his own end,
Leaps up into a chair that, lo, was there,
The whiles the king did all his courage bend
Against those four which now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend,
And plies his hands undaunted, unaffeared;
And with good heart, and life for life, he stirred

And whiles he this, and that, and each man's blow
Doth eye, defend, and shift, being laid to sore,
Backward he bears for more advantage now,
Thinking the wall would safeguard him the more;
When, lo, with impious hand, O wicked thou,
That, shameful, durst not come to strike before,
Behind him gav'st that lamentable wound
Which laid that wretched prince flat on the ground.

1595.

TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd pow'rs, nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace or to disturb the same,
What a fair seat hath he from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood; where honour, pow'r, renown
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarchs' wars
But only as on stately robberies,
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise:
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails.
Justice, he sees, as if seducèd, still
Conspires with Pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of Right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes,
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him, that hath no side at all
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart, so near allied to earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecility,

Yet, seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learned this book of man
Full of the notes of frailty, and compared
The best of Glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashionèd
By that clear judgment that hath carried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes that, whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain,
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests;
That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that, without all stain,
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do, yet you well know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued, leaving to Him t' avenge

To Whom it appertains; wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base Malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark:

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll, where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate, whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress;
And that, unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man;

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years, and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death; that when ability expires,
Desire lives still—so much delight they have
To carry toil and travail to the grave.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
They reach unto when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory. And you know
This floating life hath but this port of rest—
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come;
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumèd are
Either in war or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man, nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts

As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess;
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small means, a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

1603.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

DAFFADIL

BATTE

Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffadil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight;
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white,

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lover's bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Though Phoebus' paramours.

GORBO

Thou well describ'st the daffadil:
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

BATTE

Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news from her didst bring;
And yet my Daffadil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

GORBO

I saw a shepherd that doth keep
  In yonder field of lilies,
Was making, as he fed his sheep,
  A wreath of daffadillies.

BATTE

Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still:
  My flower thou didst not see;
For, know, my pretty Daffadil
  Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her seat
  No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat
  Or keep her from the cold.

GORBO

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
  Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass;
  They call her Daffadil:

Whose presence, as along she went,
  The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent
  With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
  From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
  "There goes sweet Daffadil."

BATTE

Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
  Thou all my flocks dost fill;
That 's she alone, kind shepherd boy:
  Let us to Daffadil.

1593.

FROM

IDEA

XX

An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me still,
Wherewith, alas, I have been long possest;
Which ceaseth not to attempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest.
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake;
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity.
Before my face it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death;
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath.
Thus am I still provoked to every evil
By this good-wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil.

1599.

LIII

Clear Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore
My soul-shrined saint, my fair Idea, lies;
O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
The crystal stream refinèd by her eyes;
Where sweet myrrh-breathing zephyr in the spring
Gently distils his nectar-dropping show'rs;
Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
Amongst the dainty dew-impearlèd flow'rs;
Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen:
"Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wand'ring years;
And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft hath been,
And here to thee he sacrificed his tears."
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone;
And thou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

1594.

LXI

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows;
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

1619.

FROM

THE BARONS' WARS

Long after Phoebus took his lab'ring team
To his pale sister and resigned his place,
To wash his cauples in the ocean stream
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phoebe, scanted of her brother's beam,
Into the west went after him apace,
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,
To fit the time of that black tragedy:

What time by torchlight they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seemèd in a fright
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
Which, striving there pre-eminence to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight
That, each confounding other, both appear
As darkness light, and light but darkness were.

The craggy cleeves, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passage they would have denied,
And threatened them their journey to forslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seemed their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide;
Whose cumbrous falls and risings seemed to say
So ill an action could not brook the day.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their shadows then, them following at their back,
Were like to mourners carrying forth their dead,
And as the deed so were they ugly black,
Or like to fiends that them had followèd,
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;
Whilst the light looked as it had been amazed
At their deformèd shapes whereon it gazed.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seemed to chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And strook the cave, in passing, on each side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground
That it an act so pitiless should hide;
Whose stony roof locked in their angry sound,
And, hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
As willing them from murther to refrain.

The night waxed old (not dreaming of these things),
And to her chamber is the Queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice musician plays and sings
Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night attire more godlike glittering
Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her most loved Mortimer,
Whose voice, more than the music, pleased her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branchèd riverets flow,
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
Whereon, whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
He lost his way, nor back again could go,
But, with those banks of beauty set about,
He wandered still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair looked like gold (O word too base!
Nay, more than sin but so to name her hair),
Declining as to kiss her fairer face.
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,

Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That by much praising which we much impair:
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot show it;
Only the soul may be supposed to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek—
The god's pure sceptres and the darts of love,
That with their touch might make a tiger meek
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lily for a glove,
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire, of precious wood; the light, perfume,
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
As ev'rything did to itself assume
The scent from them and made the same their own,
So that the painted flowers within the room
Were sweet as if they naturally had grown:
The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those eyes,
Show how that bird, how well that flower, was done,
How this part shadowed and how that did rise,
This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,
The landskip, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thousand curious things.

Looking upon proud Phaëton wrapt in fire,
The gentle Queen did much bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his desire
To lose one poor life or to govern all:
"What though," quoth he, "he madly did aspire,
And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall?
Yet in despite, when she her worst had done,
He perished in the chariot of the sun."

"Phœbus," she said, "was over-forced by Art,"
Nor could she find how that embrace could be.
But Mortimer then took the painter's part:
"Why thus, bright Empress, thus and thus," quoth he;
"That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart;
Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you see;
Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I:
It were a life thus ev'ry hour to die."

When by that time into the castle hall
Was rudely entered that well-armèd rout;
And they within, suspecting naught at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how mischances suddenly do fall,
And steal upon us, being farth'st from doubt;
Our life's uncertain and our death is sure,
And tow'rds most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
To the bright Queen that ever waited near,
(Two with great March much credit that had won)
That in the lobby with the ladies were,
Staying delight, whilst time away did run,
With such discourse as women love to hear,
Charged on the sudden by the armèd train,
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

When, as from snow-crowned Skiddaw's lofty cleeves
Some fleet-winged haggard, tow'rds her preying hour,
Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
And th' air of all her feathered flock doth scour,
Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
The fearful fowl all prostrate to her power;
Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the vault,
Made by the women at the fierce assault.

Unarmed was March (she only in his arms,
Too soft a shield to bear their boist'rous blows),
Who least of all suspected such alarms,
And to be so encountered by his foes,

When he was most improvident of harms.
O, had he had but weapons to his woes!
Either his valour had his life redeemed,
Or in her sight died happily esteemed.

1603.

TO THE CAMBRO-BRITONS AND THEIR HARP

HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry;

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour,
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power:

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending;

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd!

Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York, so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there.
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone:
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stong,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellows starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew;
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This, while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,

Clarence, in steel so bright;
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen,
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

1605.

FROM

POLY-OLBION

By this the wedding ends, and brake up all the show;
And Thames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth flow
To Windsor-ward amain, that with a wond'ring eye
The forest might behold his awful empery;
And soon becometh great, with waters wext so rank
That with his wealth he seems to retch his widened bank,
Till happily attained his grandsire Chiltern's grounds,
Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers crowns.
Amongst his holts and hills, as on his way he makes,
At Reading once arrived, clear Kennet overtakes
Her lord, the stately Thames, which that great flood again
With many signs of joy doth kindly entertain.
Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her store,
As still we see the much runs ever to the more.

Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial stream
Himself established sees amidst his wat'ry realm,
His much-loved Henly leaves, and proudly doth pursue
His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site to view;
Whose most delightful face when once the river sees,
Which shows herself attired in tall and stately trees,
He in such earnest love with amorous gestures wooes
That, looking still at her, his way was like to lose,
And, wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go
As headlong he himself into her lap would throw.
Him with the like desire the forest doth embrace,
And with her presence strives her Thames as much to grace.
No forest of them all so fit as she doth stand,
When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will command;
No wood-nymph as herself such troops hath ever seen,
Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor been;
Nor any ever had so many solemn days,
So brave assemblies viewed, nor took so rich assays.
Then, hand in hand, her Thames the forest softly brings
To that supremest place of the great English kings,
The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance
That princely order first, our first that conquered France;
The temple of St. George, whereas his honoured knights,
Upon his hallowed day, observe their ancient rites;
Where Eton is at hand to nurse that learned brood,
To keep the Muses still near to this princely flood,
That nothing there may want, to beautify that seat
With every pleasure stored. And here my song complete.

1613.

FROM

NYMPHIDIA

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Faery that befell,
Which certainly may please some well
In love and arms delighting;
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own fairy crew,
Too well, he feared, his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggin was this fairy knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observèd:
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect;
His sauciness had often checked
And could have wished him stervèd.

Pigwiggin gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend
Were worthy of her wearing.
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmet's eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleasèd
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might, without suspect or fear,
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts easèd.

At midnight, the appointed hour;
"And for the Queen a fitting bower,"
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flower
On Hipcut hill that bloweth:
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather may
But she hath made it, in her way—
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry;

Which done, the Queen her maids doth call
And bids them to be ready all.
She would go see her summer hall,
  She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
  For naught must be her letting.
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
  Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
  So lively was the limning;
The seat, the soft wool of the bee;
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterfly;
  I trow 't was simple trimming.

The wheels composed of cricket's bones,
And daintily made for the nonce:
For fear of rattling on the stones,
  With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chance to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
  He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
  To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
  As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they sparèd not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

1627.

JOSEPH HALL

FROM

VIRGIDEMIARUM LIBRI SEX

BOOK I, SATIRE VI

Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Matched with the lofty feet of elder times:
"Give me the numbered verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue."
"Manhood and garboils" shall he chaunt with chaungèd feet,
And head-strong dactyls making music meet;
The nimble dactyl striving to out-go
The drawling spondees pacing it below;
The ling'ring spondees labouring to delay
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
Whoever saw a colt, wanton and wild,
Yoked with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right areed how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets.

If Jove speak English in a thund'ring cloud,
"Thwick thwack" and "riff raff" roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forgèd mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate!

1597.

BOOK III, SATIRE I

Time was, and that was termed the time of gold,
When the world and time were young, that now are old;
When quiet Saturn swayed the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborn and yet unbred;
Time was that, whiles the autumn fall did last,
Our hungry sires gaped for the falling mast
Of the Dodonian oaks.
Could no unhuskèd acorn leave the tree
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desired more dainty dish of rare delight,
They scaled the storèd crab with claspèd knee,
Till they had sated their delicious eye;
Or searched the hopeful thicks of hedgy-rows,
For briery berries or haws or sourer sloes;
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They licked oak-leaves besprint with honey-fall.
As for the thrice-three-angled beechnut shell,
Or chestnut's armèd husk and hid kernel,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court and for the king's own board.
Their royal plate was clay or wood or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else had he none.
Their only cellar was the neighbour brook;
None did for better care, for better look.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedy vintner mixt the strainèd grape.
The king's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shady treen.
Under each bank men laid their limbs along,
Not wishing any ease, not fearing wrong;
Clad with their own, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling any cold.

But when, by Ceres' huswif'ry and pain,
Men learned to bury the reviving grain,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine
Rise on the elm with many a friendly twine,
And base desire bade men to delven low
For needless metals, then gan mischief grow.
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best days,
Thriving in ill as it in age decays.
Then crept in pride and peevish covetise,
And men grew greedy, discordous, and nice.
Now, man, that erst hail-fellow was with beast,
Wox on to ween himself a god at least.
No aëry fowl can take so high a flight,
Though she her daring wings in clouds have dight;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Thetis' self should swear her safèty;
Nor fearful beast can dig his cave so low,
All could he further than earth's center go;
As that the air, the earth, or ocean
Should shield them from the gorge of greedy man.
Hath utmost Inde aught better than his own?
Then utmost Inde is near, and rife to gone.
O Nature! was the world ordained for naught
But fill man's maw and feed man's idle thought?
Thy grandsire's words savoured of thrifty leeks
Or manly garlic; but thy furnace reeks
Hot steams of wine, and can aloof descry
The drunken draughts of sweet autumnity.
They naked went, or clad in ruder hide
Or homespun russet, void of foreign pride;
But thou canst mask in garish gaudery,
To suit a fool's far-fetchèd livery:
A French head joined to neck Italian;
Thy thighs from Germany, and breast from Spain;
An Englishman in none, a fool in all;
Many in one, and one in several.
Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good Saturn's self, that homely emperour,
In proudest pomp was not so clad of yore

As is the undergroom of the ostlery,
Husbanding it in workday yeomanry.
Lo, the long date of those expirèd days
Which the inspirèd Merlin's word foresays:
When dunghill peasants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings.
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best days,
Thriving in ill as it in age decays.

1597.

JOHN MARSTON

THE SCOURGE OF VILLAINY

FROM
SATIRE VII

"A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!"
"Why, how now, currish, mad Athenian,
Thou Cynic dog, see'st not the streets do swarm
With troops of men?" "No, no; for Circe's charm
Hath turned them all to swine. I never shall
Think those same Samian saws authentical;
But rather, I dare swear, the souls of swine
Do live in men. For that same radiant shine,
That lustre wherewith Nature's nature decked
Our intellectual part, that gloss is soiled
With staining spots of vile impiety
And muddy dirt of sensuality.
These are no men, but apparitions,
Ignes fatui, glow-worms, fictions,
Meteors, rats of Nilus, fantasies,
Colosses, pictures, shades, resemblances."

. . . . . .

"A man, a man!" "Peace, Cynic, yon 's a man!
Behold yon sprightly dread Mavortian;
With him I stop thy currish barking chops."
"What, mean'st thou him that in his swaggering slops
Wallows unbracèd all along the street?
He that salutes each gallant he doth meet

With 'Farewell, sweet captain; kind heart, adieu';
He that, last night, tumbling thou didst view
From out the great man's head, and, thinking still
He had been sentinel of warlike Brill,
Cries out, 'Que va la? zounds, que?' and out doth draw
His transformed poniard to a syringe straw,
And stabs the drawer. What, that ringo-root?
Mean'st thou that wasted leg, puff bumbast boot?
What, he that's drawn and quarterèd with lace?
That Wesphalian gammon clove-stuck face?
Why, he is naught but huge blaspheming oaths,
Swart snout, big looks, misshapen Switzers' clothes:
Weak meagre lust hath now consumed quite
And wasted clean away his martial sprite;
Enfeebling riot, all vices' confluence,
Hath eaten out that sacred influence
Which made him man."

. . . . . .

"Peace, Cynic; see, what yonder doth approach:
A cart? a tumbrel? No, a badgèd coach.
What's in't? Some man. No, nor yet womankind,
But a celestial angel, fair, refined."
"The devil as soon! Her mask so hinders me
I cannot see her beauty's deity.
Now that is off, she is so vizarded,
So steeped in lemon's juice, so surphulèd
I cannot see her face: under one hood
Two faces, but I never understood
Or saw one face under two hoods till now,
'T is the right resemblance of old Janus' brow.
Her mask, her vizard, her loose-hanging gown
(For her loose-lying body), her bright-spangled crown,
Her long slit sleeve, stiff busk, puff verdingal,
Is all that makes her thus angelical.
Alas! her soul struts round about her neck;
Her seat of sense is her rebato set;
Her intellectual is a feignèd niceness,
Nothing but clothes and simpering preciseness."

1598.

THOMAS DEKKER

O SWEET CONTENT

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face.
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face.
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

1599. 1603.

LULLABY

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes;
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

1599. 1603.

O SORROW, SORROW

O Sorrow, Sorrow, say, where dost thou dwell?
In the lowest room of hell.
Art thou born of human race?
No, no, I have a furier face.
Art thou in city, town, or court?
I to every place resort.
O, why into the world is Sorrow sent?
Men afflicted best repent.
What dost thou feed on?
Broken sleep.
What takest thou pleasure in?
To weep,
To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,
To wring my hands, to sit alone.
O when, O when shall Sorrow quiet have?
Never, never, never, never,
Never till she finds a grave.

1602? 1634.

BEN JONSON

QUEEN AND HUNTRESS, CHASTE AND FAIR

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear when day did close:
Bless us, then, with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;

Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

1600. *1600.*

EPODE

Not to know Vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate.
Next to that virtue, is to know Vice well
And her black spite expel;
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure
Or safe but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At the eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful Reason, our affections' king,
Who in th' examining
Will quickly taste the treason and commit
Close the close cause of it.
'T is the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many—
By many! scarce by any:
For either our affections do rebel;
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring 'larum to the heart, doth sleep;
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They are base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus by these subtle trains
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our Reason blind;
Of which usurping rank, some have thought Love
The first, as prone to move

Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests
In our enflamèd breasts.
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we over-blow:
The thing they here call Love is blind Desire,
Armed with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 't is born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm;
With whom who sails rides on the surge of fear,
And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove:
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even,
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots; this bears no brands nor darts,
To murther different hearts,
But in a calm and godlike unity
Preserves community.
O, who is he that in this peace enjoys
The elixir of all joys—
A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,
And lasting as her flowers;
Richer than Time, and as Time's virtue rare;
Sober as saddest care;
A fixèd thought, an eye untaught to glance—
Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But soft! I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury! thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, Vice, we let thee know,

Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do fly,
Turtles can chastely die.
And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)
We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent
Because lust's means are spent;
Or those who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place and name
Cannot so safely sin—their chastity
Is mere necessity;
Nor mean we those whom vows and conscience
Have filled with abstinence,
Though we acknowledge who can so abstain
Makes a most blessed gain;
He that for love of goodness hateth ill
Is more crown-worthy still
Than he which for sin's penalty forbears—
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our dove,
Graced with a phoenix' love;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light,
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys;
Whose odorous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair;
A body so harmoniously composed
As if Nature disclosed
All her best symmetry in that one feature:
O, so divine a creature
Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him,
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admired perfection?
What savage, brute affection
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right generous mind,
To virtuous moods inclined,

That knows the weight of guilt, he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever:
"Man may securely sin, but safely never."

1601.

SONG

TO CELIA

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love:
Time will not be ours forever;
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not, then, his gifts in vain:
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'T is with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies;
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removèd by our wile?
'T is no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

1605. 1607.

WITCHES' CHARM

Sisters, stay; we want our dame:
Call upon her by her name
And the charm we use to say,
That she quickly anoint and come away.
"Dame, dame! the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.
From the lakes and from the fens,
From the rocks and from the dens,
From the woods and from the caves,
From the churchyards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree

That they die on, here are we!"
Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.
"The weather is fair, the wind is good:
Up, dame, on your horse of wood;
Or else tuck up your grey frock,
And saddle your goat or your green cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thrid,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away,
For we all stay!"
Nor yet! nay, then,
We'll try her again.
"The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain;
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play;
The spindle is now a-turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a-burning.
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full of wax and of wool;
Their livers I stick with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood to make up the flood:
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in!
Spur, spur upon little Martin!
Merrily, merrily make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in's tail,
Fire above and fire below,
With a whip i' your hand to make him go!"
O, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

1609. 1609.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,

Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes but not my heart.

1609. 1609? 1616.

TO MY BOOKSELLER

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well
Call'st a book good or bad as it doth sell,
Use mine so too; I give thee leave; but crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour have:
To lie upon thy stall till it be sought;
Not offered, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,
Or in cleft-sticks, advancèd to make calls
For termers or some clerk-like serving-man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names, whose knight less can.
If without these vile arts it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklers-bury; there 't will well.

1616.

ON GILES AND JOAN

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never,
By his free will, be in Joan's company;
No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth early,
And, having got him out of doors, is glad;
The like is Joan: but, turning home, is sad;
And so is Joan. Ofttimes when Giles doth find
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind;
All this doth Joan: or that his long-yarned life
Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.

The children that he keeps Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.
In all affections she concurreth still.
If, now, with man and wife to will and nill
The self-same things a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree!

1616.

ON MY FIRST SON

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy.
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
Oh, could I lose all father now! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age!
Rest in soft peace; and, asked, say, "Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry;
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
As what he loves may never like too much."

1616.

INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I
Do equally desire your company:
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast
With those that come; whose grace may make that seem
Something, which else could hope for no esteem.
It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better sallet
Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen,
If we can get her full of eggs, and then
Lemons and wine for sauce; to these, a coney
Is not to be despaired of for our money;

And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,
The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come—
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
May yet be there; and godwit if we can;
Knat, rail, and ruff, too. Howsoe'er, my man
Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
And I'll profess no verses to repeat:
To this if aught appear, which I not know of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese and fruit there sure will be.
But that which most doth take my Muse and me
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now but shall be mine;
Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted:
Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring
Are all but Luther's beer to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free but moderately,
And we will have no Pooly or Parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men,
But at our parting we will be as when
We innocently met. No simple word
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board
Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

1616.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

One name was Elizabeth;
The other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

1616.

TO SIR ROBERT WROTH

How blest art thou, canst love the country, Wroth,
Whether by choice or fate, or both!
And though so near the city and the court,
Art ta'en with neither's vice nor sport;
That at great times art no ambitious guest
Of sheriff's dinner or mayor's feast;
Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state,
The richer hangings, or crown-plate;
Nor throng'st (when masquing is) to have a sight
Of the short bravery of the night,
To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit
There wasted, some not paid for yet!
But canst at home, in thy securer rest,
Live, with unbought provision blest;
Free from proud porches or the gilded roofs,
'Mongst lowing herds and solid hoofs;
Along the curlèd wood and painted meads,
Through which a serpent river leads
To some cool courteous shade which he calls his,
And makes sleep softer than it is:
Or if thou list the night in watch to break,
A-bed canst hear the loud stag speak,
In spring, oft rousèd for thy master's sport,
Who for it makes thy house his court;
Or with thy friends the heart of all the year
Divid'st upon the lesser deer;
In autumn, at the partridge mak'st a flight,
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight;
And in the winter hunt'st the flying hare,
More for thy exercise than fare,
While all that follow, their glad ears apply
To the full greatness of the cry;

Or hawking at the river or the bush,
Or shooting at the greedy thrush,
Thou dost with some delight the day outwear,
Although the coldest of the year!
The whilst the several seasons thou hast seen
Of flowery fields, of cop'ces green,
The mowèd meadows, with the fleecèd sheep,
And feasts that either shearers keep;
The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,
And furrows laden with their weight;
The apple-harvest, that doth longer last;
The hogs returned home fat from mast;
The trees cut out in log, and those boughs made
A fire now that lent a shade.
Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,
Comus puts in for new delights,
And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,
As if in Saturn's reign it were;
Apollo's harp and Hermes' lyre resound,
Nor are the Muses strangers found:
The rout of rural folk come thronging in
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin);
Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome grace,
And the great heroes of her race
Sit mixt with loss of state or reverence;
Freedom doth with degree dispense:
The jolly wassail walks the often round,
And in their cups their cares are drowned;
They think not then which side the cause shall leese,
Nor how to get the lawyer fees.
Such and no other was that age of old,
Which boasts t' have had the head of gold.
And such, since thou canst make thine own content,
Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.
Let others watch in guilty arms, and stand
The fury of a rash command,
Go enter breaches, meet the cannon's rage,
That they may sleep with scars in age,
And show their feathers shot and colours torn,
And brag that they were therefore born.

Let this man sweat and wrangle at the bar
For every price, in every jar,
And change possessions oftener with his breath
Than either money, war, or death;
Let him than hardest sires more disinherit,
And eachwhere boast it as his merit
To blow up orphans, widows, and their states,
And think his power doth equal Fate's.
Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,
Purchased by rapine, worse than stealth,
And brooding o'er it sit with broadest eyes,
Not doing good scarce when he dies.
Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,
By being organs to great sin;
Get place and honour, and be glad to keep
The secrets that shall break their sleep;
And, so they ride in purple, eat in plate
(Though poison), think it a great fate.
But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that nor this envy:
Thy peace is made; and when man's state is well,
'T is better if he there can dwell.
God wisheth none should wreck on a strange shelf:
To Him man's dearer than t' himself;
And howsoever we may think things sweet,
He always gives what He knows meet;
Which who can use is happy: such be thou.
Thy morning's and thy evening's vow
Be thanks to Him, and earnest pray'r to find
A body sound, with sounder mind;
To do thy country service, thyself right;
That neither want do thee affright,
Nor death, but when thy latest sand is spent
Thou mayst think life a thing but lent.

1616.

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

1616.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?

Have you felt the wool o' the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

1616? 1631.

HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble, or of greater blood
(Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me);
French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.
Young I'd have him, too, and fair,
Yet a man; with crispèd hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For Love's fingers and his wings,
Chestnut colour, or more slack—
Gold upon a ground of black;
Venus' and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise;
Eyebrows bent like Cupid's bow;
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheek withal
Smooth as is the billiard-ball;
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherished too much beard
And made Love or me afeard.
He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame,
Quickly fired, as in beginners

In Love's school and yet no sinners.
'T were too long to speak of all:
What we harmony do call
In a body should be there;
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him—
Drest, you still for man should take him,
And not think h' had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.
Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire;
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such
As to do no thing too much:
Nor o'erpraise nor yet condemn,
Nor out-value nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs nor wrongs receive,
Nor tie knots nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love Truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

1608? 1640.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame,
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'T is true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which when it sounds at best but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise. . . . .
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses—
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain; thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age but for all time;
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,

But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame,
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou: look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

1623.

A PINDARIC ODE

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THAT NOBLE PAIR, SIR LUCIUS CARY AND SIR H. MORISON

I

THE STROPHE, OR TURN

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage with razing your immortal town:

Thou, looking then about
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN

Did wiser Nature draw thee back
From out the horror of that sack,
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night,
Urged, hurried forth, and hurled
Upon th' affrighted world;
Fire, famine, and fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

THE EPODE, OR STAND

For what is life, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or maskèd man, if valued by his face
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers
And told forth fourscore years;
He vexèd time and busied the whole state,
Troubled both foes and friends,
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his four score he did no good.

II

THE STROPHE, OR TURN

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thrived with honest arts,
He purchased friends and fame and honours then,
And had his noble name advanced with men;
But, weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight

To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life
So deep as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN

Alas, but Morison fell young!
He never fell—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend,
But most a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

THE EPODE, OR STAND

Go now, and tell our days summed up with fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not lived: for Life doth her great actions spell
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light; her measures are, how well
Each syllabe answered, and was formed how fair;
These make the lines of Life, and that's her air.

III

THE STROPHE, OR TURN

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN

Call, noble Lucius, then, for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possest with holy rage
To see that bright eternal day,
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men.
And there he lives with memory, and Ben

THE EPODE, OR STAND

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest
In this bright asterism:
Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri,
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But Fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth, must shine,

IV

THE STROPHE, OR TURN

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star—
Of hearts the union; and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out t' advance
The profits for a time:
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink or feigned protests;
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more than blood.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after to apply
That liking, and approach so one the t' other,
Till either grew a portion of the other,
Each stylèd by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great sir-names
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the virtue: nothing perfect done
But as a Cary or a Morison.

THE EPODE, OR STAND

And such a force the fair example had
As they that saw
The good and durst not practise it were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in words,
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolls were, and records;
Who, ere the first down bloomèd on the chin,
Had sowed these fruits and got the harvest in.

1629. 1640.

AN ELEGY

Fair friend, 't is true your beauties move
My heart to a respect
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love nor yet am free;
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'T is of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain:
Your beauty takes my sense;
And lest you should that price disdain,
My thoughts too feel the influence.

'T is not a passion's first access,
Ready to multiply;
But, like love's calmest state, it is
Possest with victory.

It is like love to truth reduced,
All the false values gone
Which were created and induced
By fond imagination.

'T is either fancy or 't is fate
To love you more than I:
I love you at your beauty's rate;
Less were an injury.

Like unstampt gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your face
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough; for who dare move
Reward for his delight?

1640.

JOHN DONNE

SATIRES

FROM

SATIRE I

"Away, thou changeling motley humourist!
Leave me; and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffined when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Nature's secretary, the philosopher;
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers; and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.

Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild, uncertain thee?
First, swear by thy best love, here, in earnest—
If thou, which lovest all, canst love any best,—
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet;
Not though a captain do come in thy way,
Bright parcel-gilt with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk, perfumed, pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin, or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir.
For better or worse take me or leave me;
To take and leave me is adultery."

. . . . . .

Now we are in the street: he first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And, so imprisoned and hemmed in by me,
Sells for a little state high liberty.
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine, silken, painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures
As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
Of some gay sport abroad yet dare not go.
And as fiddlers stop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most brave stoops he nighest the ground;
But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore,
Or thou, O elephant, or ape, wilt do
When any names the king of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, "Do you see
Yonder well-favoured youth?" "Which?" "Oh, 't is he
That dances so divinely." "O," said I,
"Stand still; must you dance here for company?"
He drooped; we went, till one which did excel
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well
Met us; they talked; I whispered, "Let us go,
'T may be you smell him not; truly I do."

He hears not me, but on the other side
A many-coloured peacock having spied,
Leaves him and me. I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, "Him whom I last left, all repute
For his device in handsoming a suit,
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleat,
Of all the court to have the best conceit."
"Our dull comedians want him, let him go;
But O, God strengthen thee, why stopp'st thou so?"
"Why!" "Hath he travelled long?" "No; but to me,
Which understand none, he doth seem to be
Perfect French and Italian." I replied,
"So is the pox." He answered not, but spied
More men of sort, of parts and qualities.
At last his love he in a window spies,
And, like light dew exhaled, he flings from me,
Violently ravished to his lechery:
Many were there; he could command no more;
He quarrelled, fought, bled, and, turned out of door,
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keep his bed.

By 1593. 1633.

THE INDIFFERENT

I can love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts and her whom want betrays;
Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays;
Her whom the country formed, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?

O we are not; be not you so!
Let me—and do you—twenty know;
Rob me, but bind me not; and let me go.
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fixt subject because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore
She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.
She went, examined, and returned ere long,
And said, "Alas, some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who 're false to you.'"

About 1593? 1633.

LOVERS' INFINITENESS

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all:
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have spent.
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant;
If, then, thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart since there be or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vowed by thee—
And yet it was, thy gift being general:
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet:
He that hath all can have no more;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store.
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart;
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it:
Love's riddles are that, though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it.
But we will love a way more liberal
Than changing hearts—to join them; so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

About 1596? 1633.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"Now his breath goes," and some say, "No";

So let us melt and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move:
'T were profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love,
Whose soul is sense, cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we, by a love so far refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do;

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

1611? 1633.

SWEETEST LOVE, I DO NOT GO

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
At the last must part, 't is best
Thus to use myself in jest,
By feignèd deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O, how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour
Nor a lost hour recall;
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay:
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill:
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

1611? 1633.

FROM

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
So by the soul doth death string heaven and earth;
For when our soul enjoys this her third birth—
Creation gave her one; a second, grace—
Heaven is as near and present to her face
As colours are and objects in a room,
Where darkness was before, when tapers come.
This must, my soul, thy long-short progress be
To advance these thoughts. Remember, then, that she,

She, whose fair body no such prison was
But that a soul might well be pleased to pass
An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She, in whose body—if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she—
The western treasure, eastern spicery,
Europe, and Afric, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best—
And when we have made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;—
She, whom had they known who did first betroth
The tutelar angels, and assigned one both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limb;
She, of whose soul if we may say 't was gold,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that (we understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought);
She, she thus richly and largely housed, is gone,
And chides us slow-paced snails who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.

1612. 1612.

DEATH, BE NOT PROUD

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then, from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.

Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke: why swell'st thou, then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.

1633.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY, AND WELCOME, DAY

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy rest, robin-redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

1605? 1608.

JOHN FLETCHER

SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.

See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day
Bear a lamb or kid away,
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these
Be not tôo secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep
Whilst the other eye doth sleep:
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And forever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell.

Before 1610.

HENCE, ALL YOU VAIN DELIGHTS

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound;
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon,
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley.
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

About 1613? 1647.

CARE-CHARMING SLEEP

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

About 1616. 1647.

THE BEGGARS' HOLIDAY

Cast our caps and cares away:
This is beggars' holiday!
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where so happy a prince as he?
Where the nation live so free
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest.
To the field we are not pressed,

Nor are called into the town
To be troubled with the gown.
"Hang all offices!" we cry,
"And the magistrate too, by!"
When the subsidy's increased,
We are not a penny sessed;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

1622. 1647.

WEEP NO MORE

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully:
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

Before 1619. 1647.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear:
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones.
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits, sealed with dust,
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royallest seed

That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they died!"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Before 1616. 1640.

JOHN WEBSTER

A DIRGE

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm.
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men;
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

1612.

HARK! NOW EVERYTHING IS STILL

Hark! now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent:
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturbed your mind:
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.

Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And—the foul fiend more to check—
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan and come away.

About 1616. 1623.

GILES FLETCHER

FROM

CHRIST'S VICTORY AND TRIUMPH

JUSTICE AND MERCY

But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her Father's brow,
But up she starts and throws herself between;
As when a vapour, from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eoüs, that but now
Opened the world which all in darkness lay,
Doth heav'n's bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard;
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,
But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
Her eye with heav'n's, so and more brightly shined
Her lamping sight, for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart; and with her ears
The silence of the thought loud-speaking hears;
And in one hand a pair of even scoals she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessèd all her soul, which softly slept
Securely, without tempest: no sad cry
Awakes her pity; but wronged Poverty,
Sending her eyes to heav'n swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

The wingèd lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound:
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with his kerchered head upwound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round:
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks to water rowle,
And airy mountains shake, and frighted shadows howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War,
Want, and the Want of Knowledge how to use
Abundance; Age, and Fear that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His wingèd steps—for who would not refuse
Grief's company, a dull and raw-boned spright,
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest sight,
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight?

Before this cursèd throng goes Ignorance,
That needs will lead the way he cannot see;
And after all Death doth his flag advance;
And in the midst Strife still would roaguing be,
Whose ragged flesh and clothes did well agree;
And round about amazèd Horror flies;
And over all Shame veils his guilty eyes;
And underneath Hell's hungry throat still yawning lies.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She leaned her bosom, more than stony hard:
There slept th' unpartial Judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward;
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
Where good and bad, and life and death, were painted;
Was never heart of mortal so untainted
But when that scroll was read with thousand terrors fainted.

Witness the thunder that Mount Sinai heard
When all the hill with fi'ry clouds did flame,
And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afeard,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,

But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
  On this dead Justice she, the Living Law,
  Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All heav'n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.
. . . . . .
She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were,
Like to an army that allarum cries,
And every one shakes his ydraded spear;
And the Almighty's Self, as He would tear
  The Earth and her firm basis quite in sunder,
  Flamed all in just revenge and mighty thunder;
Heav'n stole itself from Earth by clouds that moistered under.

As when the cheerful Sun, elamping wide,
Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
And wooes the widowed Earth afresh to pride,
And paints her bosom with the flow'ry May,
His silent sister steals him quite away,
  Wrapt in a sable cloud from mortal eyes;
  The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies;

But soon as he again disshadowed is,
Restoring the blind World his blemished sight,
As though another day were newly ris,
The coozened birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night:
  So Mercy once again herself displays,
  Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
Those sunshine looks whose beams would dim a thousand days.

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,
Clamber the azure mountains thrown so high,
And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,
That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
Clothed with such light as blinds the angels' eye?
  How may weak mortal ever hope to file
  His unsmooth tongue and his deprostrate style?
O raise thou from his corse thy now entombed exile! . . . .

As melting honey, dropping from the comb,
So 'still the words that spring between thy lips;
Thy lips, where smiling Sweetness keeps her home,
And heav'nly Eloquence pure manna sips:
He that his pen but in that fountain dips,
How nimbly will the golden phrases fly,
And shed forth streams of choicest rhetory,
Welling celestial torrents out of poesy!

Like as the thirsty land in summer's heat
Calls to the clouds, and gapes at every show'r
As though her hungry clifts all heav'n would eat,
Which if high God into her bosom pour,
Though much refreshed, yet more she could devour;
So hang the greedy ears of angels sweet,
And every breath a thousand Cupids meet,
Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

Upon her breast Delight doth softly sleep,
And of Eternal Joy is brought abed—
Those snowy mountelets, through which do creep
The milky rivers, that are inly bred
In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
To weary travellers, in heat of day
To quench their fiery thrist, and to allay
With dropping nectar-floods the fury of their way.

If any wander, thou dost call him back;
If any be not forward, thou incit'st him;
Thou dost expect, if any should grow slack;
If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him;
Or if he do offend thee, thou acquit'st him;
Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies,
Healing the sick, and quick'ning him that dies;
Thou art the lame man's friendly staff, the blind man's eyes.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold;
But none can thee behold, thou art so fair.
Pardon, O pardon, then, thy vassal bold,
That with poor shadows strives thee to compare,

And match the things which he knows matchless are!
O thou vive mirrour of celestial grace,
How can frail colours portrait out thy face,
Or paint in flesh thy beauty in such semblance base?

1610.

SATAN

At length an aged sire far off He saw
Come slowly footing; every step he guessed
One of his feet he from the grave did draw;
Three legs he had—the wooden was the best:
And all the way he went he ever blest
With benedicities and prayers' store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more:
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline,
And, dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low
With prone obeisance and with curtsy kind,
That at his feet his head he seemed to throw.
What needs him now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this Saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims thither stray!
What caren they for beasts or for the weary way?

Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems modulèd in time;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.

"Ay me," quoth he, "how many years have been
Since these old eyes the sun of heav'n have seen!
Certes the Son of Heav'n they now behold, I ween.

"Ah, mote my humble cell so blessed be
As Heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple for Thy Deity!
Lo, how my cottage worships Thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head, in proof
It doth adore Thee with the ceiling low.
Here honey, milk, and chestnuts wild do grow;
The boughs a bed of leaves upon Thee shall bestow.

"But oh!" he said, and therewith sighed full deep,
"The heav'ns, alas! too envious are grown,
Because our fields Thy presence from them keep;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown."
So, stooping down, he gathered up a stone.
"But Thou with corn canst make this stone to ear:
What needen we the angry heav'ns to fear?
Let them envy us still, so we enjoy Thee here."

Thus on they wandered. But those holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and no man, did cover
(So under greenest herbs the adder feeds);
And round about that stinking corps did hover
The dismal Prince of gloomy night; and over
His ever-damnèd head the shadows erred
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,
And all the Tyrant fears, and all the Tyrant feared.

He was the Son of blackest Acheron,
Where many frozen souls do chatt'ring lie;
And ruled the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur fry,
At once compelled to live and forced to die;
Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry
Of "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "Out alas! that I
Or once again might live or once at length might die!"

1610.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

FROM

THE PURPLE ISLAND

KOILIA

At that cave's mouth twice sixteen porters stand,
Receivers of the customary rent:
On each side four, the foremost of the band,
Whose office to divide what in is sent;
  Straight other four break it in pieces small;
  And at each hand twice five, which, grinding all,
Fit it for convoy, and this city's arsenal.

From thence a groom of wondrous volubility
Delivers all unto near officers,
Of nature like himself and like agility;
At each side four, that are the governors
  To see the vict'als shipped at fittest tide;
  Which straight from thence with prosp'rous channel slide
And in Koilia's port with nimble oars glide.

The haven, framed with wondrous sense and art,
Opens itself to all that entrance seek;
Yet if aught back would turn and thence depart,
With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek;
  But when the rent is slack, it rages rife,
  And mut'nies in itself with civil strife:
Thereto a little groom eggs it with sharpest knife.

Below dwells, in this city's market-place,
The island's common cook, Concoction;
Common to all, therefore in middle space
Is quartered fit, in just proportion;
  Whence never from his labour he retires,
  No rest he asks or better change requires;
Both night and day he works, ne'er sleeps, nor sleep desires.

That heat which in his furnace ever fumeth
Is nothing like to our hot parching fire,

Which, all consuming, self at length consumeth,
But moist'ning flames a gentle heat inspire,
Which sure some inborn neighbour to him lendeth;
And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuel sendeth,
And oft the rising fume, which down again descendeth.

Like to a pot, where under-hovering
Divided flames, the iron sides entwining,
Above is stopped with close-laid covering,
Exhaling fumes to narrow straits confining;
So doubling heat his duty doubly speedeth;
Such is the fire Concoction's vessel needeth,
Who daily all the isle with fit provision feedeth.

1633.

THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE

Thrice, O thrice happy shepherd's life and state,
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns.
No fearèd treason breaks his quiet sleep;
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep,
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their threed
Draw out their silken lives; nor silken pride.
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed.
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright,
No begging wants his middle fortune bite,
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise,
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.
In country plays is all the strife he uses,
Or song or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports all differences refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content.
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent.
His life is neither tossed in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease.
Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place.
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

1633.

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE FIGHT THE DRAGON

With Fido, Knowledge went, who ordered right
His mighty bands; so now his scattered troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight,
While with new change the dragon's army droops,
And from the following victors headlong run.
Yet still the dragon frustrates what is done,
And eas'ly makes them lose what they so hardly won.

Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew,
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps,
As when Typhoeus from his paunch doth spew
Black smothering flames rolled in loud thunder-claps;
The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,
And bring dull night upon the smiling day;
The wavering Ætna shakes and fain would run away.

Yet could his bat-eyed legions eas'ly see
In this dark chaos, they the seed of night;
But these not so, who night and darkness flee,
For they the sons of day, and joy in light.

But Knowledge soon began a way devise,
To bring again the day and clear their eyes;
So opened Fido's shield, and golden veil unties.

Of one pure diamond, celestial fair,
That heav'nly shield by cunning hand was made;
Whose light divine, spread through the misty air,
To brightest morn would turn the western shade,
And lightsome day beget before his time;
Framèd in heav'n, without all earthly crime,
Dipped in the fi'ry sun, which burnt the baser slime.

As when from fenny moors the lumpish clouds
With rising steams damp the bright Morning's face,
At length the piercing Sun his team unshrouds,
And with his arrows th' idle fog doth chase;
The broken mist lies melted all in tears:
So this bright shield the stinking darkness tears,
And, giving back the day, dissolves their former fears.

1633.

ANONYMOUS

THEN I WAS IN LOVE

Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
As passion did them move;
Once did I hope, straight fear again:
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And tell how many minutes move;
Once did I wishing waste the day:
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our lot:
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,
And in my mistress move;
Once was I not mine own at all:
And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
And collars did approve;
Once wore my clothes made out of wax:
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move;
Once did I tell a thousand lies:
And then I was in love.

Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove;
Once, in a word, I was a fool:
And then I was in love.

1610.

THE BELLMAN'S SONG

Maids to bed, and cover coal;
Let the mouse out of her hole;
Crickets in the chimney sing
Whilst the little bell doth ring:
If fast asleep, who can tell
When the clapper hits the bell?

1611.

SEE WHERE MY LOVE A-MAYING GOES

See where my love a-Maying goes,
With sweet dame Flora sporting!
She most, alone with nightingales,
In woods delights consorting.
Turn again, my dearest!
The pleasant'st air's in meadows:
Else by the rivers let us breathe,
And kiss amongst the willows.

SWEET SUFFOLK OWL

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers, like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
"Te whit, te whoo!"
Thy note that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls:
"Te whit, te whoo!"

1619.

OPEN THE DOOR

"Open the door! Who 's there within?
The fairest of thy mother's kin?
O come, come, come abroad
And hear the shrill birds sing,
The air with tunes that load.
It is too soon to go to rest,
The sun not midway yet to west:
The day doth miss thee,
And will not part until it kiss thee."

"Were I as fair as you pretend,
Yet to an unknown seld-seen friend
I dare not ope the door:
To hear the sweet birds sing
Oft proves a dangerous thing.
The sun may run his wonted race
And yet not gaze on my poor face;
The day may miss me:
Therefore depart; you shall not kiss me."

1620.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

I KNOW THAT ALL BENEATH THE MOON DECAYS

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In Time's great periods shall return to naught;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days;

I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
And that naught lighter is than airy praise;
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will invassal reason's power:
Know what I list, this all can not me move
But that, O me! I both must write and love.

1616.

SLEEP, SILENCE' CHILD

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft Rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest,
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spares, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come! but with that face
To inward light which thou are wont to show;
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe.
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath:
I long to kiss the image of my death.

1616.

IF CROSSED WITH ALL MISHAPS BE MY POOR LIFE

If crossed with all mishaps be my poor life;
If one short day I never spent in mirth;
If my spright with itself holds lasting strife;
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a sable stage
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars;
If youth be tossed with love, with weakness age;
If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars;
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what long since passed like that to be;

If virtue only be an idle name;
If I, when I was born, was born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

1616.

PHOEBUS, ARISE

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread.
The nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing:
Make an eternal spring;
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor-like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair;
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishèd day,
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates not hope betray),
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond forever should it mark:
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise;
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,

Your stormy chiding stay;
Let zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star;
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels;
The fields with flow'rs are decked in every hue;
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And ev'ry thing save her who all should grace.

1616.

TO CHLORIS

See, Chloris, how the clouds
Tilt in the azure lists,
And how with Stygian mists
Each hornèd hill his giant forehead shrouds;
Jove thund'reth in the air;
The air, grown great with rain,
Now seems to bring Deucalion's days again.
I see thee quake; come, let us home repair;
Come hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to shun greater harms.

1616.

NO TRUST IN TIME

Look how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low, the head:
Right so my life, contentments being dead
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night

By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

1623.

THE WORLD A GAME

This world a hunting is:
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

1623.

THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that Eternal Love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

1623.

WILLIAM BROWNE

FROM

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS

SWEETER SCENTS THAN IN ARABIA FOUND

Then walked they to a grove but near at hand,
Where fiery Titan had but small command,
Because the leaves, conspiring, kept his beams,
For fear of hurting (when he's in extremes)
The under-flowers, which did enrich the ground
With sweeter scents than in Arabia found.
The earth doth yield (which they through pores exhale)
Earth's best of odours, th' aromatical:
Like to that smell which oft our sense descries
Within a field which long unploughèd lies,
Somewhat before the setting of the sun;
And where the rainbow in the horizon
Doth pitch her tips; or as when in the prime,
The earth being troubled with a drought long time,
The hand of Heaven his spongy clouds doth strain,
And throws into her lap a shower of rain,
She sendeth up, conceivèd from the sun,
A sweet perfume and exhalation.
Not all the ointments brought from Delos' isle,
Nor from the confines of seven-headed Nile,
Nor that brought whence Phoenicians have abodes,
Nor Cyprus' wild vine-flowers, nor that of Rhodes,
Nor roses' oil from Naples, Capua,
Saffron confected in Silicia,
Nor that of quinces, nor of marjoram,
That ever from the isle of Coös came;
Nor these, nor any else, though ne'er so rare,
Could with this place for sweetest smells compare.

1613.

A SQUIRREL HUNT

Then, as a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,
Sits pertly on a bough, his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,

Till, with their crooks and bags, a sort of boys,
To share with him, come with so great a noise
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbour oak,
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes,
Whilst through the quagmires and red water-plashes
The boys run dabbling thorough thick and thin;
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin;
This, torn and tattered, hath with much ado
Got by the briers; and that hath lost his shoe;
This drops his band; that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last;
With sticks and stones and many a sounding holloa,
The little fool, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray:
Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up;
And so from bough to bough he won the top,
Though hindrances, for ever coming there,
Were often thrust upon him by despair.

1613.

WALLA, THE FAIREST NYMPH

Fair was the day, but fairer was the maid
Who that day's morn into the greenwoods strayed.
Sweet was the air, but sweeter was her breathing;
Such rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing.
Bright shone the sun, but brighter were her eyes;
Such are the lamps that guide the deities;
Nay such the fire is whence the Pythian knight
Borrows his beams and lends his sister light.
Not Pelops' shoulder whiter than her hands,
Nor snowy swans that jet on Isca's sands;
Sweet Flora, as if ravished with their sight,
In emulation made all lilies white.
For, as I oft have heard the wood-nymphs say,
The dancing fairies, when they left to play,
Then back did pull them, and in holes of trees
Stole the sweet honey from the painful bees

(Which in the flower to put they oft were seen),
And for a banquet brought it to their queen.
But she that is the goddess of the flowers,
Invited to their groves and shady bowers,
Misliked their choice. They said that all the field
No other flower did for that purpose yield.
"But," quoth a nimble fay that by did stand,
"If you could give 't the colour of yond hand,"
(Walla by chance was in a meadow by,
Learning to sample earth's embroidery)
"It were a gift would Flora well befit,
And our great queen the more would honour it."
She gave consent, and by some other power
Made Venus' doves be equalled by the flower,
But not her hand; for Nature this prefers—
All other whites but shadowings to hers.
Her hair was rolled in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and artful coronet,
Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay,
And were or tied or loath to fly away.
Upon her bright eyes Phoebus his inclined,
And by their radiance was the god struck blind,
That clean awry th' ecliptic then he stripped
And from the milky way his horses whipped;
So that the eastern world to fear begun
Some stranger drove the chariot of the sun,
And never but that once did heaven's bright eye
Bestow one look on the Cimmerii.
A green silk frock her comely shoulders clad,
And took delight that such a seat it had;
Which, at her middle gathered up in pleats,
A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats.
Not Venus' ceston held a braver piece,
Nor that which girt the fairest flower of Greece.
Down from her waist her mantle loose did fall,
Which Zephyr, as afraid, still played withal;
And then, tucked up somewhat below the knee,
Showed searching eyes where Cupid's columns be;
The inside lined with rich carnation silk,
And, in the midst of both, lawn white as milk,
Which white beneath the red did seem to shroud,

As Cynthia's beauty through a blushing cloud:
About the edges, curious to behold,
A deep fringe hung of rich and twisted gold;
So on the green marge of a crystal brook
A thousand yellow flowers at fishes look;
And such the beams are of the glorious sun,
That through a tuft of grass dispersèd run.
Upon her leg a pair of buskins white,
Studded with orient pearl and chrysolite,
And, like her mantle, stitched with gold and green,
(Fairer yet never wore the forest's queen),
Knit close with ribbons of a party hue,
A knot of crimson and a tuft of blue;
Nor can the peacock in his spotted train
So many pleasing colours show again,
Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,
Except the heav'nly roses in her face.
A silver quiver at her back she wore,
With darts and arrows for the stag and boar;
But in her eyes she had such darts again
Could conquer gods, and wound the hearts of men.
Her left hand held a knotty Brazil bow,
Whose strength with tears she made the red deer know.
So clad, so armed, so dressed to win her will,
Diana never trod on Latmus' hill.
Walla, the fairest nymph that haunts the woods;
Walla, beloved of shepherds, fawns, and floods;
Walla, for whom the frolic satyrs pine;
Walla, with whose fine foot the flow'rets twine;
Walla, of whom sweet birds their ditties move;
Walla, the earth's delight, and Tavy's love.

1616.

A FAIRY BANQUET

And with that he led,
With such a pace as lovers use to tread
Near sleeping parents, by the hand the swain
Unto a pretty seat, near which these twain
By a round little hole had soon descried
A trim feat room, about a fathom wide,

As much in height, and twice as much in length,
Out of the main rock cut by artful strength.
The two-leaved door was of the mother-pearl,
Hingèd and nailed with gold. Full many a girl,
Of the sweet fairy ligne, wrought in the loom
That fitted those rich hangings clad the room:
In them was wrought the love of their great king,
His triumphs, dances, sports, and revelling;
And learned Spenser, on a little hill
Curiously wrought, lay, as he tuned his quill.
The floor could of respect complain no loss;
But, neatly covered with discoloured moss
Woven into stories, might for such a piece
Vie with the richest carpets brought from Greece.
A little mushroom, that was now grown thinner
By being one time shaven for the dinner
Of one of Spain's grave grandees, and that day
Out of his greatness' larder stol'n away
By a more nimble elf than are their wits,
Who practise truth as seldom as their spits—
This mushroom (on a frame of wax y-pight,
Wherein was wrought the strange and cruel fight
Betwixt the troublous commonwealth of flies
And the sly spider with industrious thighs)
Served for a table. Then a little elf,
If possible far lesser than itself,
Brought in the covering made of white rose leaves,
And, wrought together with the spinner's sleaves,
Met in the table's middle in right angles.
The trenchers were of little silver spangles:
The salt, the small bone of a fish's back,
Whereon in little was expressed the wrack
Of that deplorèd mouse from whence hath sprung
That furious battle Homer whilom sung
Betwixt the frogs and mice; so neatly wrought
You could not work it lesser in a thought.
Then on the table, for their bread, was put
The milk-white kernels of the hazel nut.
The cupboard, suitable to all the rest,
Was as the table with like cov'ring dressed.
The ewer and basin were, as fitting well,

A periwinkle and a cockle-shell.
The glasses, pure, and thinner than we can
See from the sea-betrothed Venetian,
Were all of ice, not made to overlast
One supper, and betwixt two cowslips cast:
A prettier fashion hath not yet been told,
So neat the glass was and so feat the mould.
A little spruce elf then, just of the set
Of the French dancer or such marionette,
Clad in a suit of rush, woven like a mat,
A monkshood flow'r then serving for a hat,
Under a cloak made of the spider's loom—
This fairy (with them held a lusty groom)
Brought in his bottles: neater were there none,
And every bottle was a cherrystone;
To each a seedpearl servèd for a screw,
And most of them were filled with early dew;
Some choicer ones, as for the king most meet,
Held mel-dew and the honeysuckle's sweet.
All things thus fitted, straightways followed in
A case of small musicians, with a din
Of little hautboys, whereon each one strives
To show his skill: they all were made of syves,
Excepting one, which puffed the player's face,
And was a chibole, serving for the bass.
Then came the service. The first dishes were:
In white broth boiled, a crammèd grasshopper;
A pismire roasted whole; five crayfish eggs;
The udder of a mouse; two hornet's legs;
Instead of olives, cleanly pickled sloes;
Then of a bat were served the pettitoes;
Three fleas in souse; a cricket from the brine;
And of a dormouse, last, a lusty chine.

. . . . . .

As when a lusty sawyer, well prepared,
His breakfast eaten, and his timber squared,
About to raise up as he thinketh fit
A good sound tree above his sawing pit,
His neighbours called, each one a lusty heaver;
Some steer the roller, others ply the lever;
"Heave here!" says one; another calls, "Shove thither!"

"Heave, roll, and shove!" cry all and all together;
"Look to your foot, sir, and take better heed!"
Cries a bystander; "No more haste than need;
Lift up that end there; bring it gently on;
And now thrust all at once or all is gone!
Hold there a little; soft; now use your strength!"
And with this stir the tree lies fit at length:
Just such a noise was heard when came the last
Of Oberon's second mess. One cried, "Hold fast!
Put five more of the guard to 't, of the best!
Look to your footing; stop awhile and rest."
One would have thought, with so much strength and din,
They surely would have brought Behemoth in,
That mighty ox which, as the Rabbins say,
Shall feast the Jews upon the latter day.
But at the last, with all this noise and cry,
Ten of the guard brought in a minnow-pie.

Before 1643. 1852.

A ROSE, AS FAIR AS EVER SAW THE NORTH

A rose, as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone;
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known.
The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learned bards of it their ditties made;
The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
Watered the root and kissed her pretty shade.
But, well-a-day! the gard'ner careless grew;
The maids and fairies both were kept away;
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.
God shield the stock! if heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

Before 1643. 1815.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN SMYTH

Know thou, that tread'st on learned Smyth inurned,
Man is an hour-glass that is never turned.
He is gone through; and we that stay behind

Are in the upper glass, yet unrefined.
When we are fit, with him so truly just,
We shall fall down, and sleep with him in dust.

Before 1643. 1815.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her name; for after days
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

Before 1643. 1660.

RICHARD CORBET

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL

"Farewell rewards and fairies,"
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
The fairies' lost command:
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land;

And all your children sprung from thence
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as changelings ever since
For love of your demains.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had:
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily, merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since, of late, Elizabeth
And, later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were *Ave-Marys,*
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas, they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punished sure:
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue.
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters,
A register they have
Who looketh to their charters,
A man both wise and grave:
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

I marvel who his cloak would turn
When Puck had led him round;
Or where those walking fires would burn
Where Cureton would be found;
How Broker would appear to be,
For whom this age doth mourn;
But that their spirits live in thee,
In thee, old William Chourne.

To William Chourne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meal can mend your cheer
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
And pray ye for his noddle;
For all the fairies' evidence
Were lost if that were addle.

Before 1635. 1647.

HENRY KING

A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS

Brave flowers, that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain!
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.
You are not proud: you know your birth,
For your embroidered garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I
  Would have it ever spring;
My fate would know no winter, never die,
  Nor think of such a thing.
O that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

O teach me to see death and not to fear,
  But rather to take truce.
How often have I seen you at a bier,
  And there look fresh and spruce.
You fragrant flowers, then teach me, that my breath,
Like yours, may sweeten and perfume my death.

1657.

GEORGE WITHER

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
  If she be not so to me
  What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
  If she be not so to me
  What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deserving, known,
Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, "What, with them, they would do
That, without them, dare to woo!"
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me (this believe!)
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

1619.

FROM

FAIR VIRTUE

Two pretty rills do meet, and, meeting, make
Within one valley a large silver lake,
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood,
In ages passèd bravely crowned with wood,
Which, lending cold sweet shadows, gave it grace
To be accounted Cynthia's bathing place.
And from her father Neptune's brackish court,
Fair Thetis thither often would resort,
Attended by the fishes of the sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to play.
There would the daughter of the sea-god dive;
And thither came the land-nymphs every eve,
To wait upon her, bringing for her brows
Rich garlands of sweet flowers and beechy boughs.

For pleasant was that pool, and near it, then,
Was neither rotten marsh nor boggy fen.
It was nor overgrown with boist'rous sedge,
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge
A bending willow, nor a pricky bush,
Nor broad-leafed flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush.
But here, well ordered, was a grove with bowers,
There grassy plots set round about with flowers.
Here you might, through the water, see the land
Appear, strowed o'er with white or yellow sand.
Yon deeper was it; and the wind by whiffs
Would make it rise and wash the little cliffs,
On which oft pluming sate, unfrighted then,
The gaggling wild-goose and the snow-white swan,
With all those flocks of fowls which to this day
Upon those quiet waters breed and play.
For though those excellences wanting be
Which once it had, it is the same that we
By transposition name the Ford of Arle,
And out of which, along a chalky marl,
That river trills whose waters wash the fort
In which brave Arthur kept his royal court.
Northeast, not far from this great pool, there lies
A tract of beechy mountains, that arise,
With leisurely ascending, to such height
As from their tops the warlike Isle of Wight
You in the ocean's bosom may espy,
Though near two hundred furlongs thence it lie.
The pleasant way, as up those hills you climb,
Is strewèd o'er with marjarom and thyme,
Which grows unset. The hedge-rows do not want
The cowslip, violet, primrose, nor a plant
That freshly scents: as birch both green and tall;
Low sallows, on whose bloomings bees do fall;
Fair woodbinds, which about the hedges twine;
Smooth privet; and the sharp-sweet eglantine;
With many moe, whose leaves and blossoms fair
The earth adorn and oft perfume the air.
When you unto the highest do attain,
An intermixture both of wood and plain

You shall behold, which, though aloft it lie,
Hath downs for sheep, and fields for husbandry;
So much, at least, as little needeth more,
If not enough to merchandize their store.
In every row hath Nature planted there
Some banquet for the hungry passenger:
For here the hazel-nut and filberd grows,
There bulloes, and a little further sloes;
On this hand standeth a fair wielding tree;
On that, large thickets of black cherries be;
The shrubby fields are raspice orchards there;
The new-felled woods like strawberry gardens are;
And, had the King of Rivers blest those hills
With some small number of such pretty rills
As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not seen
A sweeter plot of earth than this had been.
For what offence this place was scanted so
Of springing waters, no record doth show,
Nor have they old tradition left that tells.
But, till this day, at fifty-fathom wells
The shepherds drink; and strange it was to hear
Of any swain that ever livèd there,
Who either in a pastoral ode had skill,
Or knew to set his fingers to a quill;
For rude they were who there inhabited,
And, to a dull contentment being bred,
They no such art esteemed, nor took much heed
Of anything the world without them did.
Ev'n there, and in the least frequented place
Of all these mountains, is a little space
Of pleasant ground hemmed in with dropping trees,
And those so thick that Phoebus scarcely sees
The earth they grow on once in all the year,
Nor what is done among the shadows there.
Along those lovely paths, where never came
Report of Pan or of Apollo's name
Nor rumour of the Muses till of late,
Some nymphs were wand'ring, and by chance or fate
Upon a launde arrivèd where they met
The little flock of pastor Philaret.

They were a troop of beauties known well nigh
Through all the plains of happy Britainy.
A shepherd's lad was he, obscure and young,
Who, being first that ever there had sung,
In homely verse expressèd country loves,
And only told them to the beechy groves,
As if to sound his name he never meant
Beyond the compass that his sheep-walk went.
They saw not him, nor them perceivèd he,
For in the branches of a maple tree
He shrouded sate, and taught the hollow hill
To echo forth the music of his quill,
Whose tattling voice redoubled so the sound
That where he was concealed they quickly found;
And there they heard him sing a madrigal,
That soon betrayed his cunning to them all.
Full rude it was, no doubt, but such a song,
Those rustic and obscurèd shades among,
Was never heard, they say, by any ear,
Until his Muses had inspired him there.
Though mean and plain his country habit seemed,
Yet by his song the ladies rightly deemed
That either he had travellèd abrode,
Where swains of better knowledge make abode,
Or else that some brave nymph who used that grove
Had deignèd to enrich him with her love.
Approaching nearer therefore to this swain,
They him saluted, and he them again,
In such good fashion as well seemed to be
According to their state and his degree.
Which greetings being passèd, and much chat
Concerning him, the place, with this and that,
He to an arbour doth those beauties bring:
Where he them prays to sit; they him, to sing
And to express that untaught country art
In setting forth the mistress of his heart,
Which they o'erheard him practise, when, unseen,
He thought no ear had witness of it been.

1622

JAMES SHIRLEY

NO ARMOUR AGAINST FATE

The glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late
    They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now,
  See where the victor-victim bleeds!
    Your heads must come
    To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

About 1640? 1659.

GEORGE HERBERT

FROM

THE CHURCH-PORCH

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame,
  When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it as thou list, and pour the shame,
  Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.

It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there if I keep the round.

. . . . . .

The cheapest sins most dearly punished are,
Because to shun them also is so cheap;
For we have wit to mark them and to spare.
O crumble not away thy soul's fair heap!
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Fly idleness; which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
Against thee; for his light was only lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

. . . . . .

When thou dost purpose aught within thy power,
Be sure to do it though it be but small:
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship he makes a shelf.

. . . . . .

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest—for 't is thine own,—
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

. . . . . .

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty?

In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither: therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit, the sphere.

. . . . . .

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

1633.

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

1633.

THE PEARL

I know the ways of learning, both the head
And pipes that feed the press and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire;
Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history;
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit;
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle wheresoe'er it goes;
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years and more;
I know the projects of unbridled store;
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand;
Therefore not sealèd but with open eyes
I fly to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale and the commodities,
And at what rate and price I have Thy love,
With all the circumstances that may move.

Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But Thy silk twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me how by it
To climb to Thee.

1633.

PEACE

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if Peace were there,
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No;
Go seek elsewhere."

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note.
"Surely," thought I,
"This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter."
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man,
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many, wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein,
A secret virtue bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace which ev'rywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only there."

1633.

THE COLLAR

I struck the board, and cried, "No more!
I will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it. There was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart! but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures. Leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! Take heed!
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there! Tie up thy fears!
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methoughts I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

1633.

THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast."

1633.

THE ELIXIR

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture—"for Thy sake"—
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

1633.

WILLIAM BOSWORTH

ARCADIUS' SONG TO SEPHA

See'st not, my love, with what a grace
The Spring resembles thy sweet face?
Here let us sit, and in these bowers
Receive the odours of the flowers;
For Flora, by thy beauty wooed,
Conspires thy good.

See how she sends her fragrant sweet,
And doth this homage to thy feet,
Bending so low her stooping head
To kiss the ground where thou dost tread,
And all her flowers proudly meet
To kiss thy feet.

Then let us walk, my dearest love,
And on this carpet strictly prove
Each other's vow; from thy request
No other love invades my breast,
For how can I contemn that fire
Which gods admire?

To crop that rose why dost thou seek,
When there's a purer in thy cheek?
Like coral held in thy fair hands,
Or blood and milk that mingled stands;
To whom the Powers all grace have given,
A type of heaven.

Yon lily stooping t'wards this place
Is a pale shadow for thy face;
Under which veil doth seem to rush
Modest Endymion's ruddy blush,
A blush, indeed, more pure and fair
Than lilies are.

Glance on those flowers thy radiant eyes,
Through which clear beams they'll sympathize
Reflective love, to make them far
More glorious than th' Hesperian star;
For every swain amazèd lies,
And gazing dies.

See how these silly flowers twine,
With sweet embracings, and combine,
Striving with curious looms to set
Their pale and red into a net,
To show how pure desire doth rest
Forever blest.

Why wilt thou, then, unconstant be,
T' infringe the laws of amity,
And so much disrespect my heart
To derogate from what thou art,
When in harmonious love there is
Elysian bliss?

About 1626. 1651.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

AN ODE

TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD TO HASTEN HIM INTO THE COUNTRY

Come, spur away!
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down,
And leave the charge'ble noise of this great town.
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in gray,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war;
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise,
Or to make sport
For some slight puisne of the inns-of-court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day,
With what delights
Shorten the nights,
When from this tumult we are got secure
Where Mirth with all her freedom goes
Yet shall no finger lose,
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure?

There from the tree
We 'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay;
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show;
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap and wives of Lombard Street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures: these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed:
My Muse is she
My love shall be.
Let clowns get wealth and heirs: when I am gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more!
We 'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store;
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then, full, we 'll seek a shade,
And hear what music 's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire;
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes.
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly.
Nor will we spare

To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare,
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they 'll choose;
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all.
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be;
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I 'm sure all game is free:
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I 'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody;
Which he that hears,
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

Before 1635. 1638.

ROBERT HERRICK

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers.
I sing of Maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white.

I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab and of the fairy king.
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

1648.

TO PERILLA

Ah, my Perilla, dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?
Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come
And haste away to mine eternal home:
'T will not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kiss.
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet:
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore
The gods' protection but the night before:
Follow me, weeping, to my turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear:
Then, lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me.
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

1648.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESSES

I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sappho next, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet Electra and the choice
Myrha, for the lute and voice;
Next, Corinna, for her wit
And the graceful use of it;

With Perilla. All are gone,
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

1648.

UPON JULIA'S VOICE

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damned would make no noise,
But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.

1648.

THE BAG OF THE BEE

About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And, taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

1640.

DIVINATION BY A DAFFADIL

When a daffadil I see
Hanging down his head t'wards me,
Guess I may what I must be:
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buried.

1648.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up! get up for shame! the blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air.
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you not drest;
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns? T'is sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see't?

Come, we 'll abroad; and let 's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

There 's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May;
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatcht their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying,
This night, and locks picked: yet w' are not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

1648.

TO LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES

Now is the time for mirth;
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb,
For with the flow'ry earth
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose, and now
Th' Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrollèd brow
And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,
In sack of such a kind
That it would make thee see
Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I 'll call forth,
To pledge this second health
In wine whose each cup 's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I 'll drink
To Ovid; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he' d think
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse Muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
O Bacchus! cool thy rays,
Or frantic I shall eat
Thy thyrse and bite the bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;
And, being ravished thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus next,
This flood I drink to thee.
But stay! I see a text
That this presents to me:

Behold! Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses, then;
They only will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i' th' funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet,
In Lethe to be drowned,
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crowned.

1648.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may:
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

1640.

FROM

THE FAIRY TEMPLE, OR OBERON'S CHAPEL

A way enchased with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads;
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the halcyon's curious nest:
Into the which who looks shall see
His temple of idolatry,
Where he of godheads has such store
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones instead of walls.
First, in a niche, more black than jet,
His idol-cricket there is set;
Then, in a polished oval by,
There stands his idol beetle-fly;
Next, in an arch akin to this,
His idol-canker seated is;
Then, in a round, is placed by these
His golden god, Cantharides:
So that where'er ye look, ye see
No capital, no cornice, free,
Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
Now, this the fairies would have known,
Theirs is a mixed religion;
And some have heard the elves it call
Part pagan, part papistical.
If unto me all tongues were granted,
I could not speak the saints here painted:
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
Who 'gainst Mab's state placed here right is,
Saint Will-o'-th'-Wisp, of no great bigness,
But *alias* called here *fatuus ignis,*
Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, Saint Filly;
Neither those other saintships will I
Here go about for to recite
Their number, almost infinite;
Which, one by one, here set down are
In this most curious calendar.
First, at the entrance of the gate,

A little puppet-priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the comers there,
"Favour your tongues, who enter here!
Pure hands bring hither, without stain!"
A second pules, "Hence, hence, profane!"
Hard by, i' th' shell of half a nut,
The holy-water there is put;
A little brush of squirrels' hairs,
Composed of odd, not even pairs,
Stands in the platter or close by,
To purge the fairy family.

1648.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap, our lands;
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And, to the pipe, sing harvest home!
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art:
See here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy to see the hock-cart crowned.
About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves,
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat,
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,

Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
Next to your flails, your fanes, your fats,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats,
To the rough sickle, and crookt scythe:
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe!
Feed and grow fat, and, as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat;
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hanged up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word's true:
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you;
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

1640.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLUE

Love on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excel,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
Poor girls, she fell on you,
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blows did make ye blue.

1640.

TO ANTHEA

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee:

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I 'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see;
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I 'll despair
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

1648.

BASHFULNESS

Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness.

1648.

UPON SNEAPE

Sneape has a face so brittle that it breaks
Forth into blushes whensoe'er he speaks.

1648.

TO DAFFADILS

Fair daffadils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong,
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

1648.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA

Why I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
For what other reason is 't
But to show thee how in part
Thou my pretty captive art?
But thy bond-slave is my heart.
'T is but silk that bindeth thee;
Knap the thread, and thou art free;
But 't is otherwise with me:
I am bound, and fast bound so,
That from thee I cannot go;
If I could, I would not so.

1648.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG

Good morrow to the day so fair;
Good morning, sir, to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too;
Good morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender: pray take heed;
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home. But 't is decreed
That I shall never find him.

1648.

HIS WINDING-SHEET

Come thou, who art the wine and wit
Of all I've writ;
The grace, the glory, and the best
Piece of the rest;

Thou art of what I did intend
The all and end;
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee, my sheet;
Come, then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride.
We two, as reliques left, will have
One rest, one grave;
And, hugging close, we will not fear
Lust ent'ring here,
Where all desires are dead or cold
As is the mould,
And all affections are forgot
Or trouble not.
Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
From shackles free,
And weeping widows, long oppressed,
Do here find rest.
The wrongèd client ends his laws
Here, and his cause;
Here those long suits of chancery lie
Quiet or die,
And all Star Chamber bills do cease
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request,
Where all are best,
All wise, all equal, and all just
Alike i' th' dust.
Nor need we here to fear the frown
Of court or crown;
Where Fortune bears no sway o'er things,
There all are kings.
In this securer place we 'll keep,
As lulled asleep;
Or for a little time we 'll lie,
As robes laid by,
To be another day re-worn,
Turned but not torn;
Or like old testaments engrossed,
Locked up, not lost;

And for a while lie here concealed,
To be revealed
Next at that great Platonic Year,
And then meet here.

1648.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILLED WITH DEW

Dew sate on Julia's hair,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew;
Or glittered to my sight
As when the beams
Have their reflected light
Danced by the streams.

1648.

ANOTHER ON HER

How can I choose but love and follow her
Whose shadow smells like milder pomander!
How can I choose but kiss her whence does come
The storax, spikenard, myrrh, and ladanum?

1648.

NIGHT PIECE, TO JULIA

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber;
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I 'll pour into thee.

1648.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

TO THE HONOURED MR. END. PORTER, GROOM OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY

Sweet country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own,
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorchèd clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No, thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds,
For well thou know'st 't is not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed Morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soiled, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them,
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,

Thou seest a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower,
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass as backs with wool,
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays,
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffadils and daisies crowned.
Thy wakes, thy quintals, here thou hast,
Thy Maypoles too with garlands graced,
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail,
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
That's tossed up after fox-i'-th'-hole,
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-tide kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these, thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade,
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy limè-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then,
To catch the pilf'ring birds, not men.
O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood,

Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these,
And, lying down, have naught t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.
Caetera desunt—

1648.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

Though clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I 've none,
A cock
I have, to sing how day draws on.
I have
A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
To save
That little Fates me gave or lent.
A hen
I keep, which, creeking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.
A goose
I have, which, with a jealous ear,
Lets loose
Her tongue to tell what danger 's near.
A lamb
I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
Whose dam
An orphan left him, lately dead.
A cat
I keep, that plays about my house,
Grown fat
With eating many a miching mouse.
To these
A Tracy I do kéep, whereby
I please
The more my rural privacy.
Which are
But toys, to give my heart some ease:
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

1648.

A TERNARY OF LITTLES

UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY SENT TO A LADY

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil,
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head,
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir,
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly;
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

1648.

THE WAKE

Come, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
Are the junkets still at wakes;
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the business is the sport.
Morris-dancers thou shalt see;
Marian, too, in pageantry;
And a mimic to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes;
Yet with strutting they will please

The incurious villages.
Near the dying of the day
There will be a cudgel-play,
Where a coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke;
But the anger ends all here,
Drenched in ale or drowned in beer.
Happy rustics, best content
With the cheapest merriment,
And possess no other fear
Than to want the wake next year.

1648.

A CONJURATION, TO ELECTRA

By those soft tods of wool,
With which the air is full;
By all those tinctures there,
That paint the hemisphere;
By dews and drizzling rain,
That swell the golden grain;
By all those sweets that be
I' th' flow'ry nunnery;
By silent nights, and the
Three forms of Hecate;
By all aspects that bless
The sober sorceress,
While juice she strains, and pith,
To make her philtres with;
By time, that hastens on
Things to perfection;
And by yourself, the best
Conjurement of the rest;
Oh, my Electra! be
In love with none but me.

1648.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O, how that glittering taketh me!

1648.

MODERATION

In things a moderation keep:
Kings ought to shear, not skin, their sheep.

1648.

HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

1648.

TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR

Night hath no wings to him that cannot sleep,
And Time seems then not for to fly but creep;
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheel or cracked her axletree.
Just so it is with me, who, list'ning, pray
The winds to blow the tedious night away,
That I might see the cheerful peeping day.
Sick is my heart: O Saviour! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses;

Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not forever in the vaults of death;
Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning hear;
Call and I'll come, say Thou the when and where;
Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,
And make no one stop till my race be done.

1648.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

1648.

THE BELLMAN

Along the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:—
Death and dreadfulness call on
To the gen'ral session,
To whose dismal bar we there
All accompts must come to clear.
Scores of sins w' ave made here many,
Wiped out few, God knows, if any.
Rise ye debtors, then, and fall
To make payment while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone.
By the clock 't is almost one.

1648.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
  Of flesh, yet still
    To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
  Or ragg'd to go,
    Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 't is a fast, to dole
  Thy sheaf of wheat
    And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
  From old debate
    And hate;
To circumcise thy life;

To show a heart grief-rent;
  To starve thy sin,
    Not bin.
And that 's to keep thy Lent.

1648.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

TO ROSES

IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA

Ye blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her breasts—
For he 'd profane so chaste a fair
Who e'er should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus, how bright ye grow,
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' th' open field.

In those white cloisters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which, living, gave you room
Your glorious sepulchre shall be:
There wants no marble for a tomb,
Whose breast hath marble been to me.

About 1632. 1634.

THE REWARD OF INNOCENT LOVE

We saw, and wooed each other's eyes;
My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soul is sense,
Profane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence
With the stolen pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensual idol of our clay;
For though the sun do set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day,

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled stream is still impure;
With virtue flies away content.

And though opinion often err,
We'll court the modest smile of Fame,
For sin's black danger circles her
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one dark silent room
Death shall our loving coffins thrust,
Fame will build columns on our tomb
And add a perfume to our dust.

1634.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched pow'r,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour;

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway;

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute:

For they have watched since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

1640.

THOMAS CAREW

DISDAIN RETURNED

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn:
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou!

1640.

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE

I was foretold your rebel sex
Nor love nor pity knew,
And with what scorn you use to vex
Poor hearts that humbly sue;

Yet I believed, to crown our pain,
  Could we the fortress win,
The happy lover sure should gain
  A paradise within:
I thought love's plagues like dragons sate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
  What happy lovers prove,
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
  And taste those sweets of love
Which, had they but a lasting state,
  Or if in Celia's breast
The force of love might not abate,
  Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts than did her scorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once possest,
  As victor, of a heart
Achieved with labor and unrest,
  And then forced to depart!
If the stout foe will not resign
  When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine;
  But he that is cast down
From enjoyed beauty, feels a woe
Only deposèd kings can know.

1640.

AN EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS

This little vault, this narrow room,
Of love and beauty is the tomb;
The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
Our clouded sky, lies darkened here,
Forever set to us, by death
Sent to enflame the world beneath.
'T was but a bud, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall spring again;

A budding star, that might have grown
Into a sun when it had blown.
This hopeful beauty did create
New life in Love's declining state;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free;
His brand, his bow, let no man fear:
The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

1640.

ASK ME NO MORE WHERE JOVE BESTOWS

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

1640.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

1637 or 1638. 1638.

FROM

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
Walked on before the rest.

Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him!) 't would undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town,
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stayed.
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape, that 's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must),
It looked like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But, O, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight!

. . . . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone),

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherne pear,
The side that's next the sun!

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

. . . . . .

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey:
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.
Passion oh me, how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house;
The bride's came thick and thick:

And when 't was named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance;
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wished her place,
And ev'ry man wished his!

1640. 1640.

TRUE LOVE

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee;
For were it in my power
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last,
I would then so fall
I might not love at all:
Love that can flow and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb and may grow less.

True love is still the same: the torrid zones,
And those more frigid ones,
It must not know;
For love grown cold or hot
Is lust or friendship, not
The thing we have,
For that 's a flame would die,
Held down or up too high.
Then, think I love more than I can express,
And would love more could I but love thee less.

Before 1642. 1646.

CONSTANCY

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Before 1642. 1659.

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

1639? 1649.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;

When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free;
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage:
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

1642? 1649.

TO AMARANTHA, THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVEL HER HAIR

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly.
Let it fly as unconfined
As its ravisher, the wind,

Who has left his darling East,
To wanton o'er this spicy nest.

Every tress must be confessed
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravellèd.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night:
Like the sun in's early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day.

1649.

RICHARD CRASHAW

ON A FOUL MORNING

BEING THEN TO TAKE A JOURNEY

Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold Day
Staggers out of the east, loses her way,
Stumbling on Night? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choke the light's fair growth.
Point here thy beams; O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks!
Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear
Full Glory flaming in her own free sphere!
Gladness shall clothe the earth; we will instile
The face of things an universal smile.
Say to the sullen Morn, thou com'st to court her,
And wilt command proud Zephyrus to sport her
With wanton gales: his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
Which, rarefied, and in a gentle rain
On those delicious banks distilled again,
Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.
He 'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow
And frisk in curled meanders; he will throw
A fragrant breath, sucked from the spicy nest
O' th' precious phoenix, warm upon her breast;

He with a dainty and soft hand will trim
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes; wheresoe'er she 'll tread,
Bright clouds, like golden fleeces, shall be spread.
Rise, then, fair blue-eyed maid, rise and discover
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
See how he runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosom, bathed with liquid light.
Fly, fly, profane fogs, far hence fly away!
Taint not the pure streams of the springing day
With your dull influence; it is for you
To sit and scowl upon Night's heavy brow,
Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin Morn,
Where naught but smiles and ruddy joys are worn.
Fly, then, and do not think with her to stay;
Let it suffice, she 'll wear no mask to-day!

Before 1641. 1646.

FROM

THE HOLY NATIVITY

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE SHEPHERDS

BOTH

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young Dawn of our Eternal Day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their east
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

TITYRUS

"Poor World," said I, "what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry Stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow—
A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend, the powers of heav'n and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth!"

THYRSIS

"Proud World," said I, "cease your contest,
And let the mighty Babe alone.

The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest;
Love's architecture is his own:
The Babe Whose birth embraves this morn
Made His own bed e'er He was born."

TITYRUS

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed.
"Forbear," said I; "be not too bold:
Your fleece is white, but 't is too cold."

THYRSIS

I saw the obsequious seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow;
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since heav'n itself lies here below.
"Well done," said I; "but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?"

BOTH

No, no, your King 's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head:
See, see, how soon His new-bloomed cheek
'Twixt 's mother's breasts is gone to bed!
"Sweet choice!" said we; "no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow."

. . . . . .

CHORUS

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie;
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome! though not to those gay flies
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes,
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,

Whose wealth 's their flock, whose wit to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband show'rs
  Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We 'll bring the first-born of her flow'rs,
  To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head:
To Thee, dread Lamb, Whose love must keep
The shepherds more than they the sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
  Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
  Each his pair of silver doves:
Till burnt at last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice!

Before 1643. 1646.

THE FLAMING HEART

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL SAINT TERESA, AS SHE IS USUALLY EXPRESSED WITH A SERAPHIM BESIDE HER

Well-meaning readers, you that come as friends
And catch the precious name this piece pretends,
Make not too much haste to admire
That fair-cheeked fallacy of fire.
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be ruled by me, and make
Here a well-placed and wise mistake:
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right;
Read him for her, and her for him,
And call the saint the seraphim.
  Painter, what didst thou understand
To put her dart into his hand?
See, even the years and size of him
Shows this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistress flame; and, duteous, he
Her happy fireworks, here, comes down to see.

O, most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kissed her pen,
Thou couldst not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why, man, this speaks pure mortal frame,
And mocks with female frost love's manly flame:
One wouldst suspect thou meantst to print
Some weak, inferior woman saint.
But had thy pale-faced purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou wouldst on her have heaped up all
That could be found seraphical,
Whate'er this youth of fire wears fair—
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheek, and glistering wings,
All those fair and flagrant things;
But, before all, that fiery dart
Had filled the hand of this great heart.
Do, then, as equal right requires,
Since his the blushes be and hers the fires:
Resume and rectify thy rude design;
Undress thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of thy art;
Give him the veil, give her the dart.
Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rivalled lover,
Ashamed that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
Give her the dart, for it is she,
Fair youth, shoots both thy shaft and thee.
Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is 't your tasteful spirits do prove
In that rare life of her and love?
Say and bear witness: sends she not
A seraphim at every shot?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine!
Heav'n's great artillery in each love-spun line.
Give, then, the dart to her who gives the flame;
Give him the veil who gives the shame.
But if it be the frequent fate

Of worst faults to be fortunate;
If all 's prescription, and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suff'ring seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistering wings,
The rosy hand, the radiant dart;
Leave her alone the flaming heart.
Leave her that, and thou shalt leave her,
Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver,
For in Love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passives are his activ'st part;
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O, heart! the equal poise of Love's both parts,
Big alike with wound and darts,
Live in these conquering leaves! live all the same,
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame!
Live here, great heart, and love, and die, and kill,
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still!
Let this immortal life, where'er it comes,
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms;
Let mystic deaths wait on 't, and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O, sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard, cold heart;
Let all thy scattered shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast, at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin!
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O, thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dow'r of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they,
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,

By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee his.
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him,
Fair sister of the seraphim,
By all of him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me!
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die!

Before 1643. 1646.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel infancy;
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face:
When on some gilded cloud or flow'r
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm Trees;

But, ah, my soul with too much stay
Is drunk and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love;
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came return.

1650.

PEACE

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that can not wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One Who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

1650.

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity, the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the World
And all her train were hurled.
The doating lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;

Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights,
With gloves and knots, the silly snares of pleasure;
Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow
He did not stay nor go;
Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses, scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout;
Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey. But one did see
That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears; but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust;
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf:
The downright epicure placed heav'n in sense,
And scorned pretence;
While others, slipt into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despisèd Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this time did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring.
But most would use no wing.

"O fools!" said I, "thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun and be
More bright than he!"
But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus:
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide
But for His bride."

1650.

THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit ling'ring here:
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above,
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

1655.

FROM

THE TIMBER

Sure thou didst flourish once; and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
Of death dost waste, all senseless, cold, and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or bark.

And yet, as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive, thou dost great storms resent
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou liest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means only those who broke in life thy peace.

So murthered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freezed, keeps in the centre, still,
Some secret sense which makes the dead blood run
At his approach that did the body kill.

And is there any murth'rer worse than sin?
Or any storms more foul than a lewd life?
Or what resentient can work more within
Than true remorse when with past sins at strife?

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care,
And truly hates to be detained on earth,
Hath got an house where many mansions are,
And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though, thus dead unto the world and ceased
From sin, he walks a narrow, private way,
Yet grief and old wounds make him sore displeased,
And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

1655.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

THE SALUTATION

These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find,
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
Where have ye been? behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long?
Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

When silent I
So many thousand, thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
How could I smiles or tears
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
Welcome, ye treasures which I now receive.

I that so long
Was nothing from eternity,
Did little think such joys as ear or tongue
To celebrate or see,
Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet
Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet.

New burnisht joys,
Which yellow gold and pearls excel!
Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
In which a soul doth dwell;
Their organizèd joints and azure veins
More wealth include than all the world contains.

From dust I rise,
And out of nothing now awake:
These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
A gift from God I take;
The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the skies,
The sun and stars are mine, if those I prize.

Long time before
I in my mother's womb was born,
A God preparing did this glorious store,
The world, for me adorn:
Into this Eden so divine and fair,
So wide and bright, I come His son and heir.

A stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;
Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,
Strange all and new to me;
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

About 1660? 1903.

WONDER

How like an angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear
O how their glory did me crown!
The world resembled His eternity,
In which my soul did walk;
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air,
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense;
And all the works of God so bright and pure,
So rich and great, did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow;
And while my God did all His glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all spirit: I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
But 't was divine.

Harsh ragged objects were concealed:
Oppressions, tears, and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes,
Were hid, and only things revealed
Which heavenly spirits and the angels prize;
The state of innocence
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones;
The boys and girls were mine:
Oh, how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones;

In joy and beauty they appeared to me.
And every thing which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorned the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white, and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold;
Great wonders clothed with glory did appear.
Amazement was my bliss;
That and my wealth was everywhere;
No joy to this!

Curst and devised proprieties,
With envy, avarice,
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes:
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds;
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine,
And hedges ornaments;
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn;
For me they all to wear them seemed,
When I was born.

About 1660? 1903.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

FROM

COOPER'S HILL

Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold.
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his gracious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay,
Nor, with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind,
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us and makes both Indies ours,
Finds wealth where 't is, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us or herself with strange varieties
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from sev'ral causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love),
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.

Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe:
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists,
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamoured youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curlèd brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat—
The common fate of all that 's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'T is still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts;
And thither all the hornèd host resorts
To graze the ranker mead—that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is reared
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made but sooner are undone.

1642.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

FROM

A VOTE

This only grant me: that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill known:
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light;
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night:
My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury:
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would nor fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
"To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them, I have lived to-day."

1636.

THE SPRING

Though you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay, the birds' rural music, too,
Is as melodious and free
As if they sung to pleasure you:

I saw a rosebud ope this morn; I 'll swear
The blushing morning opened not more fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay?
  Could they remember but last year,
  How you did them, they you delight,
  The sprouting leaves which saw you here
  And called their fellows to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where 'er you walked, trees were as reverend made
As when of old gods dwelt in ev'ry shade.
  Is 't possible they should not know
  What loss of honour they sustain,
  That thus they smile and flourish now,
  And still their former pride retain?
Dull creatures! 't is not without cause that she
Who fled the god of wit was made a tree.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoiced the Thracian verse to hear:
  In vain did Nature bid them stay
  When Orpheus had his song begun;
  They called their wond'ring roots away,
  And bade them silent to him run.
How would those learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? for, since you 're gone,
They 're here the only fair, and shine alone.
  You did their natural rights invade:
  Wherever you did walk or sit,
  The thickest boughs could make no shade,
  Although the sun had granted it;
The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do.

Whene'er, then, you come hither, that shall be
The time which this to others is, to me.

The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear,
When by their sight they let us know
How we deprived of greater are:
'T is you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men, the spring.

1656.

THE RESURRECTION

I

Not winds to voyagers at sea
Nor showers to earth more necessary be
(Heav'n's vital seed cast on the womb of earth
To give the fruitful year a birth)
Than verse to virtue, which can do
The widwife's office and the nurse's too:
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay;
And when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramide
That never will decay
Till heaven itself shall melt away
And naught behind it stay.

II

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre!
Lo, how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance.
Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drowned
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string:
Then all the wide extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.

III

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they lived, awake,
This mightier sound shall make,
When dead, t' arise,
And open tombs and open eyes
To the long sluggards of five thousand years.
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.
Then shall the scattered atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home,
Some from birds, from fishes some,
Some from earth and some from seas,
Some from beasts and some from trees;
Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And, where th' attending soul naked and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands,
As dispersed soldiers at the trumpet's call
Haste to their colours all:
Unhappy most, like tortured men,
Their joints new set, to be new racked again;
To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less confused
than they.

IV

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vig'rous heat,
Kindled at a hint so great.
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course.
'T is an unruly and a hard-mouthed horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit;
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place,
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace;
Conscious and proud of his own natural force,
'T will no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure.

1656.

OF SOLITUDE

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself too mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there;
On whose enamelled bank I 'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He 'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of humankind!
Which blest remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company:
As soon as two, alas, together joined,
The serpent made up three.

Though God Himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of One.

Thou, though men think thine an unactive part,
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well managed by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light
Dost, like a burning-glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee, too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery,
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

1668.

EDMUND WALLER

FROM

THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS

Bermudas, walled with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees which golden fruit do bear—
The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;

Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The prince of trees, is fuel for their fires;
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn;
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield;
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there, unplanted, through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there;
But at some constant seasons, every year,
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crowned.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords as their tribute pay.
Such is the mould that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes, they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth but ornament is worn;
For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste;

There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The *palma-christi* and the fair *papaw*,
Now but a seed, preventing nature's law,
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruit do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow and no perfection get,
So in this northern tract our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrainèd notes,
Where the supporter of the poets' style,
Phoebus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh, how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muses and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute and winds the strings so high,
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
I'll make the listening savages grow tame.

1645.

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

1645.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

1645.

FROM

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,
And every coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative:
That none can at our happy seat arrive;
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth has all that nature craves,
And all that's rare as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to her Nile owes more than to the sky,
So what our earth and what our heaven denies,
Our ever constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims:
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

About 1652. 1655.

OF THE LAST VERSES IN THE BOOK

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite;
The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,
The body stooping, does herself erect:
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So, calm are we when passions are no more,
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost:
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

After 1686. 1690.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

FROM

GONDIBERT

Thou who some ages hence these rolls dost read,
Kept as records by lovers of love's pow'r;
Thou who dost live when I have long been dead,
And feed'st from earth when earth does me devour;

Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some city's joys,
Where they would fall asleep with lazy peace
But that their triumphs make so great a noise
And their loud bells cannot for nuptials cease;

Thou who, perhaps, proudly thy bloomy bride
Lead'st to some temple where I withered lie;
Proudly, as if she age's frosts defied,
And that thy springing self could never die;

Thou to whom then the cheerful choir will sing,
Whilst hallowed lamps and tapers brave the sun
As a lay-light, and bells in triumph ring
As when from sallies the besiegers run:

Then when the priest has ended, if thine eyes
Can but a little space her eyes forbear,
To show her where my marble coffin lies,
Her virgin garlands she will offer there;

Confess that reading me she learnt to love,
That all the good behaviour of her heart,
Even tow'rds thyself, my doctrine did improve,
Where love by nature is forewarned of art.

She will confess that to her maiden state
  This story showed such patterns of great life
As, though she then could those but imitate,
  They an example make her now a wife;

And thy life's fire could she a while outlive,
  Which were, though lawful, neither kind nor good,
Then even her sorrows would examples give
  And shine to others through dark widowhood.

And she will boast how, spite of cynic age,
  Of business, which does pow'r uncivil make,
Of ruder cells, where they love's fire assuage
  By study'ng death, and fear for virtue take;

And spite of courts (where loving now is made
  An art, as dying is in cells) my laws
Did teach her how by nature to persuade,
  And hold by virtue whom her beauty draws.

Thus when, by knowing me, thou know'st to whom
  Love owes his eyes, who has too long been blind,
Then in the temple leave my body's tomb,
  To seek this book, the mon'ment of my mind.

1651.

THE LARK NOW LEAVES HIS WAT'RY NEST

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
  And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
  And to implore your light he sings.
Awake, awake! the Morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
  The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
  Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

Before 1660. 1672.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE

FROM

PHARONNIDA

When, fearing tears should win
The victory of anger, Ammurat draws
His cimetar, which had in blood writ laws
For conquered provinces, and with a swift
And cruel rage, ere penitence could lift
Her burthened soul in a repentant thought
Towards heaven, sheathes the cold steel in her soft
And snowy breast. With a loud groan she falls
Upon the bloody floor, half breathless, calls
For his untimely pity; but perceiving
The fleeting spirits, with her blood, were leaving
Her heart unguarded, she employs that breath
Which yet remained, not to bewail her death,
But beg his life that caused it—on her knees
Struggling to rise. But now calmed Ammurat frees
Her from disturbing death, in 's last great work,
And thus declares some virtue in a Turk:
"I have, brave Christian, by perusing thee
In this great act of honour, learnt to be,
Too late, thy slow-paced follower: this ring"—with that
Gives him his signet—"shall, when questioned at
The castle-guards, thy safety be. And now
I see her blood's low water doth allow
Me only time to launch my soul's black bark
Into death's rubric sea—for to the dark
And silent region, though we here were by
Passion divorced, fortune shall not deny
Our souls to sail together.—From thy eyes
Remove death's load, and see what sacrifice
My love is offering!" With that word, a stroke
Pierces his breast, whose speedy pains invoke
Death's opiates to appease them. He sinks down
By 's dying wife, who, ere the cold flood drown
Life in the deluge of her wounds, once more
Betrays her eyes t' the light, and, though they bore

The weight of death upon their lids, did keep
Them so long open, till the icy sleep
Began to seize on him; and then she cries:
"Oh see, just Heaven! see, see, my Ammurat dies,
To wander with me in the unknown shade
Of immortality! But I have made
The wounds that murdered both; his hand that gave
Mine did but gently let me blood, to save
An everlasting fever. Pardon me,
My dear, my dying lord! Eternity
Shall see my soul washed white in tears; but, oh,
I now feel time's dear want—they will not flow
Fast as my stream of blood. Christian, farewell!
Whene'er thou dost our tragic story tell,
Do not extenuate my crimes, but let
Them in their own black characters be set
Near Ammurat's bright virtues, that, read by
The unpractised lover, which posterity,
Whilst wanton winds play with our dust, shall raise
On Beauty's throne, the good may justice praise
By his example, and the bad by mine
From Vice's throne be scared to Virtue's shrine."
And here the speed Death's messengers did make
To hurry forth their souls, did faintly shake
Her words into imperfect accents. "This,"
She cries, "is our last interview!" A kiss
Then joins their bloodless lips; each close the eyes
Of the other, whilst the parting spirit flies
Mounted on both their breaths, the latest gasp
They e'er must draw. Whilst with stiff arms they clasp
Each other's neck, Argalia through a cloud
Of liquid sorrow did behold the proud
Triumphs of death in their untimely fate:
He sees great Ammurat for a robe of state
Grovelling in blood; the fair Janusa lie,
Purpled in death, like polished ivory
Dipped in vermilion; the bright crystals, that
Her soul in conquering flames looked thorough at,
Both quenched and cooled in death.

1659.

ANDREW MARVELL

AN HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

The forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing:

'T is time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unusèd armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide:

For 't is all one, to courage high,
The emulous or enemy;
And with such to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'T is madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame:
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould,

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain;
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrooke's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power:
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents;
And what he may forbears
His fame, to make it theirs;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt:
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not, then, our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year?

As Caesar he ere long to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and Fortune's son,
March indefatigably on!
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power must it maintain.

1650. 1776.

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.

Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees, wheres'e'er your barks I wound
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race:
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 't were in one
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

1650–53? 1681.

FROM

THE CHARACTER OF HOLLAND

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead,
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell
Of shipwracked cockle and the mussel-shell,
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
Glad then, as miners that have found the ore,
They with mad labour fished the land to shore,
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth as if 't had been of ambergris,
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away,
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.
How did they rivet with gigantic piles,
Thorough the centre, their new-catchèd miles!
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forcèd ground,

Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played,
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their *mare liberum*.
A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level coil.
The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossest,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
Whole shoal of Dutch served up for cabillau;
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring pickled *heeren* changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake.
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings:
For as with pygmies who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard, reigns,
So rules among the drownèd he that drains:
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands,
But who could first discern the rising lands;
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak;
To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be magistrate.

About 1653. 1653? 1665.

JOHN MILTON

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring:
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heav'n's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heav'n, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar toucht with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild,
While the heav'n-born Child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sate still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:

He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac't Night arrayed;
The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to heav'n's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,

While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so);
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds outbrake:
The aged Earth, aghast,
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb:
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol, all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud:
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heav'n's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixt her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnest angels sit in order serviceable.

1629. 1645.

ON SHAKESPEAR

What needs my Shakespear for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument:
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

1630. 1632.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

1632–33? 1645.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warbl'st at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May:
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

1630–31? 1645.

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twenti'th year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven:
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

1631. 1645.

L' ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washt in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the lantskip round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast

The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail.
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How Faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pincht and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings

Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

1633? 1645

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With ev'n step and musing gait
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;

There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er th' accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,

Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,

Not trickt and frounc't, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep:
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,

As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

1633? 1645.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him That sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, Whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience and their state of good.

O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

1633-34? 1645.

COMUS

The first scene discovers a wild wood. The attendant spirit descends or enters.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadornèd bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
And wield their little tridents. But this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power

Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nurst in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state
And new-entrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplext paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
I was dispatcht for their defence and guard:
And listen why; for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bow'r.
  Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crusht the sweet poison of misusèd wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmèd cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape
And downward fell into a groveling swine.)
This nymph that gazed upon his clust'ring locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more;
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named.
Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Off'ring to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,

And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

Comus enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glist'ring; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heav'n doth hold;
And the gilded car of Day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,

Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move,
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs, deckt with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove:
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'T is only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns! mysterious dame,
That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom
And makes one blot of all the air!
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th' Indian steep,
From her cabined loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The measure.

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright. Some virgin sure

(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods! Now to my charms
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well stockt with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac't words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside
And hearken if I may her business hear.

The lady enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then when the gray-hooded Ev'n,

Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 't is likeliest
They had engaged their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heav'n and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my list'ning ear;
Yet naught but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemisht form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, t' Whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err: there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I 'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidd'n residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who as they sung would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention;
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.
Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.
Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.
Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.
Comus. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sate.
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
And as I past I worshipt. If those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heav'n
To help you find them.
Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.
Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatcht pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named
And yet is most pretended. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength. Shepherd, lead on.

Enter the two brothers.

Elder Brother. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite dammed up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levelled rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady
Or Tyrian Cynosure.
Second Brother. Or if our eyes

Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
'T would be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger or of savage heat!

Eld. Bro. Peace, brother; be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown
What need a man forestall his date of grief
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retirèd solitude;
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffled and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' Centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts

Benighted walks under the mid-day sun—
Himself is his own dungeon.
Sec. Bro. 'T is most true
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness it recks me not:
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unownèd sister.
Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.
Sec. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?
Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be termed her own.
'T is chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,

And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests and unharboured heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen forever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dasht brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe.
So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity
That when a soul is found sincerely so
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degree to the soul's essence,

Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And linkt itself by carnal sensualty
To a degenerate and degraded state.
Sec. Bro. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbèd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
Eld. Bro. List! list! I hear
Some far-off hallo break the silent air.
Sec. Bro. Methought so too: what should it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain,
Either some one, like us, night-foundered here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.
Sec. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister! Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
Eld. Bro. I'll hallo.
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us!

Enter the attendant spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That hallo I should know. What are you? speak!
Come not too near! you fall on iron stakes else.
Spirit. What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.
Sec. Bro. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd, sure.
Eld. Bro. Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.

How camest thou here, good swain? Hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook?
Spirit. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf: not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand and the care it brought.
But O my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.
Spirit. I'll tell ye. 'T is not vain or fabulous
(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance),
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt; whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charactered in the face. This have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorrèd rites to Hecate
In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.

Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas't, and listened them awhile,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep.
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
Deny her nature and be never more,
Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death. But, oh, ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honoured lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;
And "O poor hapless nightingale," thought I,
"How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!"
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place
Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew), had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady his wisht prey;
Who gently askt if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guesst

Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.
Sec. Bro. O night and shades,
How are ye joined with hell in triple knot
Against th' unarmèd weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?
Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rott'nness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on!
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damned magician, let him be girt
With all the griesly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life!
Spirit. Alas! good vent'rous youth,
I love thy courage yet and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead:
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why, prithee, shepherd,
How durst thou, then, thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?
Spirit. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray.
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing:
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out.
The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
Unknown and like esteemed, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
He called it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or gastly Furies' apparition.
I purst it up, but little reck'ning made
Till now that this extremity compelled.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew
Fierce sign of battle make and menace high,

Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink.
Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the lady set in an enchanted chair; to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
Rootbound, that fled Apollo.
Lady. Fool, do not boast:
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled while Heav'n sees good.
Comus. Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixt:
Not that nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,

And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.
Lady. 'T will not, false traitor!
'T will not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vizored falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.
Comus. O foolishness of men, that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk
To deck her sons: and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore and precious gems,
To store her children with. If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-Giver would be unthankt, would be unpraised,
Not half His riches known, and yet despised;
And we should serve Him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of His wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons:
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility,
Th' earth cumbered, and the winged air darkt with plumes;
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, virginity:
Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languisht head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence: coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler and to tease the huswife's wool;
What need of vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advised: you are but young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prankt in Reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.

If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispenst
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thankt,
His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enow? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot:
Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc't.
Yet should I try, the uncontrollèd worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not: I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more!
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation:

I must not suffer this; yet 't is but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood.
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.

The brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The attendant spirit comes in.

Spirit. What! have you let the false enchanter scape?
O ye mistook; ye should have snatcht his wand,
And bound him fast. Without his rod reverst,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady, that sits here
In stony fetters, fixt and motionless.
Yet stay; be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream.
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enragèd stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearlèd wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts and ill-luck signs

That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vialed liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok't in warbled song;
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG

Sabrina fair,
  Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
  In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
  Listen for dear honour's sake,
  Goddess of the silver lake,
    Listen and save!
Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus.
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wisard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head

From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here!

Spirit. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distrest
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 't is my office best
To help ensnarèd chastity.
Brightest lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip.
Next this marble venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the lady rises out of her seat.

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,

May thy brimmèd waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills;
Summer drouth or singèd air
Never scorch thy tresses fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, lady; while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound
Till we come to holier ground:
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide.
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wisht presence; and beside
All the swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort.
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and the President's Castle; then come in country dancers; after them the attendant spirit, with the two brothers and the lady.

SONG

Spirit. Back, shepherds, back! Enough your play
Till next sunshine holiday.
Here be, without duck or nod,

Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.

This second song presents them to their father and mother.

Noble lord and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own.
Heav'n hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the spirit epiloguizes.

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crispèd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring,
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,

Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanc't,
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranc't,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

1634. 1637.

LYCIDAS

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,

Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright
Toward heav'n's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to th' oaten flute:
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with clov'n heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows,
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there"—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
"What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?"
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory.
They knew not of his story;

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope, with all her sisters, played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah, who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake:
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use

Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers:
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled:
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him That walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

1637. 1638.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

Captain or colonel or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

1642. 1645.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY

Daughter to that good earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,

Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent;
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourisht, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
So well your words his noble virtues praise
That all both judge you to relate them true
And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

1644 or 1645. 1645.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

1645 or 1646. 1673.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,

And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath; yet much remains
To conquer still! Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

1652. 1694

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not; in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks: their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heav'n. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

1655. 1672.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

1655? 1673.

TO MR. CYRIACK SKINNER UPON HIS BLINDNESS

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

1655. 1694.

TO MR. LAWRENCE

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well toucht, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

1656? 1673.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

1658? 1673.

FROM

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar

Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, That dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for heav'n hides nothing from Thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favoured of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed, and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heav'n and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquisht, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath: for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain

Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixt with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heav'n,
As from the Centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in power and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in heav'n called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:
"If thou beest he—but O how fall'n! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger proved
He with His thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in His rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,

Though changed in outward lustre, that fixt mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike His reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,
And shook His throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify His power
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted His empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n."
So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:
"O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd Powers,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered heav'n's perpetual King
And put to proof His high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength or chance or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,

As far as gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish; for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if He our Conqueror (Whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice His vengeful ire,
Or do Him mightier service as His thralls
By right of war, whate'er His business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do His errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend replied:
"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will
Whom we resist. If then His providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve Him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of heav'n received us falling; and the Thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn

Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair."
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed. His other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size—
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove;
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
Him, haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On man by him seduc't, but on himself

Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driv'n backward, slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus or the shattered side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have scap't the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heav'n? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above His equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrours! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be—all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free: th' Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy, will not drive us hence.

Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we, then, our faithful friends,
Th' associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonisht on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in heav'n or what more lost in hell?"
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered: "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth."
He scarce had ceas't when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At ev'ning, from the top of Fesolè
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc't,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
High over-archt, embow'r; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vext the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: "Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, Who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heav'n-gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be forever fall'n!"
They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung

Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile,
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone and fill all the plain;
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes, and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of Him That made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols, through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,

Their altars by His altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations, and with cursèd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront His light.
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that past through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.
Next, Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim, in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleale to th' asphaltic pool:
Peor his other name, when he entic't
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe:
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide—lust hard by hate,—
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they who, from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth—those male,
These feminine: for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume or both, so soft

And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded; the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,

And Accaron and Gazar's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gained a king,
Ahaz his sottish conquerour, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appeared
A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wand'ring gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
Th' infection when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb, and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazèd ox—
Jehovah, Who, in one night, when He passed
From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
And injury and outrage; and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine:
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might.

The rest were long to tell, though far renowned
Th' Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confest later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boasted parents:—Titan, Heav'n's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found:
So Jove, usurping, reigned. These first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking, but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears;
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
Th' imperial ensign; which, full high advanc't,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms

Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence, to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose. He through the armèd files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views: their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hard'ning in his strength,
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixt with auxiliar gods, and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Marocco or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed

Their dread commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined and th' excess
Of glory obscured, as when the sun, new ris'n,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Dark'ned so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrencht; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime—the followers rather—
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain—
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc't
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered; as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:
"O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty!—and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such

As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to reascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heav'n,
If counsels different, or dangers shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But He Who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on His throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and His regal state
Put forth at full, but still His strength concealed;
Which tempted our attempt and wrought our fall.
Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok't. Our better part remains,
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that He no less
At length from us may find who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in heav'n that He ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom His choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere,
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? War, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved!"
He spake; and to confirm his words out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with graspèd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top

Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigade hastened; as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodd'n gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'ned into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. But here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
And strength and art are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, filled each hollow nook,
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound

Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave, nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth: and straight the doors,
Op'ning their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naptha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect. His hand was known
In heav'n by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the Supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber, and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, th' Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in heav'n high tow'rs, nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Meanwhile, the wingèd haralds, by command

Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended. All access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brusht with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state-affairs: so thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,

The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

1658–65. 1667.

FROM
BOOK III

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born!
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee, unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt, then, in thee,
Bright effluence of bright Essence Increate!
Or hear'st thou rather "pure ethereal stream,"
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap't the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray and find no dawn,
So thick a drop serene hath quencht their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling flow,

Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old;
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return: but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

1658–65. 1667.

FROM

BOOK IV

Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath engulft; for God had thrown
That mountain as His garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden, thence united fell
Down the steep glade and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm

And country, whereof here needs no account:
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell
How, from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field and where the unpierc't shade
Embrowned the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnisht with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true
(If true, here only), and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a lake,
That to the fringèd bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gath'ring flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle

Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara (though this by some supposed
True Paradise), under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone—
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't),
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed:
For contemplation he and valour formed;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only; she for God in him;
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received
Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

. . . . . .

Now came still Ev'ning on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,

Were slunk: all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways,
While other animals unactive range
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance if we mean to tread with ease.
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey: so God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun

When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Ev'ning mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train.
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

1658–65. 1667.

FROM

PARADISE REGAINED

To whom the Fiend, with fear abasht, replied:
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God—
Though Sons of God both angels are and men,—
If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth,
Nations besides from all the quartered winds—
God of this world invok't, and world beneath.
Who, then, thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me most fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world: I shall no more
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute;
As by that early action may be judged,
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st

Alone into the Temple, there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous, then,
By wisdom: as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.
All knowledge is not coucht in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote:
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach,
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st.
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc't.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold
Where on the Ægæan shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flow'ry hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages: his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes;

And his who gave them breath but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phoebus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate and chance and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democraty,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-rooft house
Of Socrates—see there his tenement—
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.
These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire joined."
To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:
"Think not but that I know these things; or, think
I know them not, not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true.
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all professed
To know this only, that he nothing knew:
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits:
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense.
Others in virtue placed felicity,
But virtue joined with riches and long life:

In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease:
The Stoic last, in philosophic pride,
By him called virtue; and his virtuous man—
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equal to God—oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can—
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell,
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse Him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as One regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks in these
True Wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome: who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?),
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-verst in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strewed
With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived;
Ill imitated while they loudest sing

The vices of their deities and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick-laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is praised aright and godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies and His saints
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee);
Unless where moral virtue is exprest
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st as those
The top of eloquence; statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome:
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat.
These only, with our Law, best form a king."

Between 1667 and 1671. 1671.

FROM

SAMSON AGONISTES

SAMSON'S LAMENT

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw
The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends—

The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works. Unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place, to find some ease—
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an off'ring burned,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits, if I must die
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a beast, debas't
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay; let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction: what if all foretold
Had been fulfilled but through mine own default?
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,

O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when He gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace; I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know.
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries,
So many and so huge that each apart
Would ask a life to wail. But, chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light! and light was over all,"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true

That light is in the soul,
She all in every part, why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench't,
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

Between 1667 and 1671. 1671.

SAMSON'S REVENGE

Messenger. Occasions drew me early to this city;
And as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street. Little I had dispatcht,
When all abroad was rumoured that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold;
The other side was op'n, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,

In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armèd guards;
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed,
All with incredible, stupendious force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the archèd roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined
And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who prayed
Or some great matter in his mind revolved;
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld.
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed:
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sate beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.

Samson with these immixt, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scaped who stood without.
Chorus. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfilled
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain, self-killed,
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire Necessity, whose law in death conjoined
Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.
Semichorus. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol and preferring
Before our living Dread Who dwells
In Silo His bright sanctuary,
Among them He a spirit of frenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer:
They, only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly importuned
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.
Semichorus. But he, though blind of sight,
Despised and thought extinguisht quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an ev'ning dragon came,
Assailant on the perchèd roosts,
And nests in order ranged,
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So virtue, giv'n for lost,
Deprest and overthrown, as seemed,
Like that self-begott'n bird
In the Arabian woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teemed,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deemed;
And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives.

Manoa. Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged; hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor,
Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house, eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soakt in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,
With silent obsequy and funeral train,
Home to his father's house. There will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled
In copious legend or sweet lyric song.

Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high.
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

Between 1667 and 1671. 1671.

NOTES

NOTES

SIR THOMAS WYATT

(1) THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE. The sonnet is a translation of Petrarch's Sonnet 156:

Passa la nave mia colma d'oblio
Per aspro mar a mezza notte il verno
Infra Scilla e Cariddi, ed al governo
Siede 'l signor, anzi 'l nimico mio:
A ciascun remo un pensier pronto e rio,
Che la tempesta e 'l fin par ch' abbi' a scherno:
La vela rompe un vento umido eterno
Di sospir, di speranze, e di desio:
Pioggia di lagrimar, nebbia di sdegni,
Bagna e rallenta le già stanche sarte,
Che son d'error con ignoranzia attorto:
Celansi i due miei dolci usati segni:
Morta fra l'onde è la ragione e l'arte,
Talch' incomincio a disperar del porto.

(3) HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE REIGN OVER REALMS. ¶ 5. *thy fear:* fear of thee. *Thule:* the name given by an early Greek explorer to a group of islands lying far north of Great Britain, perhaps the Orkney and Shetland Islands; the term came to be used, poetically, for any very distant region. ¶ 20. *let*=leave; cf. "let alone." ¶ 21. *profet*=profit.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

(3) DESCRIPTION OF SPRING. ¶ 1. *soote*=sweet. ¶ 4. *make*=mate. ¶ 8. *flete*=float, swim.

(4) 11. *mings*=mingles, mixes.

(4) THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE. A translation from Martial, *Epigrams*, x. 47. ¶ 3. *left:* i. e., inherited. ¶ 9. *mean*=medium.

(4) TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEID. Book ii. 201–27. The scene is the Greek camp, toward the end of the Trojan War: the Greeks have craftily withdrawn, pretending to set sail for Greece, leaving the wooden horse (with Greek warriors inside) behind them, ostensibly as an offering to Pallas Athene; the Trojans have been deliberating whether to take the horse inside the walls, and Laocoön has counseled against the plan, hurling a spear into the side of the horse; the incident in the selection follows. ¶ 4. *Tenedon:* an island near by. ¶ 5. *fleting*=floating, swimming.

(5) 13. *waltring*=weltering, rolling from side to side. ¶ 19. *raught*=reached, caught. ¶ 34. *boss:* the knob in the center.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"In the latter end of the same king's reign sprung up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains; who, having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Arioste, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English metre and

style. . . . . Their conceits were lofty their styles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their metre sweet and well-proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their master, Francis Petrarcha."—George Puttenham, *The Art of English Poesie*, 1589.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

(5) THE STEEL GLASS. The steel glass is a magic mirror (mirrors were often made of polished steel), which shows everything just as it is. ¶ 1. *my priests:* a train of priests have just been seen in the mirror and described. ¶ 8. *utt'ring*=putting out, selling. ¶ 9. It was usual for the customer to take cloth to the tailor to be made up into a suit; if there was more cloth than was needed, it was easy for the tailor to keep back some.

(6) 17. *fermenty:* frumenty, hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned; here, adulterated malt. ¶ 18. *Davie Diker:* "diker"=digger of dikes, or ditches; "Davie" was a common name for a peasant. ¶ 20. *toll not with a golden thumb:* take no more of the meal than they are allowed by law, usually four pounds to a sack. The phrase "thumb of gold" originally meant that a miller had a fine sense of touch, and could tell accurately the fineness of the meal by rubbing it between his thumb and finger; such a miller was in demand and grew rich; it was a later extension of meaning which made "thumb of gold" synonymous with dishonest gains. ¶ 21. *barm:* a ferment used as yeast; the implication is that the bakers made their loaves big enough by over-raising the bread instead of using enough flour. ¶ 22. *baggage*=rotten stuff. ¶ 23. *blow not over:* taint not, do not allow to get stale; cf. "fly-blown." ¶ 25. The implication is that when housewives get their linen, flax, etc., woven into cloth, it does not come back full weight. ¶ 27. *mercers:* merchants. ¶ 30. *old cast robes:* i. e., to make new hats of. ¶ 34. *giving day:* giving time to pay in; the insinuation is that the price is raised unduly when credit is thus given. Cf. Jonson's *A Tale of a Tub* IV. i:

> Faith, then I 'll pray you, 'cause he is my neighbour,
> To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

¶ 35. *ferret silk:* a coarse kind of silk. ¶ 37. *toys*=trifles.

(6) *Epilogus.* ¶ 1. *my lord:* Lord Grey of Wilton, to whom the poet Spenser was afterward secretary; the poem is dedicated to him.

(7) 27. *side*=large (O.E. "sid," large, capacious). ¶ 31. *Dutchkin*=little Dutch. *doublets:* outer garments, extending from the neck to the waist or a little below, and worn with a belt; they were often imitated in women's dress. *jerkins:* jackets. *jagged*=having notches. ¶ 32. *spangs*=spangles. *fet*=fetched. ¶ 33. *copped*=topped. ¶ 36. *wink*=shut eyes. ¶ 44. *like*=please.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

(8) THE INDUCTION. Stanzas 1–4, 7–11, 14–16, 26, 27, 30–34, 43–57, 73–76. The poem is part of a larger work, by several hands, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in which are told various stories of the tragical downfall of the great, as warning and instruction to men in high place. ¶ 7. *tapets*=tapestries; here used for the foliage of the trees. ¶ 10. *soote*=sweet. ¶ 21. *whereas*=where. ¶ 27. *Virgo:* the name of a constellation, and of the sign of the zodiac in which the sun rides in autumn. ¶ 28. *Thetis:* a sea-goddess; the whole line means that the constellation of the Virgin had now sunk below the horizon into the sea. The meaning of the stanza is that the winter was coming on. ¶ 31. *noonstead*=place of the noon, i. e., the south meridian.

(9) 34. *chare*=chariot. ¶ 37. *leas*=meadows. ¶ 43. *leams*=gleams. ¶ 48. *reduced*=led back, recalled.

(10) 68. *apart*=part, stop. ¶ 69. *dewle*=dole, lament. ¶ 72. *stint*=cease. *spill*=kill. ¶ 74. *dure*=endure. *attaint*=attainted. ¶ 75. *forfaint*=very faint; "for" is inten-

sive, as in "forlorn." ¶ 84. *reave*=bereave, take away. ¶ 99–266. Cf. the *Æneid*, vi, and *The Faerie Queene*, II. viii.

(11) 103. *yeding*=going (O.E. "eode," preterite of "gan," to go). ¶ 105. *cleped*=called. *Averne:* Avernus, the Latin name for a lake near Naples, supposed to be the entrance to hell. ¶ 107. *swelth*=mud and filth, refuse (O.E. "swilian," to swill). ¶ 109. This is the ancient tradition about Lake Avernus, probably from the resemblance of the word to Greek ἄορνος, "without birds"; cf. the *Æneid*, vi. 239 ff. ¶ 114. *besprent*=sprinkled over. ¶ 116. *stent*=stint, cease. ¶ 125. *cheer*=face (Low Latin "cara," face; Greek κάρα, head). ¶ 128. *proferred*=put forward. ¶ 131. *staring*=standing up stiff, bristling. ¶ 132. *stoynde*=stunned.

(12) 138. *Sisters:* the Fates, who spun, measured out, and cut the thread of man's life. ¶ 145. *forwast*=utterly laid waste. ¶ 147. *beseek*=beseech. ¶ 148. *and:* a form of "an"=if. ¶ 156. *corps*=body. ¶ 157. *retchless*=reckless, heedless

(13) 172. *pilled*=bald (Latin "pilare," to deprive of hair). *forlore*=forlorn. ¶ 181. *recure*=cure, recovery. ¶ 206. *shryght*=shrieked.

(14) 210. *Enthrilling*=piercing, making a hole in. *reave*=bereave, rob. ¶ 211. *by and by*=immediately. ¶ 213. *daunts*=conquers. ¶ 220. *eftsoons*=at once; literally "soon after." ¶ 222. *perdie*=pardie, truly (French "par," by, "Dieu," God). ¶ 237. *forhewed*=cut deeply; "for" is intensive. ¶ 238. *targe*=shield (O.E. "targe," frame); "target" is a diminutive of the same word.

(15) 251. *yfere*=together; a contraction of "in fere" (M. E. "fere," O.E. "gefera," companion). ¶ 255. *downstilled*=distilled. ¶ 257. *Took on with plaint*=took up her complaint.

ANONYMOUS

(15) Ale Song. From *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, II. i. The authorship of the play is uncertain, although it has been attributed to John Still; but the song is certainly not his, being substantially the same as a popular song of earlier date. ¶ 8. *him that wears a hood:* i. e., a monk.

(16) 15. *do me stead*=serve me. ¶ 25. *trowl*=send around the circle. ¶ 26. *malt-worm*=tippler.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

"Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of the taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness, but cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such others as have a pleasant taste."—Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*, 1595 (written, 1583).

(16) Epithalamium. From the *Arcadia*, Book III. The poem celebrates the marriage of the shepherd Thyrsis and the shepherdess Kala.

(17) 6. *turtles:* turtle-doves. ¶ 37. *silly*=harmless.

(18) 64. *shrewd*=ill-natured; cf. "shrew." ¶ 65. *privateness*=unsociableness. ¶ 67. *toys*=trifles.

(19) Astrophel and Stella. *Astrophel*=star-lover. *Stella*=star. Stella was Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex; Sidney had known her from childhood, but it is

supposed that his conscious love for her dates from about the time of her marriage to Lord Rich, in 1581, and that the sonnets were mostly written between that time and the time of Sidney's own marriage in 1583. There is much conjecture in all this, besides the fundamental uncertainty, as in the case of all the Elizabethan sonnet-series, how far the passion in the sonnets was real and how far it was only poetic fiction. The text of the 1598 edition is here followed for the most part, as probably more authoritative than that of 1591.

(20) *Sonnet xxx.* ¶ 3. *Poles' right king:* a Pole had recently been elected to the throne of Poland (the monarchy was elective) in place of Henry of Valois, who had become king of France. ¶ 4. *Muscovy:* Russia. ¶ 7, 8. The allusion is to the prolonged war of Holland, under the leadership of William of Orange, to free herself from the Spanish yoke. ¶ 9, 10. The poet's father, Sir Henry Sidney, won a great reputation as administrator of Ireland, to which he was sent three times. ¶ 11. *wel'ring* = tumult; the Scotch court was the more turbulent then because of the recent unhappy reign of Mary and her imprisonment in England.

(20) *Sonnet xxxi.* ¶ 4. *that busy archer:* Cupid. ¶ 8. *descries* = reveals.

(21) 10. *wit* = intelligence. ¶ 14. The order of sense is, "Do they call ungratefulness virtue there?"

(21) *Sonnet xxxiii.* ¶ 5. *rent* = rend. ¶ 10. *wit* = mind, wisdom.

(21) *Sonnet xxxix.* ¶ 2. *baiting* = feeding (O.E. "bat," food; cf. "bait"). *wit* = mind. ¶ 5. *prease* = press, crowd.

Contemporary Criticism

"'Tempus adest plausus, aurea pompa venit': so ends the scene of idiots, and enter Astrophel in pomp. Gentlemen, that have seen a thousand lines of folly, drawn forth *ex uno puncto impudentiae*, and two famous mountains to go to the conception of one mouse, that have had your ears deafened with the echo of Fame's brasen towers when only they have been touched with a leaden pen, that have seen Pan sitting in his bower of delights and a number of Midasses to admire his miserable hornpipes, let not your surfeited sight, new come from such puppet-play, think scorn to turn aside into this theatre of pleasure, for here you shall find a paper stage strewed with pearl, an artificial heaven to overshadow the fair frame, and crystal walls to encounter your curious eyes, while the tragi-comedy of love is performed by starlight. The chief actor here is Melpomene, whose dusky robes, dipt in the ink of tears, as yet seem to drop when I view them near. The argument, cruel chastity; the prologue, hope; the epilogue, despair; 'videte, quaeso, et linguis animisque favete.' And here, peradventure, my witless youth may be taxed with a margent note of presumption for offering to put up any motion of applause in the behalf of so excellent a poet, the least syllable of whose name, sounded in the ears of judgment, is able to give the meanest line he writes a dowry of immortality."—Thomas Nash, preface to 1591 edition of *Astrophel and Stella*.

"Will you read Virgil? take the Earl of Surrey: Catullus? Shakespeare and Marlowe's fragment: Ovid? Daniel: Lucan? Spenser: Martial? Sir John Davies and others. Will you have all in all for prose and verse? take the miracle of our age, Sir Philip Sidney."—Richard Carew, *Epistle on the Excellency of the English Tongue*, 1595-96?

"As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes, ... so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Chapman. . . . . So Sir Philip Sidney writ his immortal poem, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, in prose, and yet our rarest poet."—Francis Meres, *Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

> The noble Sidney with this last arose,
> That hero was for numbers and for prose;
> That throughly paced our language, as to show
> The plenteous English hand in hand might go
> With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
> Our tongue from Lyly's writing then in use.
> —Michael Drayton, "To Henry Reynolds," 1627.

"Sir Philip Sidney and Mr Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigor of invention and strength of judgment met."—Ben Jonson, *Timber*, 1641.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

Greville's poems were written chiefly in his early years, when he was on terms of intimacy with Sidney and Spenser, but the exact dates of their composition cannot be determined.

(25) CHORUS SACERDOTUM. From the play, *Mustapha*, V. iv. ¶ 15. *lust*=long for. ¶ 16. The sense is, Makes pains easy, makes reward impossible.

(25) MYRA. From "Caelica," xxii.

(26) 19. *Argus:* Argus, who had a hundred eyes, was set by jealous Juno to watch Io, a maiden whom Jupiter had changed into a beautiful heifer in order to elude the vigilance of Juno; Mercury, sent by Jupiter to Argus, lulled him asleep by playing to him, and then slew him. ¶ 20. *o'erwatchèd with*=outwatched by. ¶ 24. Vulcan cast a net over Venus, his wife, and Mars, her lover, and exposed them to the laughter of the gods. "Vulcan's brothers," then, would mean those who have been supplanted in love, but the exact point of the allusion is not clear; in general the thought is, Can rejected lovers do nothing but detect the fickleness of their mistresses and stand by and witness their new loves? ¶ 25, 26. The sense is, Was my former intimacy with her to result only in my present rejection? ¶ 26. *Washing the water:* the implication, in the then common mode of love-flattery, is that her body was purer than the water. ¶ 29. *leave*=cease.

(26) LOVE BEYOND CHANGE. From "Caelica," xvi.

(27) POMP A FUTILE MASK FOR TYRANNY. From the play, *Alaham*, V. ii.

(27) TRUE MONARCHY. From "Peace," § 11.

EDMUND SPENSER

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For the meaning of words not explained in the notes, see Glossary to Spenser, p. 441.

(27) THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER. *Januarye.* Spenser refers to himself, under the name of Colin Clout, and to his unsuccessful suit for the hand of "Rosalinde," whom he met in the north of England, where he resided for a time after leaving the university in 1576.

(28) 9. *care:* sorrow. ¶ 22. *prowde*=gay, gorgeous. ¶ 24. *mard*=marred.

(29) 45. *thy ill government:* the poor care taken of you. ¶ 49. *carefull*=full of care, sorrowful. ¶ 55. *Hobbinol:* Spenser's pedantic friend, Gabriel Harvey, with whom he exchanged letters and verses.

(30) AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE. Stanzas 5–19. ¶ 1–21. Cf. Plato, *Timaeus:* "The work of the Creator, whenever He looks to the unchangeable and fashions the form and nature of His work after an unchangeable pattern, must necessarily be made fair and perfect. . . . . God made them [the four elements] the fairest and best, out of things which were not fair and good. . . . . And the ratios of their numbers, motions, and other properties, everywhere God, as far as necessity allowed or gave consent, has exactly perfected, and harmonized in due proportion."—Jowett's translation. ¶ 27. *Cyprian Queene:* Venus; she was born of the foam of the sea near Cyprus, and that island was her favorite abode.

(31) 55. *of*=by. ¶ 69. *wyre:* hair. *stars:* eyes.

(32) 99. *as*=according as.

(33) THE FAERIE QUEENE. "The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read rather for varietie of matter then for profite of the ensample,

I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall. . . . . By ensample of which excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after hee came to be king. . . . . In that Faery Queene I meane Glory in my generall intention; but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. . . . . So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth Magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history; of which these three bookes contayn three: the first of the Knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse Holines; the seconde, of Sir Guyon, in whome I set foorth Temperaunce; the third, of Britomartis, a Lady knight, in whom I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. . . . . The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who, falling before the Queene of Faries, desired a boone (as the manner then was), which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of the Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure; where beginneth the first booke." -Prefatory letter to Walter Raleigh, 1590. The allegory in *The Faerie Queene* is manifold: under the moral allegory lie religious, political, and personal allegories. The Red-Cross Knight stands not only for the individual Christian striving for holiness, but also (as St. George) for reformed England. Una is truth, but also the English church. The dragon is the Devil, the Roman Catholic church, and perhaps some pope. Archimago is hypocrisy, the Jesuits, probably also the Pope and Philip II of Spain. The lion is the natural man governed by human reason and goodness, not by religion as yet; perhaps also Henry VIII. Calidore is courtesy and Sir Philip Sidney.

(33) *Book I, Canto i.* Stanzas 1–5, 29–46. ¶ 2–5. The arms are old and have been through many fights, being the arms of Christianity; but the knight, as a new Christian

soul, is inexperienced; see Spenser's letter. ¶ 15. *For*=in token of. *soveraine*=supreme. ¶ 28. *him faire beside:* fairly beside him. ¶ 29. *a lowly asse;* a symbol of humility; cf. Christ's entry into Jerusalem, "meek and sitting upon an ass" (Matt. 21 : 5). ¶ 30, 31. The full brightness of truth is necessarily veiled to mortal sight; cf. "Il Penseroso," ll. 13–16, p. 347.

(34) 35. *seemed*=it seemed. ¶ 40. *ancient kinges and queenes:* Adam and Eve, who were children of the King of Heaven, and sovereigns over the earth, before the Devil caused their fall; also the primitive universal church, before despoiled by the papacy; perhaps also the Old and New Testaments, denied to the laity by the Roman Catholic church. ¶ 46–54. Cf. Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, II. st. 12, 13:

> Not far she fled, but where a valley lay
> She met an aged hermit on the way.
> His beard descending on his breast was seen;
> Severe his aspect, and devout his mien.
> He seemed with years and frequent fasting worn,
> And gently on a slow-paced ass was borne;
> While all his form bespoke a pious mind,
> From the vain follies of the world refined.
>
> —Hoole's translation.

(35) 77. *later fight:* in the stanzas omitted the knight has fought with Error. *later*=too late, i. e., too late to allow of more fighting without rest.

(36) 108. *Ave Mary:* one of the prayers of the Roman Catholic church, beginning "Ave Maria," "Hail, Mary." ¶ 110. *sad humour*=heavy moisture, i. e., the dew of sleep. ¶ 118–31. Cf. Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, XIII. st. 6–11, where the sorcerer Ismeno is pictured as murmuring "most potent words," and adding "horrible signs which the tongue, if it is not impious, may not tell"; whereupon "there came innumerable, infinite spirits," "some of whom issued from the obscure and gloomy depths of the earth." ¶ 121. *Plutoes griesly dame:* Proserpine, queen of the lower world. ¶ 125. *Gorgon:* "A vague being, of tremendous occult powers of mischief, mysteriously hinted at in the classical poets, but first distinctly named, it is said, by the Christian writer Lactantius in the fourth century."—Masson. ¶ 126. *Cocytus . . . . Styx:* rivers of the lower world. ¶ 136–62. Cf. Ariosto *Orlando Furioso*, XIV. st. 92–95:

> The angel trusts her faith, nor longer stays,
> But, speeding from the convent, wide displays
> His rapid wings to reach by noon of night
> The house of Sleep with unremitting flight.
> A pleasing vale beneath Arabia's skies
> From peopled towns and cities distant lies.
> Two lofty mountains hide the depth below,
> Where ancient firs and sturdy beeches grow;
> The sun around reveals his cheering day,
> But the thick grove admits no straggling ray
> To pierce the boughs. Immersed in secret shades,
> A spacious cave the dusky rock pervades;
> The creeping ivy on the front is seen,
> And o'er the entrance winds her curling green.
> Here drowsy Sleep has fixed his noiseless throne;
> Here Indolence reclines his limbs o'ergrown
> Through sluggish ease; and Sloth, whose trembling feet
> Refuse their aid and sink beneath her weight
> Before the portal dull Oblivion goes;
> He suffers none to pass, for none he knows.
> Silence maintains the watch, and walks the round
> In shoes of felt, with sable garments bound;
> And oft as any thither bend their pace,
> He waves his hand and warns them from the place.
>
> —Hoole's translation.

Cf. also Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xi. 598–604:

> Nec voce silentia rumpunt
> Sollicitive canes, canibusve sagacior anser . . . .
> Muta quies habitat; saxo tamen exit ab imo
> Rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens
> Invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.

"Anxious dogs break not the silence with their voice, nor does the goose, wiser than dogs. . . . . Mute quiet dwells there; yet from the depth of a rock issues the course of Lethe's water, and the wave, gliding through it with a murmur, invites sleep by a tinkling of little stones." ¶ 141. *Tethys:* wife of Oceanus; here used for the ocean itself.

(37) 145–47. "Twain are the gates of shadowy dreams; the one is fashioned of horn, and one of ivory. Such dreams as pass through the portals of sawn ivory are deceitful and bear tidings that are unfulfilled. But the dreams that come forth through the gates of polished horn bring a true issue."—*Odyssey*, xix. 562 ff., Butcher and Lang's translation. Spenser substitutes silver for horn. ¶ 169. *dryer braine:* according to mediaeval physiology, lack of moisture in the brain, as in old people, caused troubled sleep, broken by dreams. *dryer*= too dry. ¶ 174. *Hecate:* goddess of the lower world, often identified with Proserpine; she was supposed to have special authority over the lesser infernal spirits.

(38) 194. *weaker*=too weak, i. e., to detect the cheat. ¶ 198. *Una:* "Una" (feminine of Latin "unus," one) suggests the singleness of truth in contrast to the manifoldness of error; the word has also been derived, by Mr. Grosart, from "Oonagh," Irish for "fairy queen." ¶ 202. *abuse*=deceive. ¶ 204. *born without her dew:* created out of the due order of nature.

(38) *Book I, Canto iii.* Archimago by his wicked arts convinces the Red-Cross Knight that Una is impure; he flees from her and is captivated by the witch Duessa who is masquerading as a beautiful lady. ¶ 5. The reference may be to Queen Elizabeth, or to Rosalind the poet's mistress.

(39) 45. *his*=its. "His" was the old possessive for both masculine and neuter; "its" was not yet developed.

(41) 116. *Pater-nosters:* the *Pater-noster*, so called from the first two words in the Latin version, is the Lord's Prayer. ¶ 117. *Aves:* prayers to the Virgin Mary; see note on Canto i. 108, p. 433.

(42) 136. *Aldeboran:* a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Taurus. ¶ 137. *Cassiopeias Chaire:* the constellation of that name. ¶ 157. *Abessa*=abjectness; superstition? (Latin "abjecta," Italian "abbietta," "abbiettezza"). *Corceca*=blind devotion (Latin "cor," heart, "coecum," blind).

(43) 185, 186. Ulysses refused immortality with the sea-goddess Calypso, that he might return to his wife, Penelope; see the *Odyssey*, v. ¶ 192. *Kirkrapine*=church-robber. He represents "plunder of the Church by the upper clergy, who amassed benefices, ... or perhaps the wealthy monastic clergy, suppressed by Henry VIII" (Professor Dodge).

(45) 239. *deare*=sad, sore. *light*=befall. ¶ 242. *of death:* to be taken with "shadow." ¶ 258. *cause of mine excuse:* reason why I should be excused. ¶ 273. *Tethys:* wife of Oceanus; here used for the ocean itself.

(46) 276. *Orions hound:* the dog-star. ¶ 279. *Nereus:* a sea-god, son of Oceanus and Terra. *crownes with cups:* drinks in honor of, with cups brimful, or crowned. ¶ 297. *Sans loy*=without law, lawlessness; also a heathen or Saracen (see l. 307). ¶ 307–15. The pope is represented as defeated by the Saracen; historically, the fear of such a mishap drew pope and emperor together against the sultan. ¶ 309. *Vainly crossèd:* the red cross was useless for defense because worn by a hypocrite. ¶ 311. *should him beare:* would have borne himself, i. e., would have pierced with his spear.

(47) 319. *Sansfoy*=without faith, infidelity; also a Saracen, as being without the Christian faith. The killing of Sansfoy by the Red-Cross Knight, whom Archimago is now impersonating, is told in Canto ii. ¶ 231. *Lethe lake:* in the classics are references to the plain of

Lethe ("forgetfulness") and the water of Lethe; Dante makes Lethe a river of purgatory; Chaucer speaks of it as a river in hell; and Spenser here widens it into a lake. ¶ 340. *untold:* i. e., by the poet. ¶ 342. *field:* open ground, the place of casual encounters. *round lists:* inclosed ground, where tournaments were held inside barriers (lists) running round the field.

(48) 370, 371. The allegorical teaching is that man aided by reason alone, without faith, is unable to withstand lawlessness.

(49) *Book I, Canto xi.* After many experiences the Red-Cross Knight is reunited with Una, is purged of his sins, and is made ready for his fight with the dragon. ¶ 13. *bee at your keeping well:* take care of yourself well.

(50) 42. *Muse, most learned dame:* Clio, the Muse of history. ¶ 43. *aged bryde:* Mnemosyne, Memory. ¶ 60. *prayse:* i. e., for the poet.

(51) 64–126. Spenser's dragon is a compound of many elements drawn from various sources—the old romances, classical mythology and literature, the Bible (especially Rev., chap. 12; Job, chap. 41), etc. The incidents of the fight, too, are modeled upon similar fights in the old romances, as will appear from the following outline, in Ellis' *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, of the combat between Sir Bevis of Hampton and a dragon: "Ascapard . . . . readily undertook to attend his master; . . . . but the mere dissonance of the dragon's voice, which he heard at a great distance, had such an effect on his ears that he declared his resolution to return. . . . . Sir Bevis therefore was left alone; yet he proceeded, in spite of the monster's hideous yell, to attack him with his good sword Morglay, and though the first lash of the dragon's tail broke one of his ribs and felled him to the ground, whilst his sword made no impression on the impenetrable scales of his enemy, continued the battle with great obstinacy, until, in retreating to avoid the poisonous breath of the dragon, he fell backwards into a well full of water. Luckily for him, a female saint had bathed in this water, and had thereby imparted to it such marvellous efficacy that, whilst it healed the wound and restored the almost exhausted strength of the Christian hero, it effectually impeded the attack of the dragon. Sir Bevis now renewed the combat; but the serpent spouting on him about a gallon of venom, he instantly fell senseless on the ground, where his enemy continued to whip him with his tail, till he whipped him a second time into the miraculous well. Here he again recovered his senses, and began to say his prayers with much devotion; after which he adjusted at his leisure the several pieces of his armor which had been discomposed by the rough treatment which they had met with whilst he lay on the ground; and finally issued again from the well, and wielded the good sword Morglay with a degree of vigor which his wearied enemy was no longer willing to encounter. The dragon now began to retreat in his turn; but Bevis, following him, had the good fortune to cut off about five feet of that wicked tail from which he had suffered such dreadful bruises; after which he had little difficulty in severing the monster's head from the body." (See *Sir Beues of Hamptoun*, ll. 2720 ff.) ¶ 72. Cf. Statius, *Thebaid*, v. 508–10:

> Livida fax oculis, tumidi stat in ore veneni
> Spuma virens, ter lingua vibrat, terna agmina adunci
> Dentis.

"A livid torch stands in the eyes, and in the mouth the green foam of tumid venom; the triple tongue vibrates, and threefold ranks of hooked teeth." Bevis' dragon is also full of deadly venom:

> The dragoun on him venim threw;
> Al ferde Beues bodi there,
> A foule mesel alse gif a were;
> There the venim on him felle,
> His flesch gan ranclen and tebelle;
> There the venim was icast,
> His armes gan al to-brast.
>
> —*Sir Beues of Hamptoun*, ll. 2828–34.

"The dragon on him venom threw: all fared Bevis' body there as if he a foul leper were; where the venom on him fell, his flesh began to rankle and swell; where the venom was cast his arms began all to break." ¶ 82–86. Cf. Dante's description of the Devil, *Divina Commedia*, "Inferno," XXXIV. 46–50: "Under each [head] issued two great wings, such as befitted so great a bird; I never saw so large sails at sea. They had no feathers, but were like those of a bat." ¶ 101. *sharpness:* subject, not object, of "exceed."

(52) 110. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 33, 34:

> Igne micant oculi; corpus tumet omne veneno;
> Tresque vibrant linguae; triplici stant ordine dentes.

"The eyes sparkle with fire; the whole body swells with venom; the three tongues dart to and fro; the teeth stand in a triple row." ¶ 120–23. "A reminiscence of the beacon-fires of the glorious 29th of July, 1588, on which day the Armada was first sighted off the Cornish shore."—Kitchin. 139. *harder:* too hard to be pierced.

(53) 163. *subject*=lying under. ¶ 172. *disseized of his gryping grosse:* dispossessed of his heavy grip.

(54) 184. *As*=as if; so in next line.

(55) 235. *champion:* Hercules. ¶ 239, 240. Hercules was thrown into agony by putting on a shirt smeared with the poisonous blood of the centaur Nessus.

(56) 261. *The well of life:* cf. Rev. 22:1. ¶ 267. *Silo:* the pool of Siloam; see John 9:7. *Jordan:* see II Kings 5:14. ¶ 268. *Bath . . . . Spau:* towns in England and Belgium, famous for the healing properties of the waters there. ¶ 269. *Cephise:* the Cephissus, in Greece, turned sheep-fleece white. *Hebrus:* "In whose waters occurred the wonder of the head and lyre of the slain Orpheus singing a dirge as they floated down; thus, as it were, reviving the dead."—Percival. ¶ 290. *That*=when.

(57) 300–2. There was an old belief that once in ten years the eagle soared up into the highest heaven, the empyrean (the region of pure fire), and then plunged into the sea and renewed its plumage; cf. Ps. 103:5, "So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." ¶ 312. *dewy-burning:* burning, or glittering, with the dew, or water, in which it had been dipped.

(58) 356. *engorgèd:* in the throat and swelling it. ¶ 357. *him:* himself. ¶ 359. *uneven:* one wing had been wounded; see ll. 178, 179. ¶ 364. *Cerberus:* the three-headed dog at hell-gate. ¶ 366. *gage*=pledge, i. e., the shield; cf. l. 381.

(59) 385. *hewd:* supply "it" as subject. ¶ 392–96. Cf. the *Æneid*, iii. 571–77; and Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, IV. st. 8. ¶ 398. *forst:* supply "it" as subject. ¶ 401. *expire*=breathe out. ¶ 406. *faire beside:* i. e., fairly near, near enough to be convenient.

(60) 408. *As*=as if. ¶ 412–14. See Gen. 2:9; Rev. 22:2. ¶ 414. A difficult line: "crime" seems to be used in the original Latin sense of "accusation," "reproach," and the whole line, as interpreted by Church, means, "The tree of life (of which our first father, had he continued innocent, might have eaten and lived) was a reproach to him, i. e., might be said to reproach him, for eating of the forbidden tree of knowledge." See Gen. 3:22, 23. ¶ 420–23. Cf. Gen. 2:9; 3:1–19. ¶ 425. Cf. Jer. 8:22, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" ¶ 426. *dainty deare*=very precious. *still*=continually. ¶ 429, 430. Cf. Rev. 22:2, "And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." ¶ 431. *appointed*=made ready.

(61) 446. *vertuous*=efficacious. ¶ 453. *aged Tithone:* Aurora, loving the mortal Tithonus, secured for him the boon of immortality, but forgot to ask also that he might remain young. Tithonus is probably a personification of the gray in the east before the sun rises. ¶ 477. *retyrd*=withdrawn. ¶ 478. The overthrow of the dragon on the third day is supposed to be a symbol of the victory of Christ over death and sin by his resurrection on the third day. ¶ 483. *false:* made treacherous, insecure, by the waves.

(62) 490. *dread which she misdeemd:* fear which she misconceived; apparently, a fear that the dragon was not dead (cf. next two lines).

(62) *Book II, Canto vii.* Stanzas 1–34. Cf. the *Æneid*, vi; and Sackville's "Induction," ll. 99 ff., p. 10 ¶ 8. *to:* according to.

(63) 22. *uncouth*=strange, unusual. ¶ 40. *Mulcibers:* Mulciber is Vulcan. ("Mulciber"="softener," with a reference to the action of heat upon metals.) ¶ 54. *doubtfull*=fearful, afraid; to be taken with "him."

(64) 74. *mountaines:* heaps of gold.

(65) 120, 121. *Caspian sea . . . . Adrian gulf:* the Caspian and Adriatic Seas were famous for their storms.

(66) 138. *unreprovèd*=blameless. ¶ 144. *meane:* golden mean, moderation. ¶ 168. "*Perdy*": a mild oath, although derived from "par Dieu," "by God."

(67) 185–207, 217–25. Cf. the *Æneid*, vi. 273–81:

> Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci
> Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae;
> Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus,
> Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, ac turpis Egestas,
> Terribiles visu formae, Letumque, Labosque;
> Tum consanguineus Leti Sopor, et mala mentis
> Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum,
> Ferreique Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia demens,
> Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.
>
> Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
> Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
> And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
> Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
> Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
> Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep;
> With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind;
> Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
> The Furies' iron beds, and Strife that shakes
> Her hissing tresses and unfolds her snakes.
>
> —Dryden's translation.

¶ 185. *Payne:* penalty (Latin "poena"). ¶ 204. *Celeno:* a harpy, a foul bird with the breast and face of a woman. Cf. the *Æneid*, iii. 245, 246:

> Una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celæno,
> Infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem.
>
> High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
> And thus her dismal errand did relate.
>
> —Dryden's translation

(68) 220. *spoile*=make a spoil of, capture. ¶ 232. *dismall day:* Professor Dodge interprets this as the Day of Doom. ¶ 236. *lustfull*=full of longing. ¶ 243. *Stygian:* of the lower world; the Styx was a river in Hades.

(69) 250. *Arachne:* the spider. Arachne was a maiden of Greek legend, whom Athene changed into a spider for her presumption in challenging the goddess to a contest in weaving. ¶ 273. *his*=its.

(70) 289–97. "These reflections on the superiority of the knight to wealth . . . . are quite in the highest style of the time. It must not be forgotten that these were the days in which, through their mines, etc., the Spaniards were essentially the 'purse-proud' race and duly hated by the English."—Kitchin. ¶ 290. *his greedie pray:* the pray for which he was greedy.

(70) *Book II, Canto xii.* Stanzas 58–62, 70, 71. Guyon's main quest is the capture of a sensual enchantress, Acrasia (Self-Indulgence), who lives in the Bower of Bliss. Spenser's description of the bower is a close imitation of the description of the garden of the enchantress Armida, in Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, XV and XVI. ¶ 12. *wantonesse*=playfulness.

(71) 23. *curious*=made with care and skill (Latin "cura," care, attention). ¶ 29. *his*=its,

(72) *Book VI, Canto ix.* ¶ 12. *Blatant Beast:* Slander; Calidore, or Courtesy, is its natural enemy.

(73) 22. *daunger*=injury. ¶ 32. *for all*=in spite of. ¶ 34. *seat*=rest.

(74) 55. *nice*=fastidious. ¶ 58. *what*=thing. ¶ 60. *there besyde:* beside there, near by. ¶ 93. *meane:* lowly state.

(75) 99. "Like unto men that dare larks, which hold up an hoby [small hawk] that the larks' eyes, being ever on the hoby, should not see the net that is laid on their heads."—Cranmer (1556), quoted by Professor Dodge. ¶ 117. *wild:* willed.

(76) 140. *clad with lome:* plastered with clay.

(77) 173. *intent*=sense.

(79) 269. *by vowes devize:* purpose to obtain by vows to heaven; see preceding stanza. ¶ 283. *bowre and hall:* private room and assembly room.

(80) 322–24. Paris, son of King Priam of Troy, was reared as a shepherd on Mt. Ida, in Phrygia, where he married the river nymph Ænone; the golden apple, inscribed "for the most fair," was intrusted to him to award, and he gave it to Aphrodite.

(81) 347. *paramoure*=rival lover.

(82) 366. *Colin Clout:* Spenser. ¶ 392. *dearest joynt:* neck. ¶ 393. *oaken crowne:* garland of oak leaves; cf. l. 382.

(83) 400. *needs*=must needs. ¶ 404. *last*=at last.

(83) AMORETTI. This sonnet-series was occasioned by the poet's courtship of Elizabeth Boyle, whom he married in 1594.

(83) *Sonnet xxxiv.* ¶ 10. *Helice:* the constellation of the Great Bear, or the Dipper. (From Greek ἕλιξ, anything twisted or winding; applied to the constellation because of its form or because of its turning close round the pole.)

(85) PROTHALAMION On the original title-page the poem is described as "A spousall verse made by Edm. Spenser in honour of the double mariage of the two honorable & vertuous ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth and the Ladie Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honourable the Earle of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthie gentlemen, Master Henry Gilford and Master William Peter, Esquyers." "Prothalamion," a word invented by Spenser on the model of "epithalamion," means "before the marriage" (Greek πρό, before; θάλαμος, marriage). The poem was apparently occasioned by the betrothed ladies going in barges on the Thames to meet their prospective bridegrooms at Essex House. ¶ 5–9. Spenser was in London again, in 1596, superintending the publication of the second three books of *The Faerie Queene;* he still hoped for preferment at court, which would enable him to live in London instead of in a sort of exile in Ireland. ¶ 17. *long*=long distant. ¶ 23. *As*=as if. *bryde:* brides used to wear their hair loosely flowing. ¶ 28. *on hye*=in haste, quickly; cf. "hie thee."

(86) 40. *Pindus:* a mountain range in northern Greece. ¶ 42, 43. Leda, wife of King Tyndareus, was courted by Jove in the form of a swan, and by him became the mother of Helen, Castor, and Pollux. ¶ 48. *to*=in comparison with. ¶ 56. *all in haste:* wholly in haste, in much haste. ¶ 60. *Them seemed:* it seemed to them. ¶ 67. *Somers-heat:* a pun on the ladies' name, "Somerset."

(87) 79. *Tempes shore:* Tempe is a beautiful vale in Thessaly; the Peneus flows through it. ¶ 99. *loves dislike:* dislike for love.

(88) 116. *As*=as if. ¶ 132–36. The Temple, on the banks of the Thames, was originally the headquarters of the Knights Templars; the order spread all over Europe, and took an active part in the Crusades; becoming very wealthy and corrupt, it was suppressed in the fourteenth century, and the Temple was finally turned into quarters for lawyers and students of law. ¶ 137. *a stately place:* Essex House, the residence of Lord Essex; it was formerly the residence of Lord Leicester ("that great lord," l. 139), Elizabeth's favorite and an early patron of Spenser. ¶ 140. *Whose want:* i. e., the lack of whom; "want" is the object of "feeles."

(89) 147. Lord Essex descended upon Cadiz, in 1596, burned the Spanish fleet, and sacked the town. ¶ 148. *Hercules two pillors:* the columns of rock forming the straits of Gibraltar; the legend was that they were erected by Hercules to mark the western limit of his wanderings. ¶ 153, 154. A play upon Essex's family name, "Devereux," as if it came from the French words, "de venir heureux," "to become happy." ¶ 157. *Elisaes:* Queen Elizabeth's. ¶ 173. *twins of Jove:* the constellation Castor and Pollux; cf. note on ll. 42, 43. ¶ 174. *bauldricke*=belt; here the zodiac. ¶ 177. *tyde*=time.

Contemporary Criticism

"Our new poet, who, for that he is uncouth [=unknown] (as said Chaucer) is unkissed, and, unknown to most men, is regarded but of few. But I doubt not, so soon as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthiness be sounded in the trump of Fame, but that he shall be not only kissed but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondered at of the best. No less, I think deserveth his wittiness in devising, his pithiness in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudeness, his moral wiseness, his due observing of decorum everywhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and, generally, in all seemly simplicity of handling his matter and framing his words."—"E. K.," Epistle Dedicatory to *The Shepheardes Calender*, 1579.

"I like your *Dreams* passingly well, and the rather because they savor of that singular extraordinary vein and invention which I ever fancied most, and in a manner admired only in Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquil, and all the most delicate and fine-conceited Grecians and Italians. . . . . In good faith I had once again nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene;* howbeit, by good chance, I have now sent her home at the last, neither in better nor worse case than I found her. And must you of necessity have my judgment of her indeed, to be plain I am void of all judgment if your nine comedies, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the nine Muses (and in one man's fancy not unworthily), come not nearer Ariosto's comedies, either for the fineness of plausible elocution or the rareness of poetical invention, than that the *Elvish Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso*. . . . . But I will not stand greatly with you in your own matters. If so be the *Faerye Queene* be fairer in your eye than the nine Muses, and Hobgoblin run away with the garland from Apollo, mark what I say —and yet I will not say that I thought; but there at end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good angel put you in a better mind."—Gabriel Harvey, letter to Spenser, 1579–80. "Such lively springs of streaming eloquence, and such right-Olympical hills of amounting wit, I cordially recommend to the dear lovers of the Muses; and namely to the professed sons of the same, Edmund Spenser, Richard Stanihurst, Abraham Fraunce, Thomas Watson, Samuel Daniel, Thomas Nash, and the rest, whom I affectionately thank for their studious endeavors, commendably employed in enriching and polishing their native tongue, never so furnished or embellished as of late."—Gabriel Harvey, *Four Letters*, 1592. "Is not the prose of Sir Philip Sidney, in his sweet *Arcadia*, the embroidery of finest art and daintiest wit? Or is not the verse of M. Spenser, in his brave *Faery Queene*, the virginal of the divinest Muses and gentlest Graces? Both delicate writers, always gallant, often brave, continually delectable, sometimes admirable. What sweeter taste of Suada than the prose of the one; or what pleasanter relish of the Muses than the verse of the other?"—Gabriel Harvey, *A New Letter of Notable Contents*, 1593. "Nevertheless I confess and acknowledge we have many singular good poets in this our age, ... whom I reverence in that kind of prose rhythm [=rhyming], wherein Spenser (without offence spoken) hath surpassed them all."—Gabriel Harvey, address to the reader in *The First Book of the Preservation of King Henry VII*, 1599.

"*The Shepheard's Calender* hath much poetry in his eclogues, indeed worthy the reading if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, sith neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sanazar in Italian did affect it."—Sir Philip Sidney, *An Apology for Poetry*, 1595 (written, 1583).

"Whereunto I doubt not equally to adjoin the authority of our late famous English poet who wrote *The Shepheard's Calender;* . . . . whose fine poetical wit and most exquisite learning, as he showed abundantly in that piece of work, in my judgment inferior to the works neither of Theocritus in Greek nor Virgil in Latin, whom he narrowly imitateth, so I nothing doubt but if his other works were common abroad, which are, as I think, in the close custody of certain his friends, we should have of our own poets whom we might match in all respects with the best. . . . . This place have I purposely reserved for one who, if not only, yet in my judgment principally, deserveth the title of the rightest English poet that ever I read, that is, the author of *The Shepheard's Calender*."—William Webbe, *A Discourse of English Poetry*, 1586.

"And should the challenge of deep conceit be intruded by any foreigner, to bring our English wits to the touchstone of art, I would prefer divine Master Spenser, the miracle of wit, to bandy line for line for my life in the honor of England, 'gainst Spain, France, Italy, and all the world. Neither is he the only swallow of our summer, although Apollo, if his tripos were up again, would pronounce him his Socrates."—Thomas Nash, Preface to Greene's *Menaphon* 1589.

Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and, passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queene attended; in whose steed
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curst th' access of that celestial thief.

—Sir Walter Raleigh, sonnet prefixed to *The Faerie Queene*, Books I–III, 1590.

"Master Edmund Spenser had done enough for the immortality of his name had he only given us his *Shepheard's Calender*, a masterpiece if any. . . . . Spenser is the prime pastoralist of England."—Michael Drayton, preface to his *Pastorals*, 1593.

But let no rebel satire dare traduce
Th' eternal legends of thy faerie Muse,
Renownèd Spenser, whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.
Salust of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
Yield up the laurel garland ye have lost;
And let all others willow wear with me,
Or let their undeserving temples barèd be.

—Joseph Hall, *Virgidemiarum Libri Sex*, I. iv, 1597.

"As Sextius Propertius said, 'Nescio quid magis nascitur Iliade,' so I say of Spenser's *Fairy Queene*, I know not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written. . . . . As Pindarus, Anacreon, and Callimachus among the Greeks, and Horace and Catullus among the Latins, are the best lyric poets, so in this faculty the best among our poets are Spenser (who excelleth in all kinds), Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Breton."—Francis Meres, *Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

Grave, moral Spenser after these came on,
Than whom I am persuaded there was none,
Since the blind bard his *Iliads* up did make,
Fitter a task like that to undertake;
To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
In all high knowledge surely excellent.

—Michael Drayton, "To Henry Reynolds," 1627.

"Spenser's stanza pleased him not, nor his matter."—Ben Jonson, as reported in *Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond* (written, 1619). "Spenser, in affecting the

ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius."—Ben Jonson, *Timber*, 1641.

"That Virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that Vice promises to her followers and rejects it, is but a blank Virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know and yet abstain."—John Milton, *Areopagitica*, 1644.

"Spenser may stand here as the last of this short file of heroic poets, men whose intellectuals were of so great a making . . . . as perhaps they will, in worthy memory, outlast even makers of laws and founders of empires. . . . . And since we have dared to remember those exceptions which the curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against Spenser, whose obsolete language we are constrained to mention though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge. . . . . But as it is false husbandry to graft old branches upon young stocks, so we may wonder that our language (not long before his time created out of a confusion of others, and then beginning to flourish like a new plant) should, as helps to its increase, receive from his hand new grafts of old withered words. But this vulgar exception shall only have the vulgar excuse, which is that the unlucky choice of his stanza hath, by repetition of rhyme, brought him to the necessity of many exploded words. If we proceed from his language to his argument, we must observe with others that his noble and most artful hands deserved to be employed upon matter of a more natural and therefore of a more useful kind, his allegorical story (by many held defective in the connection) resembling, methinks, a continuance of extraordinary dreams, such as excellent poets and painters, by being over studious, may have in the beginning of fevers; and those moral visions are just of so much use to human application as painted history, when with the cozenage of lights it is represented in scenes by which we are much less informed than by actions on the stage."—William Davenant, Preface to *Gondibert*, 1651.

Glossary to Spenser

A

Abeare, behave, comport.
Abye, pay the penalty.
Accloy, clog up, choke, hinder.
Adventure, attempt.
Advise, consider, take thought of, bethink.
Affection, passion, emotion.
Aggrace, make gracious.
Albe, *albee*, although.
Algates, altogether, by all means, nevertheless.
Antickes, *antiques*, fantastic (ancient) figures.
Aread, *areed*, tell, declare, appoint.
Assay, attempt, trial.
Assoil, remove, put away.
Astonishment, consternation.
Attone, *attonce*, together, at once.
Availe, fall, sink, descend.
Avise, see *advise*.

B

Baite, feed, refresh, let rest.
Beades, prayers.
Behight, promise; *behott*, promised.
Bend, band.
Bereave, take away (as by force).
Besit, befit.
Bet, *bett*, did beat.
Bid, pray.
Blame, injury, hurt.
Blend, blemish, stain, blind.
Bought, fold.
Brave, fair, beautiful.
Breaches, projections.
Brent, burnt.
Brood, brooding-place.
Buxom, obedient, yielding.
By and by, forthwith, immediately.

C

Can, *gan*, did [auxiliary].
Care, grief, distress; *careful*, sorrowful; *careless*, free from care.
Carke, care, sorrow, grief.
Cast, deliberate, plot, resolve.

Charet, chariot.
Cheare, countenance, cheer.
Constraint, distress, uneasiness.
Corage, heart, mind, spirit, anger.
Corse, body.
Couth, could, knew, knew how to.
Covetise, covetousness.
Cracknell, thin biscuit baked crisp.
Culver, dove.
Curious, elaborate, carefully wrought.

D

Damnify, damage, injure.
Deadly, deathlike.
Deare, heartfelt, sore, sad.
Deaw, dew.
Deflore, deflower, desecrate.
Deign, accept, receive favorably.
Derdoing, doing daring deeds.
Deryve, draw away, divert.
Despight, anger, malice, scornful defiance.
Devise, talk, describe.
Dew, due.
Dight, arrange, prepare, dress, deck.
Discreet, differing.
Disease, distress, uneasiness; disturb.
Dismay, discomfit, defeat.
Dispence, pay for.
Distent, beaten out.
Diverse, distracting, diverting.
Dolor, grief.
Done, *doen*, do, put, cause.
Dreare, grief, sorrow; *dreriment*, affliction.
Driven, beaten thin.

E

Earne, yearn.
Earst, *erst*, first, previously.
Edifye, build, inhabit.
Eft, afterward, moreover.
Eftsoones, soon after, forthwith.
Emboss, surround, enclose, encase, adorn.
Emboyl, boil; *emboyled*, heated.
Embrew, stain with blood, be stained.
Empeach, hinder, prevent.
Empight, fixed, implanted.
Enfouldred, hurled out like thunder and lightning.
Enrace, implant.
Ensew, follow after; *ensude*, imitated.
Entayle, carving.
Entertain, take, receive.
Entirely, earnestly.
Entraile, *entrayl*, twist, interlace.
Experiment, experience.
Expire, breathe out.
Ewghen, of yew.
Eyas, newly fledged young.

F

Fare, go, proceed.
Fearfull, timid.
Feateously, neatly.
Feature, fashion, form, character.
Fee, pay, service, reward.
Fine, end.
Fit, *fitt*, mood, passion, emotion; musical strain.
Flaggy, loose.
Fond, foolish, doting.
For, an intensive prefix.
Forgive, give up.
Fowle, bird.
Fray, frighten.
Fro, from.

G

Gan, began, did.
Gentle, well born, of good family or station.
Giust, joust, tournament.
Groome, man, servant.
Guerdon, reward.
Guifte, quality.

H

Hable, able, fit.
Hagard, wild.
Hardly, with difficulty.
Heard, herd, keeper of cattle.
Hefte, raised.
Henge, hinge.
Hew, form, appearance, aspect.
Hight, name, call, be called; *hot*, *hote*, was called.

I

Imply, enfold, entangle.
Ingowe, ingot.
Intend, stretch out.
Invade, come into.
Invent, find out.

J

Jollie, *jolly*, handsome, comely, gallant.
Journall, diurnal, daily.

K

Ken, know, try.
Kesar, emperor.
Kind, nature; *kindly*, natural.

L

Lascivious, wanton, playful.
Launch, pierce.
Least, lest.
Lee, river.
Lend, give, provide.
Lightly, quickly.
Lively, lifelike, living.
Lot, lott, fate, share, apportionment.
Lout, lowt, stoop, bow.
Lust, desire, please; *lustfull*, lusty.

M

Maisteries, contests of strength or skill.
Mayster, master.
Mell, meddle.
Minisht, diminished.
Misdeem, deem amiss, misjudge.
Moniment, mark, stamp.
Mot, mote, may, must, might; *mought*, might.

N

Natheless, nevertheless, none the less.
Neat, cattle.
Nill, n'ill, will not.
Nosethril, nostril.
Noyd, noyed, annoyed.
Noyous, annoying, injurious.

O

Offend, harm, hurt.
Orient, bright.
Outrage, violence, clamor; *outrageous*, violent.
Overall, everywhere.
Overhaile, draw over.

P

Paragon, companion, equal.
Paramour, lover.
Pas, passe, surpass, exceed.
Paynim, pagan, heathen.
Penne, feather.
Pight, set, placed, fastened.
Place, rank.
Pounce, claw, talon.
Poyse, weight, force.
Practise, plot, contrive.
Preace, press, crowd.
Prick, ride, spur on quickly.
Principality, sovereignty.
Purchas, property, booty, robbery.

Q

Queint, elegant.
Quell, disconcert, subdue, kill.
Quit, quite, return (as a salute).
Quod, quoth, said.

R

Rayne, kingdom.
Read, reed, declare, discover, perceive, regard; *redd*, declared, described, saw.
Reave, take away.
Regarde, subject for attention.
Restlesse, resistless.
Rift, split, broken.
Rout, crowd, troop.
Rudeness, rustic mode of life.
Rutty, rooty.

S

Sad, firm, heavy, grave.
Salvage, savage, wild.
Scorse, chase.
Sease, seize, fasten on.
Sent, scent, perception.
Sew, follow.
Shend, put to shame.
Silly, simple, innocent, helpless.
Sith, time; since; *sithes*, times.
Sits, is becoming.
Slight, sleight, device, trick.
Smot, smote, smitten.
Soothly, truly, indeed.
Sort, company.
Sperse, disperse, scatter.
Spill, ravage, destroy.
Stark, strong, stiff.
Sted, place, condition.
Stew, a hot, steaming place.
Stole, a long robe.
Stownd, moment, time of peril.
Stowre, tumult, battle, passion, fit, peril.
Sty, ascend, mount.
Sway, swing, force.
Swinck, labor, toil.
Swinge, singe.
Swound, swowne, swoon.

T

Talaunts, talons.
Temp'rament, mixture.
Then, than.
Thilk, that same, this.
Tho, then.
Thrill, pierce; *thrillant*, piercing.
Touch, touchstone.
Trace, step.
Tract, trace.

Travell, toil, travai
Trenchand, trenchant, cutting.
Trim, neat, well-formed, pleasing.
Trusse, carry off.

U

Uncivile, wild, uncivilized.
Uncouth, unusual, strange.
Uneath, scarcely, with difficulty, uneasily.
Unkindly, unnatural.
Unnethes, scarcely.
Untill, unto.
Unworthy, undeserved.
Use, be wont, practice.

V

Vainesse, vanity, emptiness.
Variable, various.
Vaut, vault.

W

Wage, pledge.
Wanton, wild.
Waste, bulk.
Wastfull, barren, uninhabited, wild, devastating.
Weed, clothes, dress.
Ween, think, suppose, expect.
Weld, wield, govern.
Welke, wane.
Well, spring, fountain.
Wex, grow, become; *woxe, woxen*, become, grown.
Whilome, formerly.
Wimple, plait, fold; cloth for the neck, veil.
Wit, mind, intelligence.
Won, wonne, dwelling-place; dwell.
Worshippe, honor, reverence.
Wyde, aside, apart.

Y

Yblent, blinded, dazzled.
Ydle, empty.
Yead, yede, go; *yod, yode*, went.
Ympe, youth, child, scion.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(90) His Pilgrimage. Supposed to have been written when Raleigh was in the Tower, under sentence of death for an alleged plot to seize the person of James I. ¶ 1. *scallop-shell:* one of the badges of a pilgrim, serving (theoretically) for spoon, cup, and dish. ¶ 5. *gage*= pledge.

(91) 25. *suckets*=sweetmeats. ¶ 42. *angels:* a pun on the word in its usual sense and in the sense of a coin.

JOHN LYLY

(92) Song by Apelles. From *Campaspe*, III. v.

(92) What Bird So Sings, yet So Does Wail. From *Campaspe*, V. i. ¶ 2. *the ravished nightingale:* King Tereus, of Thrace, pretending that his wife Procne was dead, married her sister, Philomela; when she discovered the truth, he cut out her tongue; she was finally changed by the gods into the nightingale, whose plaintive song is interpreted to be the expression of Philomela's woe. ¶ 5. *brave*=fine, beautiful. *prick-song:* written music in distinction from extemporaneous; so called from the pricks, or dots, used in writing it down; as applied to the song of birds, the term indicated that the song was somewhat elaborate. ¶ 7. *heaven's gates:* cf. "Hark! Hark! the Lark," l. 1, p. 133.

GEORGE PEELE

(93) Cupid's Curse. From *The Arraignment of Paris*, I. ii. Œnone, the daughter of a river god, was the love of Paris before he went to Sparta and eloped with Helen, so bringing on the Trojan War. *Ambo Simul*=both together. ¶ 11. *roundelay:* a poem with a refrain recurring at regular intervals.

(94) 27. *can*=knows how to do (O. E. "cunnan," to know).

THOMAS LODGE

(94) Rosalind s Madrigal. From *Rosalynde*.

(95) 18. *whist*=hush!

(95) ROSALIND'S DESCRIPTION. From *Rosalynde*. ¶ 1. *the clear in highest sphere:* in the Ptolemaic astronomy the outermost sphere was the crystalline, which contained no stars or planet and was next to the empyrean; see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 48, p. 479.

(96) 21. Cf. *The Song of Solomon*, 4:4, "Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory." ¶ 31. *orient*=clear, bright; cf. note on *Comus*, l. 65, p. 489.

ROBERT GREENE

(97) THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG. From *The Mourning Garment*. ¶ 28. *affects*=emotions.

(98) 36. *spill*=destroy. ¶ 42. *tide*=time. *sithe*=occasion.

(98) SWEET ARE THE THOUGHTS THAT SAVOUR OF CONTENT. From *Farewell to Folly*. ¶ 9. *mean:* the middle part in music written in three parts; there is also a suggestion of the "golden mean." ¶ 10. *consort*=harmony.

(98) PHILOMELA'S ODE. From *Philomela, the Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale*.

(99) 21. *folded*=interlocked.

THOMAS NASH

(99) SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING. From *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, ll. 189–201.

(100) 5. *may:* the flowers of the hawthorn; so called from the month in which they blossom.

(100) ADIEU, FAREWELL, EARTH'S BLISS. From the same, ll. 1700–41. ¶ 3. *Fond*=foolish. *lustful*=lusty. ¶ 4. *toys*=trifles.

(101) 29. *wantonness*=playfulness.

NICHOLAS BRETON

(101) PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON.

(102) 22. *silly*=simple.

(102) A SWEET LULLABY. The poem is not certainly Breton's; it occurs in a collection, *The Arbour of Amorous Delights*, which contains poems by other poets besides Breton. ¶ 3. *doubt*=fear. ¶ 4. *chief*=chiefly. ¶ 5. *lap*=wrap. ¶ 9. *wit*=intelligence. ¶ 13. *wretch:* a term of tenderness, mixed with pity. *silly*=simple, innocent. ¶ 14. *can*=know (O. E. "cunnan," to know); cf. "Cupid's Curse," l. 27, p. 94.

(103) 39. *rascal:* i. e., of low birth. ¶ 40. *of*=in. ¶ 48. *quality:* high rank; cf. *King Lear*, V. iii. 111, "If any man of quality or degree."

(103) WORLDLY PARADISE. ¶ 3. *balk*=ridge of land. ¶ 7. *spring*=tree or grove; literally, something springing up. Cf. Evelyn, *Sylva*, "When the spring is of two years' growth, draw part of it for quick-sets."

(104) 18. *plies*=makes use of, i. e., by sneaking along in the cover of. *box:* a shrub, much used for hedges. ¶ 24. *coney:* rabbit. ¶ 27. *moe*=more. ¶ 42. *cheer*=face, expression. ¶ 52. *breedings*=births.

ALEXANDER HUME

(105) OF THE DAY ESTIVALL. Stanzas 3, 4, 9, 12, 19–23, 27–33, 42, 43, 46, 49, 52, 54, 58. *Estivall*=of the summer (Latin "aestivalis"). ¶ 3. *Sine*=then. ¶ 5. *Quhilk*=which. *sunne*=soon. ¶ 7. *clarks*=clerks; here used for poets. ¶ 8. *stryp*=rill.

(106) 9. *incontinent*='mmediately (Latin "in," not, "continere," to hold in). ¶ 13. *pastor*=shepherd. ¶ 15. *camow*=flat. ¶ 16. *rowting*=bellowing. *kie*=cows. ¶ 18. *sall*=shall. ¶ 19. *Saife*=save, except. ¶ 20. *peeping*=piping softly. ¶ 21. *simples*=medicinal herbs. ¶ 22. *leife*=leaf. ¶ 24. *Na*=no. *mair*=more. *steir*=stir. ¶ 25. *purpour*=purple. ¶ 26. *Yee*=yea. *smuther*=smoother. *nor*=than. ¶ 27. *wals*=waves. *woltring*

=weltering. rolling. ¶ 29. *cessile*=yielding. ¶ 33. *callor*=cool. ¶ 34. *can*=begin to; so throughout the poem.

(107) 41. *Nocht*=not. *be*=by. *Phaeton:* the son of Apollo; he attempted to drive the horses of the sun, and they ran away with him, scorching heaven and earth. ¶ 42. *chyre*=chariot. ¶ 43. *Bot*=but. *be*=by. *haly*=holy. *On*=one. ¶ 44. *Quhilk*=who. *dois*=does. *impire*=have empire, rule. ¶ 48. *fra*=from. ¶ 50. *frechure*=freshness (French "fraîcheur"). *fald*=fold. ¶ 51. *startling*=running wildly. *nolt*=cattle. *as*=as if. ¶ 53. *heards*=shepherds and cowherds. *trie*=tree. ¶ 55. *sey*=sea. ¶ 56. *Tends*=stretch (Latin "tendere"). ¶ 58. *lopisk*=crouching. ¶ 59. *beir*=noise. ¶ 61. *gaine*=gone. ¶ 64. *Fra*=from the time that. ¶ 65. *rule*=cool, coolness. ¶ 67. *warks*=works, tasks. *throw*=through, because of. *lay behind*=were left undone. ¶ 68. *enterprise*=undertake. ¶ 69. *quhair*=where. ¶ 71. *reik*=reek, smoke. *thraws*=twists.

(108) 76. *pourpour*=purple. *sanguine*=blood-color. ¶ 78. *Endlang*=along. ¶ 79. *perfite*=perfect. ¶ 86. *uther*=each other. ¶ 88. *Quhilk*=who. *send*=sent.

BARNABE BARNES

(109) AH, SWEET CONTENT. From *Parthenophil and Parthenope.* ¶ 14. *here:* i. e., in the lover's heart.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(109) HERO AND LEANDER. Sestiad I. 1–90.

(110) 28. *to*=according to. ¶ 50. *black:* i. e., dark-complexioned. ¶ 52. *Musaeus:* a semi-mythical Greek musician and poet. ¶ 56–58. At Colchos, on the shore of the Black Sea, was kept the wonderful golden fleece in a sacred grove, guarded by a sleepless dragon; thither, in the Argo, went a band of "venturous youth"—Jason, Heracles, Theseus, and others—to seek it and bring it home.

(111) 62. *Circe's wand:* see prefatory note to *Comus*, p. 487. ¶ 65. *The white of Pelops' shoulder:* Pelops was slain and served up by his father Tantalus at a banquet which the latter gave to the gods, and Demeter (who alone tasted of the dish) ate his shoulder; he was afterwards restored to life and received from Demeter a shoulder of ivory in place of the one which she had consumed. ¶ 73. *orient*=bright; see note on *Comus*, l. 65, p. 489. *his:* Narcissus'; he fell in love with his own reflection in a fountain and pined to death. ¶ 81. *Thracian:* Thrace borders the Hellespont on the north.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

The text is that of the Cambridge Shakspere.

(112) VENUS AND ADONIS. Lines 523–34, 613–42, 769–828. Venus has wooed all day the beautiful youth Adonis, who has received her advances coldly. ¶ 2. *strangeness*=distant manner, reserve.

(113) 19. *battle*=army. ¶ 37. *cabin*=small inclosed place, lair.

(114) 48 *meatise*=discourse. ¶ 59. *groan:* i. e., with the pains of love. ¶ 61. *reprove*=disprove, confute.

(115) 81 *in sadness*=in earnest. ¶ 82. *teen*=vexation. ¶ 87. *laund*=glade. ¶ 100. *mistrustful*=causing mistrust, apprehension.

(115) THE RAPE OF LUCRECE. Lines 1079–1197. The Roman matron Lucretia, while her husband Collatinus is away with the army, has been violated by Sextus Tarquinius, son of the last king of Rome.

(117) 40. *stops . . . . rests:* musical terms; used here for music itself. ¶ 48. "Take pleasure in singing where others like to hear you; or, serve up as a relish?"—Schmidt. ¶ 49. *harsh*=deform. music. ¶ 50. *Philomel:* Tereus, king of Thrace, pretending that his wife Procne was dead, married her sister, Philomela; when she discovered the truth, he cut out

her tongue that she might not reveal her wrongs; the gods changed her into a nightingale. ¶ 54. *diapason:* "Deep notes harmoniously accompanying high ones."—Schmidt. ¶ 56. *descant'st:* to descant is to sing with variations on the theme.

(119) SONNETS. Nos. 12, 18, 30, 33, 65, 102, and 104 refer to a beautiful youth; Nos. 66, 73, 98, and 111 may refer to a man or to a woman.

(119) *Sonnet xii.* ¶ 9. *question make*=consider, ponder.

(119) *Sonnet xviii.* ¶ 10. *fair*=fairness, beauty; brunettes were formerly considered not beautiful. *ow'st*=ownest.

(120) *Sonnet xxx.* ¶ 8. *expense*=loss.

(120) *Sonnet xxxiii.* ¶ 6. *rack*=flying broken clouds.

(121) 12. *region*=pertaining to the upper air.

(121) *Sonnet lxv.* ¶ 3. *rage*=violence, impetuosity. ¶ 4. *action*=activity, vigor.

(121) *Sonnet lxvi.* ¶ 3. *needy:* i. e., lacking in merit. ¶ 4. *faith*=fidelity. *forsworn*=renounced. ¶ 9. *art*=knowledge, learning. ¶ 11. *simplicity*=silliness, folly (cf. "simpleton").

(122) *Sonnet xcviii.* ¶ 2. *proud-pied*=gorgeously variegated. ¶ 4. *That*=so that. *heavy Saturn:* Saturn, the god whom Jupiter overthrew, was supposed to be morose and melancholy. Saturn was identified with Chronos, Time; and that seems to be the sense in which the word is used here.

(123) *Sonnet civ.* ¶ 10. *figure:* that on the face of the dial.

(123) *Sonnet cxi.* ¶ 4. *public means:* apparently a reference to the stage. *public manners:* vulgar cast of mind. ¶ 10. *eisel*=vinegar, which was supposed to check the spread of contagious diseases.

(124) *Sonnet cxvi.* ¶ 4. *bends:* bends its course, changes. *the remover:* the inconstant lover. ¶ 5. *ever-fixèd mark:* a steady object by which one can guide his course; cf. "star," l. 7. ¶ 8. The "passage seems to mean, As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, besides its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies."—Dowden.

(124) *Sonnet cxli.*

(125) 11. *Who:* the heart. *the likeness:* i. e., the mere likeness, because the heart is absent.

(125) *Sonnet cxliii.* ¶ 13. *'Will':* not the sonneteer, but his false friend.

(125) *Sonnet cxliv.* Cf. Drayton's sonnet, "An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me still," p. 168; which sonnet was the earlier is uncertain; Drayton's was published first, in 1599, but some of Shakspere's sonnets were circulating in manuscript by 1598. ¶ 2. *suggest*=make underhand suggestions to, whisper to. ¶ 4. *coloured ill:* dark-complexioned, in contrast to "fair"; cf. Sonnet cxxvii. ¶ 14. *fire*=drive by fire.

(126) *Sonnet cxlvii.* ¶ 7. *approve*=prove by experience. ¶ 8. *Desire*=love. *which:* the antecedent is "Desire"; it is the subject of "except." *except*=protest against, refuse.

(126) WHO IS SYLVIA. From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. ii.

(127) ON A DAY, ALACK THE DAY. From *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. ¶ 8. *Wished:* the reading in *The Passionate Pilgrim* and in the Second Folio; the First Folio, which the Cambridge Shakspere follows, has "Wish."

(127) WINTER. From *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. ¶ 9. *keel*=cool by stirring (O. E. "celan," to cool). ¶ 11. *saw*=moral saying, maxim.

(128) NOW THE HUNGRY LION ROARS. From *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i. Puck speaks the lines in the palace of Theseus. ¶ 4. *fordone*=overcome. ¶ 14. *triple Hecate's:* Hecate, often identified with Proserpine, was goddess of the lower world, and hence was associated with darkness and night, as here; she was called "triple" because she was also thought of as Luna in heaven and as Diana on earth.

(128) UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. From *As You Like It*, II. v. ¶ 3. *turn*=form, shape

(129) BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND. From *As You Like It*, II. vii.

(129) IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS. From *As You Like It*, V. iii.

(130) 17. *prime* = flower of life.

(130) O MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING. From *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. ¶ 11. *sweet and twenty* = sweetly and many times; but some take the phrase as a term of endearment, meaning "twenty times sweet."

(130) COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH. From *Twelfth Night*, II. iv.

(131) HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW. From *Hamlet*, IV. v. ¶ 4. *shoon* = shoes. ¶ 10. *Larded* = enriched, garnished.

(131) AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN. From *Hamlet*, IV. v.

(132) 9. *cast away* = waste, expend uselessly.

(132) TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY. From *Measure for Measure*, IV. i.

(132) WITCHES' INCANTATION. From *Macbeth*, IV. i. ¶ 1. *brinded* = brindled, spotted. ¶ 2. *hedge-pig* = young hedge-hog. ¶ 3. *Harpier:* the name of some demon; its origin and significance are unknown. ¶ 12. *Fillet:* round slice. *fenny* = living in the fens. ¶ 16. *fork:* forked tongue. *blind-worm's sting:* the blind-worm, or slow-worm, a snakelike lizard, was supposed to be blind and venomous. ¶ 17. *howlet's:* the howlet is a kind of owl. ¶ 23. *mummy:* "A sort of semi-fluid gum that oozes from an embalmed body when heat is applied." —Professor Manly.

(133) 24. *ravined* = ravenous. ¶ 31. *ditch-delivered* = born in a ditch. *drab* = harlot. ¶ 33. *chaudron* = entrails.

(133) COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE. From *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. vii. ¶ 3. *fats* = vats.

(133) HARK! HARK! THE LARK. From *Cymbeline*, II. iii. ¶ 1. Cf. "What Bird So Sings, Yet So Does Wail," l. 7, p. 92. ¶ 3. *those springs:* the dews.

(134) FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' TH' SUN. From *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Imogen, disguised as a boy, supposed to be dead. ¶ 14. *thunder-stone* = thunder-bolt.

(134) COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS. From *The Tempest*, I. ii. ¶ 4. *whist* = hushed, still. ¶ 5. *featly* = neatly, dexterously.

(135) FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES. From *The Tempest*, I. ii. Ariel, invisible, is singing to Ferdinand, shipwrecked on Prospero's isle, who supposes that his father, king of Naples, has been drowned.

(135) WHERE THE BEE SUCKS THERE SUCK I. From *The Tempest*, V. i. Sung by Ariel, whom Prospero has just promised soon to release from his service.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his 'tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide' [cf. *3 Henry VI*, I. iv. 137], supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."—Robert Greene, *Green's Groats-Worth of Wit*, 1596 (written by 1592).

> And there, though last not least, is Aëtion;
> A gentler shepheard may no where be found;
> Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
> Doth like himselfe heroically sound.
>
> —Edmund Spenser, "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," 1595.

"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' his sugared sonnets among his private friends, etc. As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. . . . . As Epius Stolo said that the Muses

would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speak English."—Francis Meres, *Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

"*Ingenioso.* What's thy judgment of . . . . William Shakespeare?

"*Judicio.* Who loves Adonis' love or Lucre's rape,
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content
Without love's foolish lazy languishment. . . . .

"*Kempe.* Few of the university pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, ay and Ben Jonson too."—Anonymous, *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606 (acted, 1601–2?).

"The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis'; but his 'Lucrece,' and his tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort."—Gabriel Harvey, MS note of uncertain date, in Speght's edition of Chaucer (1598).

"These may suffice for some poetical descriptions of our ancient poets; if I would come to our time, what a world could I present to you out of Sir Philip Sidney, Ed. Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Hugh Holland, Ben Jonson, Th. Campion, Mich. Drayton, George Chapman, John Marston, William Shakespeare, and other most pregnant wits of these our times, whom succeeding ages may justly admire."—William Camden, *Remains*, 1605 (written, 1603).

IVDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLUS MAERET, OLYMPVS HABET.

"In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil, the earth hides, the people mourn, Olympus holds him."]

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST?
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST,
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK YS TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SIEH [=SITH] ALL, YT HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.

—Inscription on the tablet to Shakspere in the Stratford church, between 1617 and 1622.

Rencwnèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until Doomsday, for hardly will a fift
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain
For whom your curtains may be drawn again —William Basse, 1622.

"Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore, and again and again."—John Heminge and Henry Condell, Address prefixed to the First Folio edition of Shakspere, 1623.

Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain,
As strong conception and as clear a rage,
As any one that trafficked with the stage.
—Michael Drayton, "To Henry Reynolds," 1627.

See Milton's lines on Shakspere, p. 341.

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out line. My answer hath been, Would

he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted. And to justify mine own candor (for I loved the man, and do honor his memory—on this side idolatry—as much as any), he was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped; 'sufflaminandus erat,' as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, 'Caesar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Caesar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."—Ben Jonson, *Timber*, 1641. Cf. Jonson's poem on Shakspere, p. 200.

So have I seen, when Caesar would appear,
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius, oh how the audience
Were ravished, with what wonder they went thence,
When some new day they would not brook a line
Of tedious though well labored *Catiline;*
Sejanus, too, was irksome; they prized more
Honest Iago or the jealous Moor.
And though the *Fox* and subtile *Alchemist*,
Long intermitted, could not quite be missed,
Though these have shamed all the ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire
Acted, have scarce defrayed the sea-coal fire
And door-keepers: when let but Falstaff come,
Hal, Poins, the rest, you scarce shall have a room,
All is so pestered; let but Beatrice
And Benedick be seen, lo in a trice
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes all are full
To hear Malvoglio, that cross-gartered gull.
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book
Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look
Like old coined gold, whose lines in every page
Shall pass true current to succeeding age.

—Leonard Digges, lines prefixed to the 1640 edition of Shakspere's poems.

Shakespear was early up, and went so drest
As for those dawning hours he knew was best;
But when the sun shone forth, you two thought fit
To wear just robes and leave off trunk-hose wit. . . . .
Brave Shakespeare flowed, yet had his ebbings too,
Often above himself, sometimes below:
Thou always best; if aught seemed to decline,
'T was the unjudging rout's mistake, not thine.

—J. Berkenhead, lines prefixed to the 1647 edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

"I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet-companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare."—John Milton, *Eikonoklastes*, 1649.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

(135) The Iliads of Homer Translated. Book vii. 158–264. Chapman's "argument" to the book gives the situation and the incident in brief:

Hector by Helenus' advice, doth seek
Adventurous combat on the boldest Greek.
Nine Greeks stand up, acceptants every one,
But lot selects strong Ajax Telamon,
Both, with high honour, stand th' important fight,
Till heralds part them by approachèd night.

(136) 12. *Saturnius:* Jove, son of Saturn. ¶ 20. *Ida:* Mt. Ida in Crete, where Jove was born. ¶ 26. *infer* = bring on (Latin "in," in, "ferre," to bring). ¶ 28. *Achive* = Grecian; Achaia was a division of Greece. *rampire* = rampart.

(137) 39. *brave* = defiance. ¶ 41. *Thetis' son:* Achilles, who was now sulking in his tent because of a quarrel with Agamemnon. ¶ 45. *Æacides:* Achilles; the word is a patronymic from "Æacus," the name of the grandfather of Achilles. ¶ 52. *targe* = shield. ¶ 59. *privity of sleight:* secret skill. ¶ 65. *curace* = cuirass. ¶ 71. *Priamides:* Hector; the word is a patronymic from "Priam," the name of Hector's father. ¶ 72. *reflected* = bent back.

(138) 78. *boss:* the knob in the center. ¶ 82. *rundled* = rounded.

THOMAS CAMPION

(139) My Sweetest Lesbia, Let Us Live and Love. ¶ 1–6. Translated pretty literally from Catullus, v. 1–6; cf. Jonson's "Song to Celia," ll. 1–8, p. 190.

(140) 14. *hearse* = tomb.

(140) Rose-Cheeked Laura, Come. From *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*, where the poem is introduced as as example of quantitative English verse in imitation of the classic. ¶ 6. *concent* = harmony (Latin "concentus," from "con," with, "canere," to sing).

(140) The Man of Life Upright. A free adaptation of Horace, *Odes*, i. 22, stanzas 1, 2:

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra:

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

"He who is upright in life and pure of crime needs not Mauritanian javelins, nor the bow, nor a quiver heavy with poisoned arrows, Fuscus, whether he is about to make a journey through the fiery Syrtes, or forbidding Caucasus, or the lands that fabled Hydaspes washes."

(141) Jack and Joan, They Think No Ill. ¶ 9. *nappy* = strong, heady.

(142) 19. *tutties* = posies. ¶ 32. *securer* = freer from care (Latin "se," without, "cura," care). *silly* = simple, innocent.

(142) Now Winter Nights Enlarge.

(143) 13, 14. *dispense With* = allow by dispensation. ¶ 21. *his* = its; and so in the next two lines.

(143) Good Wife. ¶ 1. *among themselves:* i. e., with men only. *conversing* = associating, living; and so in l. 3.

(144) Shall I, then, Hope when Faith is Fled. *Faith* = fidelity.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

(145) The Character of a Happy Life. ¶ 10, 11. The sense is, He never feels the pangs of envy at the praise given to others; cf. l. 9. ¶ 12. Supply "understood" as the governing word. *state* = condition, rank.

SIR JOHN DAVIES

(146) Orchestra. Stanzas 8–18. Sub-title, "A Poem of Dancing"; "orchestra" was the name of that part of the Greek stage where the chorus danced (from Greek ὄρχησις, dancing). The poet has taken as the setting for his defense of dancing the scene in the palace of Ulysses described in the *Odyssey*, i. 144–55, 325–44. ¶ 1. *rocky isle:* Ithaca, the kingdom of Ulysses. ¶ 14. *his wandering:* Troy had fallen ten years before; but Ulysses had not

yet returned, being doomed to long wandering and many perils by the anger of Poseidon for the death of his son Polyphemus at the hands of Ulysses.

(147) 18. *Venus:* i. e., the planet. ¶ 22. *Antinoüs:* Davies follows Homer in making Antinoüs the boldest of the suitors. ¶ 29. *sith* = since. ¶ 30. *represent* = re-present, present again. ¶ 46. *fairly* = frankly.

(148) 55. *fond* = foolish.

(148) NOSCE TEIPSUM. Stanzas 53–68, 428–33, of the second part, entitled, "Of the Soul of Man." "Nosce Teipsum" = "Know Thyself." ¶ 6. *fond* = foolish.

(149) 17–20. Medea was the daughter of King Æetes, in whose kingdom was the golden fleece, guarded by a sleepless dragon; when the Argonauts came to Colchis, she fell in love with their leader, Jason, and secretly aided him to secure the fleece; she then fled with him, and, according to one legend, dismembered her younger brother and scattered his limbs along the way, in order to delay the pursuit of her father. ¶ 21–24. Davies departs from the Homeric story: the sirens usually had the power to draw mariners overboard; but Ulysses had stopped the ears of his crew with wax, and caused them to bind himself fast, and thus they all escaped; see the *Odyssey*, xii. 165 ff. ¶ 27. *Marius:* the Roman general, whose rivalry with Sulla caused the first civil war, in 88 B. C.

(150) 41. *discoursing* = discursive, reasoning. ¶ 56. *glasses:* mirrors. ¶ 60. *double be:* because we have two eyes and two ears. ¶ 70. *drowned Narcissus:* Narcissus, who fell in love with his own reflection in a fountain and leaped in, was not drowned, but he finally pined to death because he could not find the object of his passion.

(151) 79. *wit* = intelligence.

ANONYMOUS

(151) CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH. From *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a collection of poems attributed by the publisher to Shakspere, although only five were by him; this poem was a popular song.

(152) I SAW MY LADY WEEP. From John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Airs.* ¶ 14. *leave off in time to grieve:* i. e., leave off grieving in time.

(152) THE UNKNOWN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT. From *England's Helicon.* ¶ 4. *reneying* = renouncing.

(153) 21. *procures* = takes care (Latin "pro," for, "cura," care). ¶ 26. *dye* = hue.

(153) PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER CORYDON, AND HIS REPLYING. From the same.

(154) 28. *say:* a kind of silk or satin. ¶ 37. *Arcadian:* Arcadia, the pastoral region of the Peloponnesus, was the favorite residence of Pan, the god of shepherds. ¶ 38. *bears the bell:* is the first; a figure from the custom of hanging a bell on the leading animal of a flock or herd. ¶ 41–50. References to two stories of Greek mythology are intertwined in these lines: the poet says, (1) if Corydon had been Cynthia's (Diana's) swain, she would have refused Endymion for her lover, instead of loving him on Mt. Latmus as the fable is; (2) if Phyllida had lived near Mt. Ida (by Troy), Aphrodite, who received the golden apple from Paris as the prize of beauty, would have been excused for passing it on to her.

(155) THE NEW JERUSALEM. From "Song of Mary, the Mother of Christ." Cf. Rev., chaps. 21, 22. ¶ 1. *Hierusalem:* the Greek form of "Jerusalem."

(156) 37. *Our Lady:* the Virgin Mary. *Magnificat:* the Virgin's hymn of praise to God that she had been chosen to be the mother of Jesus (Luke 1:46 ff.), beginning "My soul doth magnify the Lord"; called the *Magnificat* from the first word of her hymn in the Latin.

(156) WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINS. From John Dowland's *Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs.*

(157) MAYING SONG. From Thomas Bateson's *First Set of English Madrigals.*

(157) YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT AND SING. From an anonymous play, *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, II. iii.

SAMUEL DANIEL

(158) DELIA.

(158) *Sonnet xlvii.*

(159) 12. *Calends:* the Calends were the first day of the month in the Roman calendar; hence the word came to be used as a general term in reckoning time.

(159) *Sonnet li.* "This is again for the most part a mere adaptation from Desportes (*Amours d'Hippolyte*, lxxv): 'Sommeil, paisible fils de la nuict solitaire, ... O frère de la mort, que tu m'es ennemy!'"—Sidney Lee. ¶ 7. *their scorn:* i. e., scorn for them. ¶ 11. *approve* = prove. ¶ 13. *embracing clouds:* a glancing allusion to the story of Ixion, who embraced a cloud supposing it to be Juno.

(159) THE CIVIL WARS. Book III, stanzas 64–77. The poem narrates the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster in their struggles for the throne of England; the selection describes the death of Richard II, who had been deposed in 1399, and was imprisoned by his successor, Henry IV, in Pomfret Castle, Yorkshire, where he was probably murdered in the same year.

(160) 33. *Diocletian:* the Roman emperor, who abdicated in 305 A. D., and retired to country life.

(161) 77. *Marius' soldier:* Marius, the Roman general, when his rival, Sulla, got the ascendency in 88 B. C., fled to the marshes at Minturnae, in Latium; here a Gallic trooper was sent to kill him, but quailed before the old general's eye and fled, crying out, "I cannot kill Caius Marius!"

(162) 102. *Doubting* = fearing.

(162) TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

(163) 22. *Pompey:* Pompey the Great was appointed, in 67 B. C., to rid the Mediterranean of pirates; in forty days he swept them from the seas. ¶ 23. *he:* not Pompey, but "he that of such a height hath built his mind" (l. 1). ¶ 24. *must not be ill:* i. e., must not be allowed to seem so. ¶ 32. *wit* = man's mind. ¶ 35. *sits:* i. e., as a judge on the bench.

(164) 60. *Full of:* i. e., to be full of. ¶ 68. *As they can:* i. e., that they can; the clause is sequent to "so soundly fashioned" (l. 65).

(165) 101, 102. *dispense With* = allow; cf. "grant a dispensation." ¶ 116. *unkind* = harsh.

(166) 123. *As* = that.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

(166) DAFFADIL. From *The Shepherd's Garland*, Eclogue IX. ¶ 7. *seen* = looked out, appeared.

(167) 21. *keep:* i. e., keep sheep. ¶ 23. *Was:* supply "who" as subject. ¶ 35. *smirking* = smiling.

(168) IDEA.

(168) *Sonnet liii.* ¶ 1. *Ankor:* a river in Warwickshire, where Drayton was born. ¶ 7. *Arden:* the forest of Arden, one of the old forests of England; some of it was still standing in Drayton's day. ¶ 13. *Tempe:* a vale of wonderful beauty in ancient Greece, famous in poetry; cf. "Prothalamion," ll. 79, 80, p. 87. ¶ 14. *Helicon:* a mountain in Greece, the fabled abode of the Muses; it contained the fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene, whose waters were supposed to give poetic inspiration.

(169) THE BARONS' WARS. Book VI, stanzas 50–66. The subject of the poem is the war of the barons against Edward II, who reigned from 1307 to 1327; the selection describes his son's surprise and capture of Mortimer, Earl of March, the lover of the queen, who was entertaining him in the palace at Nottingham. ¶ 3. *Cauples* = horses (Latin "caballus," horse). ¶ 9. *they:* the king and his men. *cave:* a subterranean passage leading up into the palace. ¶ 17. *cleeves:* clefts, chasms. ¶ 19. *forslow* = hinder; literally, make slow. ¶ 23. *Whose:* the path's.

(170) 36. *As* = as if. ¶ 39. *creeks* = turns, windings; akin to "crooks." ¶ 44. *estate* = canopy.

(171) 75. *As* = as if. ¶ 81. *when* = then; a common use with Drayton. *those sundry pictures:* mural paintings in the chamber; in the preceding stanzas they have been described at length. *devise* = describe, talk about. ¶ 89. *Phaëton:* he attempted to drive the chariot of the sun, and the horses ran away with him, scorching heaven and earth; Jupiter finally struck him dead with a thunderbolt, and he fell to earth.

(172) 97. *over-forced* = overdrawn. ¶ 98. *that embrace:* this refers to another picture, in which Phoebus was embracing the youth Hyacinth, whom he had just mortally wounded while playing at quoits. ¶ 112. *secure* = free from care, unsuspecting. ¶ 113. *Whilst* = meanwhile. ¶ 121. *When* = then. *Skiddaw's:* Skiddaw is one of the highest mountains in England. *cleeves* = cliffs. ¶ 122. *haggard* = a hawk or falcon. ¶ 123. *teal . . . . mallard:* kinds of duck.

(173) His Ballad of Agincourt. *Cambro-Britons* = the Welsh; "Cambria" was the Roman name for Wales. The Welsh played a valiant part in the battle of Agincourt, which the poem celebrates. The battle was fought in 1415 by Henry V, who had invaded France in support of his claim to the French throne.

(174) 41. *Poitiers and Cressy:* English victories over the French in 1356 and 1346. ¶ 50. *vaward* = vanward, advance guard. ¶ 51. *main* = main army.

(175) 82. *bilbows* = swords; so named from Bilboa in Spain, famous for its swords. ¶ 94. *besprent* = besprinkled.

(176) 113. *Crispin's day:* the day of St. Crispin, October 25.

(176) Poly-Olbion. The end of the Fifteenth Song. *Poly-Olbion* = "Greatly Happy" (Greek πολύ, much, ὄλβιον, happy), referring to Great Britain. Sub-title: "A Chorographical Description of Tracts, Rivers, Mountains, Forests, and other Parts of this renowned Isle of Great Britain, with intermixture of the most Remarkable Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleasures, and Commodities of the same; Digested into a Poem by Michael Drayton, Esq." The selection describes the course of the Thames from Oxford to Windsor, with mention of rivers that flow into it on the way. For a similar description of English rivers, see *The Faerie Queene*, IV, xi. ¶ 4. *the forest:* the royal forest of Windsor. *empery* = emperorship. ¶ 5. *wext* = waxed, grown. ¶ 6. *retch* = strain apart. ¶ 7 *grandsire Chiltern's:* the Thames rises at the foot of the Chiltern hills. ¶ 9. *holts* = woods; cf. German "holz," wood.

(177) 30. *quarries* = heaps of game. ¶ 31. *solemn* = festive; cf. note on *Comus*, l. 142, p. 489. ¶ 32. *brave* = of splendid appearance. *assays:* a technical term for testing the fatness of the deer killed, and also for the parts of the deer where the test was made. ¶ 34. *supremest place:* Windsor Castle, the oldest part of which dates from the time of Edward III (d. 1377), and which has been a royal residence ever since. ¶ 35. *The Garter's:* the Order of the Garter, founded by Edward III about 1350. ¶ 37. *temple of St. George:* in Windsor Castle. ¶ 39. *Eton:* Eton College, on the opposite bank of the Thames, was founded in 1440.

(177) Nymphidia. Stanzas 11–22.

(178) 16. *stervèd* = starved. ¶ 22. *emmet's* = ant's. ¶ 24. *state* = high station. ¶ 36. *bloweth* = blossometh. ¶ 38. *may:* the hawthorn flower; so named from the month in which it blossoms. ¶ 41. *when* = then.

(179) 49–72. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv. 53 ff. ¶ 52. *letting* = hindrance. ¶ 60. *lively* = vivid, bright. *limning* = painting. ¶ 62. *cover:* canopy. *gallantly* = gay. ¶ 63. *pied* = variegated. ¶ 73. *with* = in. ¶ 75. *nice* = dainty, fastidious.

(180) 95. *bestow* = behave.

JOSEPH HALL

"It is not for everyone to relish a true and natural satire, being of itself, besides the nature and inbred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both hard of conceit and harsh of style.

. . . . For my satires themselves, I see two obvious cavils to be answered. One concerning the matter; than which, I confess, none can be more open to danger, to envy, since faults loathe nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults. . . . . The other concerning the manner; wherein, perhaps, too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar, I shall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught [=reached] my ancient Roman predecessors, whom, in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am constrained thus far off to imitate."—Postscript.

(180) VIRGIDEMIARUM LIBRI SEX. "By 'Virgidemia,' an uncouth and uncommon word, we are to understand a 'Gathering, or Harvest, of Rods,' with reference to the nature of the subject."—Thomas Warton.

(180) *Book I, Satire vi.* The poem satirizes the contemporary attempts, in which Sidney, Spenser, and Gabriel Harvey had a part, to write English verse on a quantitative basis in imitation of Greek and Latin verse; the satirist had especially in mind Richard Stanyhurst's translation of parts of the *Æneid* into English hexameters in 1582. ¶ 1. *Another:* in the preceding satires other literary fashions of the day have been ridiculed. ¶ 5, 16. Hall is quoting, a little incorrectly, from Stanyhurst's robustious translation of the *Æneid* (i. 1 ff., and viii. 431, 432):

> Now manhood and garbroyls I chaunt, and martial horror.
> I blaze thee, captayne, first, from Troy cittye repairing,
> Lyke wandring pilgrim too famosed Italie trudging
> And coast of Lauyn; soust wyth tempestuous hurlwynd,
> On land and sayling bi Gods predestinat order.
>
> Of ruffe raffe roaring, men's herts with terror agrysing,
> With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdelye thundring.

garboils = tumults. ¶ 13. *besets* = suits.

(181) *Book III, Satire i.* Cf. the sixth satire of Juvenal. ¶ 1–3. Saturn was an early Italian god, supposed to have taught men agriculture in the reign of Janus; his era was known as the age of gold; later he was identified wth the Greek god Chronos, whom Zeus overthrew. The reference to the mace of lead is due to the facts (1) that astrology thought of the planet Saturn as a cold and melancholy planet, because it was farthest from the sun, and (2) that alchemy associated the planet with the metal lead. 6. *mast* = acorns. ¶ 7. *Dodonian oaks:* strictly the oak grove at Dodona, Epirus, famous for its ancient oracle of Zeus; but here the phrase is used for oaks of the early world in general. ¶ 12. *storèd crab:* the crab-tree, stored with apples. ¶ 13. *delicious* = loving delicacies. ¶ 17. *honey-fall:* the same as honey-dew, a sweet substance found in small drops on leaves, either exuded from the leaves or secreted by insects. ¶ 20. *afford* = allow. ¶ 23. *vulgar* = the common man (Latin "vulgus," the mass of the people). ¶ 26. *plaining* = complaining. *scape* = trick. ¶ 29. *treen* = trees.

(182) 34. *huswif'ry* = housewifery. ¶ 43. *nice* = fastidious, over particular. ¶ 45. *Wox* = grew. *ween* = think. ¶ 47. *dight* = arrayed (O. E. "dihtan," to arrange). ¶ 49. *Thetis':* Thetis was a sea-goddess. ¶ 50. *fearful* = timorous. ¶ 55. *rife to gone* = easy to go to. ¶ 59. *furnace:* throat. ¶ 60. *descry* = reveal. ¶ 65–68. Cf. Shakspere's satire on motley aping of foreign fashions of dress: "*Nerissa.* What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? . . . . *Portia.* How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere."—*The Merchant of Venice*, I. ii. 71–82.

(183) 75. *Husbanding it:* playing the part of a husbandman, or tiller of the soil; the word goes with "Saturn's self" (l. 72), not with "undergroom." ¶ 76, 77. The sense is, Behold now (the days between having expired) the fulfilment of Merlin's old prophecy. ¶ 77. *inspirèd Merlin's word:* certain prophecies of uncertain date, written in Latin, were attributed to Merlin, the wizard of the legendary King Arthur's court.

JOHN MARSTON

(183) THE SCOURGE OF VILLAINY. Satire VII. 1–16, 100–22. 160–79. "Know, I hate to affect too much obscurity and harshness, because they profit no sense. To note vices so that no man can understand them is as fond as the French execution in picture. Yet there are some (too many) that think nothing good that is so courteous as to come within their reach, terming all satires bastard which are not palpable dark, and so rough writ that the hearing of them read would set a man's teeth on edge. . . . . Persius is crabby because ancient, and his jerks (being particularly given to private customs of his time) dusky. Juvenal (upon the like occasion) seems to our judgment gloomy. Yet both of them go a good seemly pace, not stumbling, shuffling. Chaucer is hard even to our understandings: who knows not the reason? how much more those old satires which express themselves in terms that breathed not long even in their days. But had we then lived, the understanding of them had been nothing hard. I will not deny there is a seemly decorum to be observed, and a peculiar kind of speech for a satire's lips, which I can willinglier conceive than dare to prescribe; yet let me have the substance rough, not the shadow. I cannot, nay, I will not delude your sight with mists; yet I dare defend my plainness against the verjuiceface of the crabbed'st satirist that ever stuttered."—Preface.

(183) 1. Cf. *Richard III*, V. iv. 7: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" ¶ 2. *currish, mad Athenian:* an allusion to Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, who lived many years in Athens; it is reported that he went about the streets with a lantern by daylight, searching for a true man. *currish:* the Cynics were so called because of their snarling ill-nature (Greek κύων, dog). ¶ 4. *Circe's charm:* see extract from the *Odyssey* in prefatory note to *Comus*, p. 487. ¶ 6. *Samian saws:* Samos was the birthplace of Pythagoras, of the sixth century B. C., who taught that the souls of men at death went into the bodies of the lower animals. *saws* = wise sayings. ¶ 14. *Ignes fatui* = "false lights," will-o'-the-wisps. ¶ 15. *rats of Nilus:* in Egypt the rat was deified; the thought seems to be that these so-called men are as unreal as such false, imaginary gods. ¶ 16. *Colosses:* here used as a term for giants of incredible size. ¶ 18. *Mavortian:* soldier (Latin "Mavors," an appellation of Mars). ¶ 20. *slops:* loose breeches.

(184) 25. *great man's head:* apparently the name of a tavern. ¶ 26. *Brill:* Brielle, a seaport in Holland; it was "one of the cautionary towns pledged to the English crown by the states of Holland" (Bullen), and English troops were stationed there. ¶ 27. *'Que va là? zounds, que?':* "Who goes there? zounds, who?" ¶ 28. *transformed poniard to:* i. e., poniard transformed to. ¶ 29. *drawer:* tavern servant, who draws and serves the liquor. *ringo-root:* "Sink of lechery."—Bullen. ¶ 30. *bumbast* = bombast, padded. ¶ 32. *Westphalian:* Westphalia, a German duchy, was already famous for its hams. *gammon* = ham. *clove-stuck face:* covered with pimples, like a ham stuck over with cloves? ¶ 34. *Switzers':* Swiss soldiers let themselves out so much to various states as mercenaries that "Switzer" came to be used for "mercenary." ¶ 41. *badgèd* = having a badge, or coat-of-arms. ¶ 47. *surphuled* = surfeled; to surfel is to wash the face with a cosmetic made of sulphur. ¶ 48, 49. *under one hood, Two faces:* an old saying, satirizing the hypocrisy of monks. ¶ 51. *Janus' brow:* the old Roman god Janus, the god of beginnings (cf. "January"), was represented as having two faces, one looking into the past, the other into the future. ¶ 54. *busk:* a strip of whale-bone or other elastic material, worn in the front of a corset. *verdingal* = farthingale, hoop-skirt. ¶ 57. *rebato:* a ruff for the neck. ¶ 58. *intellectual:* intellectual part. *niceness* = fastidiousness.

THOMAS DEKKER

(185) O SWEET CONTENT. From *The Patient Grissell*, I. i. ¶ 11. *crispèd* = rippled (Latin "crispare," to curl).

(185) LULLABY. From the same, IV. ii.

(186) O SORROW, SORROW. From *The Noble Spanish Soldier;* it is not certain that the play is by Dekker. ¶ 4. *furier:* more like a fury's.

BEN JONSON

"I could never think the study of wisdom confined only to the philosopher, or of piety to the divine, or of state to the politic; but that he which can feign a commonwealth (which is the poet), can gown it with counsels, strengthen it with laws, correct it with judgments, inform it with religion and morals, is all these. We do not require in him mere elocution, or an excellent faculty in verse, but the exact knowledge of all virtues and their contraries, with ability to render the one loved, the other hated, by his proper embattling them. . . . . Poetry and picture are arts of a like nature, and both are busy about imitation. It was excellently said of Plutarch, poetry was a speaking picture, and picture a mute poesy; for they both invent, feign, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use and service of nature. Yet of the two the pen is more noble than the pencil, for that can speak to the understanding, the other but to the sense. They both behold pleasure and profit as their common object; but should abstain from all base pleasures, lest they should err from their end, and, while they seek to better men's minds, destroy their manners [=morals]. They are both born artificers, not made; nature is more powerful in them than study. . . . . Some words are to be culled out for ornament and color, as we gather flowers to strew houses or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style as in a meadow, where, though the mere grass and greenness delights, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify. . . . . We must express readily and fully, not profusely. There is difference between a liberal and prodigal hand. As it is a great point of art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge and veer out all sail, so to take it in and contract it is of no less praise when the argument doth ask it. Either of them hath their fitness in the place. . . . . The congruent and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence hath almost the fastening and force of knitting and connection, as in stones well squared, which will rise strong a great way without mortar. . . . . As we must take the care that our words and sense be clear, so, if the obscurity happen through the hearer's or reader's want of understanding, I am not to answer for them, no more than for their not listening or marking; I must neither find them ears nor mind."—Jonson's *Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter*, 1641.

(186) QUEEN AND HUNTRESS, CHASTE AND FAIR. From *Cynthia's Revels*, V. iii.

(187) EPODE. ¶ 10. *unkind* = unnatural. ¶ 18. *sense:* senses. ¶ 21. *affections* = passions.

(188) 39. *whence 't is born:* an allusion to the fable that Aphrodite arose from the foam of the sea. ¶ 44. *prove* = experience. ¶ 52. *different* = differing, having a difference, either with love or with each other. ¶ 63–65. The figure is evidently based upon the description of the temptation of Jesus on the pinnacle of the temple; see Matt. 4:5, 6. *steep desire:* "A precipitous desire, a desire into which a man casts himself headlong."—Professor Kittredge. ¶ 69. *Luxury* = lust.

(189) 74. *Turtles:* turtle doves. *die:* a term for feeling the ecstacy of love. ¶ 79. *doubt* = fear. *fame:* rumor, scandal. ¶ 92. *phoenix' love:* there was supposed to be only one phoenix in existence at a time; hence it came to stand for anything unique, especially for the uniquely excellent. ¶ 94. *Would make:* supply "which" as subject. ¶ 101. *feature* = form, shape (M. E. "feture," old French "faiture," Latin "factura," formation); cf. "body," l. 99. ¶ 104. *only:* to be taken with "on him," l. 105.

(190) 115. *sense:* senses. ¶ 116. *securely* = without care, without apprehension (Latin "se," without, "cura," care).

(190) SONG TO CELIA. From *Volpone, or the Fox*, III. vi. ¶ 1–8. A translation of Catullus, v. 1–6; cf. "My Sweetest Lesbia, Let Us Live and Love," ll. 1–6, p. 139. ¶ 10. *toys* = trifles.

(190) WITCHES' CHARM. From *The Masque of Queens*. "The part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly hell, which, flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. . . . . These witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth from thence, first one, then two and three, and more, till their number increased to eleven, all differently

attired—some with rats on their heads some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. . . . . These eleven witches beginning to dance, ... on the sudden one of them missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech."—Jonson. ¶ 1. *want* = lack. ¶ 4. *anoint:* "When they are to be transported from place to place, they use to anoint themselves and sometimes the things they ride on."—Jonson. "The ointment that witches use is reported to be made of the fat of children digged out of their graves."—Bacon.

(191) 16. *horse of wood:* "That which our witches call so is sometimes a broom-staff, sometimes a reed, sometimes a distaff."—Jonson. ¶ 18. *goat:* "The goat is the Devil himself, upon whom they ride often to their solemnity."—Jonson. *green cock:* "Of the green cock we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch that with a cock of that color and a bottom of blue thread would transport herself through the air. . . . . It was a tale when I went to school."—Jonson. ¶ 19. *bottom* = ball. *thrid* = thread. ¶ 20. *cat-a-mountain* = catamount, cougar. ¶ 30. *The spindle:* "All this is but a periphrasis of the night, in their charm, and their applying themselves to it [i. e., the charm] with their instruments, whereof the spindle in antiquity was the chief."—Jonson. ¶ 33–36. As a sample of Jonson's learning, a part of his note may be quoted: "This rite also of making a ditch with their nails is frequent with our witches; whereof see Bodin. *Remig. Delr. Malleus Mal. Godelman.* l. 2 *De Lamiis*, as also the antiquity of it mostly vively expressed by Hor. *Satyr.* 8. lib. 1 where he mentions the pictures and the blood of a black lamb, all which are yet in use with our modern witchcraft. . . . . Of this ditch Homer makes mention in Circe's speech to Ulysses, *Odyss.* K, about the end, Βόθρον ὀρυξαι, etc. And Ovid. *Metam.* lib. 7, in Medea's magic. . . . . And of the waxen images, in Hypsipyle's epistle to Jason, where he expresseth that, mischief also of the needles:

> Devovit absentes, simulacraque cerea fingit,
> Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.

"She bewitches the absent, and makes waxen images, and sticks slender needles into their unhappy livers."] Bodin. *Daemon.* lib. 2, cap. 8, hath (beside the known story of King Duffe out of Hector Boetius) much of the witches' later practice in that kind." In addition to sticking needles into the wax images ("pictures"), and so causing like pain in the persons they represented, it was a common practice to melt the image, whereupon the person wasted away and died. The ditch full of blood was a means of calling up the spirits of the dead, cf. the *Odyssey*, xi. 34–37: "But when I had besought the tribes of the dead with vows and prayers, I took the sheep and cut their throats over the trench, and the dark blood flowed forth, and lo the spirits of the dead that be departed gathered them from out of Erebus."—Butcher and Lang's translation. ¶ 38. *Martin:* "Their little Martin is he that calls them to their conventicles, which is done in a human voice; but, coming forth, they find him in the shape of a great buck goat, upon whom they ride to their meetings."—Jonson.

(191) Simplex Munditiis. From *Epicoene, or the Silent Woman*, I. i. The title (which was not of Jonson's coining, but has long been connected with the song) is taken from Horace, *Odes*, I. v. 5, and in Milton's translation of the ode is rendered "plain in thy neatness." The lines are based upon a Latin poem by a French poet, Jean Bonnefons (d. 1014):

> Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores,
> Semper compositas arte recente comas,
> Et comptos semper cultus, unguentaque semper,
> Omnia sollicita compta videre, manu,
> Non amo. Neglectim mihi se quae comit amica
> Se det; et ornatus simplicitate valet.
> Vincula ne cures capitis discussa soluti,
> Nec ceram in faciem: mel habet illa suum.
> Fingere se semper, non est confidere amori;
> Quid quod saepe decor, cum prohibetur, adest?

"Neatness always, always seemliness, Basilissa, hair always just artfully put in order, and always careful attention, and unguents always, everything cared for with anxious hand, I do

not love to see. The sweetheart who dresses herself carelessly for me gives herself; and adornment prevails by simplicity. Have no care for the broken chains of your unbound head or the wax on your face; that has its own honey. To arrange oneself always is not to put trust in love; what is there that is often pleasing when it is forbidden?" ¶ 1. *Still* = always. *neat:* i. e., over nice.

(192) To My Bookseller. ¶ 6. *as* = as if. ¶ 9. *termers:* those "who resorted to London in term time for dishonest practices or for intrigues —the court terms being times of great resort to London both for business and for pleasure" (*The Century Dictionary*) *clerk-like* = scholar-like; "clerk" (Latin "clericus" a priest) formerly meant a learned man, most educated men being of the priestly class. ¶ 12. *Bucklers-bury:* a London street full of grocers' and apothecaries' shops, where waste paper was in great demand for wrappers.

(192) On Giles and Joan.

(193) 15. *affections* = emotions.

(193) On My First Son. ¶ 10. *Jonson his* = Jonson's.

(193) Inviting a Friend to Supper. The plan of the poem is similar to that of Martial's forty-eighth epigram in the tenth book; cf. also Juvenal's eleventh satire. ¶ 10. *sallet* = salad. ¶ 13. *coney* = rabbit.

(194) 19. *godwit:* a game-bird. ¶ 20. *Knat* = knot, the robin-snipe. *ruff:* a much-prized game-bird, somewhat like the American salt-marsh hen. *ruff:* a bird akin to the sand-piper; so called from its ruff. *my man:* his servant, Richard Broom, whom he seems to have instructed in Latin. ¶ 21–23. Cf. Juvenal, *Satires*, xi. 179-81:

> Nostra dabunt alios hodie convivia ludos;
> Conditor Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis
> Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.

"To-day our feasts will give other sports: the composer of the *Iliad* will be sung, and the songs of high-sounding Maro, that make doubtful the palm." ¶ 25. *To this:* in contradiction to this promise. ¶ 30. *the Mermaid's:* the Mermaid was a tavern in Bread St., much frequented by the poets and wits of the day. ¶ 33. *Thespian spring:* Thespiae was a town in Boeotia, near Thebes, famous for the worship of the Muses.

(195) To Sir Robert Wroth. ¶ 3. Sir Robert Wroth's country seat was in Middlesex, near London, and King James often visited him. ¶ 10. *bravery* = splendor. ¶ 23. *thy master's:* the king's.

(196) 38. *cop'ces* = coppices, thickets. ¶ 44. *mast* = acorns. ¶ 48. *Comus:* god of good cheer (Greek κῶμος, revel); cf. preliminary note to *Comus*, p. 487. ¶ 50. *Saturn's reign:* Saturn, an early Italian deity, was supposed to have taught men agriculture, and his era was called the golden age of peace and universal comfort. ¶ 54. *rudeness* = rusticity. ¶ 56. *great heroes of her race:* Lady Wroth was a niece of Sir Philip Sidney. ¶ 59. *wassail:* the liquor in which healths were drunk (O. E. "wes," be, "hal," whole, well); on Christmas and other festivals it was usually ale, mixed with wine, and sweetened and flavored with spices and fruit. ¶ 61. *leese* = lose. ¶ 72. *therefore* = for that.

(197) 75. *change:* i. e., cause to change. ¶ 81. *that:* i. e., that man; cf. "this man," l. 73. ¶ 84. *doing good:* i. e., by bequeathing it for good purposes. ¶ 89. *so* = provided that *ride in purple:* i. e., go in the robes of high station. *plate:* dishes of gold or silver. ¶ 95–106. Based on Juvenal, *Satires*, x. 347–50, 356–59.

(197) Song to Celia. The poem is based upon sentences in the love-letters of Philostratus, a Greek sophist of the third century A. D.: Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν . . . . Εἰ δὲ βούλει, ... τοῖς χείλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ δίδου.—Letter xxiv. Ἐγὼ πρῶτος ἐπειδὰν ἴδω σε, διψῶ, ... καὶ τὸ ἔκπωμα κατέχων, τὸ μέν οὐ προσάγω τοῖς χείλεσι, σοῦ δὲ οἶδα πίνων.—Letter xxv. Πέπομφά σοι στέφανον ῥόδων, οὐ σὲ τιμῶν (καὶ τοῦτο μὲν γάρ), ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς τι χαριζόμενος τοῖς ῥόδοις, ἵνα μὴ μαρανθῇ.—Letter xxx. Εἰ δὲ βούλει τὶ φίλῳ χαρίζεσθαι, τὰ λείψανα αὐτῶν ἀντίπεμψον, μηκέτι πνέοντα ῥόδων μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ σοῦ.—Letter xxxi. "Drink to me with thine eyes only. Or,

if thou wilt, bringing the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and give it." "I, as soon as I see thee, thirst, and, taking the cup, do not indeed bring that to my lips, but I know that I am drinking of thee." "I sent thee a wreath of roses, not to honor thee (that indeed also), but to do some favor to the roses themselves in order that they might not wither." "If thou wilt do some favor to thy lover, send back their remains no longer smelling of roses only but also of thee."

(198) THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS. No. 4 in "A Celebration of Charis." The last two stanzas appeared in *The Devil Is an Ass*, II. ii, which was acted in 1616 and published in 1631. *Charis* = favor, grace (Greek χάρις). *Triumph* = triumphal procession, or progress; see ll. 1–10. ¶ 7. *so* = provided that. ¶ 19. *As* = that. ¶ 20. *the elements' strife:* the four elements (hot, cold, moist, and dry) of which, according to ancient physics, all things are composed, were supposed to be in perpetual antagonism.

(199) HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN. No. 9 in the same. *Dictamen* = dictation. ¶ 1. *your trouble:* in the preceding section the poet threatens to give her no rest until she fulfils her promise to describe the kind of man she could love. ¶ 5. *take* = captivate.

(200) 40. *brake:* a frame in which intractable horses were set to be shod. ¶ 42. *danger* = dangerousness. ¶ 44. *honest* = honorable.

(200) TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. ¶ 5. *these ways:* i. e., unrestrained eulogy. ¶ 7. *seeliest* = blindest; from "seel," to sew up the eyes (Latin "cilium," eyelid), a term from hawking. ¶ 9. *affection* = feeling.

(201) 19–21. The lines glance at Basse's "Elegy on Shakspeare"; see p. 449. ¶ 20. *Beaumont:* Francis Beaumont, the dramatist, who died a few weeks before Shakspere, and, like Chaucer and Spenser, was buried in Westminster Abbey; Shakspere was buried in Stratford, and at this time there was no memorial to him in the abbey. ¶ 25–28. The sense seems to be this: My intellect justifies me in thus keeping Shakspere apart from these great but lesser poets and in saying that he needs no monument but his works; for if I thought that this judgment of mine were to live long ("of years"), I would substantiate my opinion by a detailed comparison of Shakspere with other dramatists. ¶ 26. *disproportioned Muses:* poets not of equal proportions with Shakspere. ¶ 28. *commit* = compare (Latin "con," with, "mittere," to send, put). ¶ 30. *sporting:* a pun on Kyd's name, with perhaps some ironical reference to the bloody seriousness of his tragedies. ¶ 31–33. The sense seems to be, Although thou hadst little classical learning, yet it would not be necessary to search far among the classic dramatists to find those who would recognize thy greatness, but the foremost would do so. The usual interpretation, however, of "seek for names" is "seek to name thee from some classical poet, as to call thee the Terence of England." ¶ 35. Tragedy did not flourish in Rome and therefore Jonson could not name poets equal to the illustrious three Greek dramatists, but his intention was still to praise. Pacuvius was born about 220 and died about 129 B. C.; only fragments of his tragedies have survived. Accius was born about 170 B. C., and died at an advanced age; his tragedies also survive only in fragments. "Him of Cordova" means Seneca, the Stoic philosopher, born at Cordova about 4 B. C., who wrote several tragedies that are extant. ¶ 36. *buskin:* the buskin, a high shoe, with thick sole and high heel, is a symbol of tragedy, because the Greek actors wore such shoes while acting tragedy. ¶ 37. *socks:* the sock, a light, low-heeled shoe, is a symbol of comedy, because the Greek actors wore such shoes while acting comedy. ¶ 39. *insolent:* contemptuous, conscious of intellectual superiority ¶ 42. *scenes:* stages, theaters. ¶ 45. *to warm:* an allusion to the double function of Apollo as god of the sun and god of poetry. ¶ 46. *to charm:* Mercury's playing was so sweet and seductive that he lulled asleep the hundred-eyed Argus, whom jealous Juno had set to keep watch on Io, the maiden changed into a heifer by amorous Jove. ¶ 50. *vouchsafe* = condescend to accept. ¶ 51. *tart Aristophanes:* Aristophanes (450?–380? B. C.), the greatest of the writers of the Old Attic Comedy, satirized men and institutions with boisterous keenness. ¶ 52. *Neat Terence, witty Plautus:* Terence (185?–159? B. C.) and Plautus (d. 184 B. C.), imitators of

Menander in the New Attic Comedy, were characterized by neatness of style and polished wit, not by the imaginative largeness and power of Aristophanes.

(202) 58. *fashion* = fashioning, shaping. ¶ 59 *casts* = plans. ¶ 64. An allusion to the Latin saying, "Poeta nascitur, non fit," "A poet is born, not made." ¶ 69. *shake a lance:* cf. "Shakespear." ¶ 74. *take* = captivate. *Eliza:* Queen Elizabeth. *our James:* James 1. then king.

(202) A PINDARIC ODE. Sir Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, was later a member of Parliament, in 1640; he sided with the royalists, and died in battle in 1643, at the age of thirty-three; he was himself a poet, and a friend of Jonson. Between him and Sir Henry Morison, who died in 1629, there was a close and beautiful friendship. ¶ 1. *Saguntum:* a city in Spain besieged and finally taken by Hannibal, after great suffering by the inhabitants, in 219 B. C.; the story alluded to is told by Pliny, *Natural History*, VII. iii.

(203) 9. *summed* = complete. ¶ 19. *As* = so that. ¶ 24. *fact* = deed (Latin "factum," thing done). ¶ 25. *one:* perhaps the old Earl of Northampton (d. 1614); he was a flatterer and time-server, and made a disgraceful alliance with the infamous Earl of Rochester, the guilty lover of Northampton's yet more infamous niece, the Countess of Essex. ¶ 31. *stood* = stopped.

(204) 52. *sphere:* i. e., the complete orb, including all that humanity may be. ¶ 53. *tell* = reckon up. ¶ 62. *measures:* means of measurement; but there is also a sub-reference to metrical and musical measures (see "syllabe," l. 63, and "lines" and "air," l. 64).

(205) 85. *he:* i. e. Jonson. ¶ 89. *asterism* = constellation; a complimentary reference to Cary and Morison as twin stars, like Castor and Pollux. ¶ 92. *twi* = twin. ¶ 93. *Dioscuri:* Castor and Pollux, children of Zeus by Leda. ¶ 100. *indenture:* the agreement by which an apprentice was bound to service for a term of years; the point is that the relation of the two friends was not a formal and compulsory bond but a free union of spirits (cf. l. 124). ¶ 104. *protests* = protestations, i. e., of love.

(206) 113. *sir-names:* a play upon "sir," as a title, and "surname." ¶ 118. *As* = that.

(206) AN ELEGY. "Elegy" was often used for any short poem, not necessarily a lament, such as (the poet supposed) might have been written in the elegiac meter of the Greeks or Romans. ¶ 10. *takes* = captivates.

(207) 23. *rate* = established valuation. ¶ 25. Gold not having its value marked upon it, as in the case of a coin, must be appraised by weighing it. ¶ 31. *move* = propose.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

Next these, learn'd Jonson in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
And long was lord here of the theatre,
Who in opinion made our learn'dst to stick,
Whether in poems rightly dramatic,
Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
Should bear the buskin or the sock away.

—Michael Drayton, "To Henry Reynolds," 1627.

Ah, Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben,
Or come again
Or send to us

Thy wits great over-plus:
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that talent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.
—Robert Herrick, *Hesperides*, 1648.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learnèd age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportioned wit
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men;
The soul which answered best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own,
In whom with nature study claimed a part,
And yet who to himself owed all his art:
Here lies Ben Jonson. Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.—J. C., 1638.

Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink
More oil than the author wine, while he did think?
We do embrace their slander: thou hast writ
Not for dispatch but fame, no market wit;
'T was not thy care that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure and be done well;
Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear;
Thy verse came seasoned hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer judges risse a strife
To make thee read as classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause and suffrage beg
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day:
There 's difference between fame and sudden pay.—W. Cartwright, 1638.

As, when Augustus reigned and war did cease,
Rome's bravest wits were ushered in by peace,
So in our halcyon days we have had now
Wits to which all that after come must bow.
And should the stage compose herself a crown
Of all those wits which hitherto she has known,
Though there be many that about her brow
Like sparkling stones might a quick lustre throw,
Yet Shakespeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall
Make up the gem in the point vertical.—Owen Feltham, 1638

Shakespeare may make grief merry, Beaumont's style
Ravish and melt anger into a smile;
In winter nights or after meals they be,
I must confess, very good company.
But thou exact'st our best hours' industry:
We may read them, we ought to study thee;
Thy scenes are precepts; every verse doth give
Counsel, and teach us, not to laugh, but live. . . . .
Our canting English, of itself alone
(I had almost said) a confusion,
Is now all harmony: what we did say
Before was tuning only; this is play.
Strangers who cannot reach thy sense will throng
To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue,
As unto birds that sing: if 't be so good
When heard alone, what is 't when understood!
Thou shalt be read as classic authors, and,
As Greek and Latin, taught in every land.—Richard West, 1638.

JOHN DONNE

(207) SATIRES. Satire I. 1–26, 67–112. ¶ 1. *humorist:* man of moods and caprices; cf. the modern phrase, "I am not in the humor for it." In the old physiology, moods and temperaments were attributed to various humors, or fluids, in the body. ¶ 2. *chest:* i. e., a very small room. ¶ 5. *conduits* = channels of communication. ¶ 9. *gathering:* i. e., gathering facts together. ¶ 10. *fantastic* = governed by fancy, full of fancy.

(208) 15. *middle street:* i. e., middle of the street. ¶ 18. *parcel-gilt* = half-gilt. *dead man's pay:* the implication is that the captain has fraudulently drawn their pay. ¶ 20. *courtesy* = low bow. ¶ 21. *coms:* i. e., if there come. *velvet:* i. e., attired richly in velvet. ¶ 22. *blue-coats:* blue was the livery of servants in great houses. ¶ 28. *creeps to the wall:* at this time sidewalks were not curbed in from the roadway, and the outer edge was often filthy; hence it was an honor to "take the wall," i. e., to walk on the inner side of the walk, next to the houses. ¶ 37. *stop lowest:* run the finger farthest down the string, to make the highest note. ¶ 38. *brave* = splendid in appearance. ¶ 40. *politic horse:* a famous performing horse in London; he was certainly politic not to show deference to the king of Spain, for the Armada was a fresh memory in the minds of Englishmen. ¶ 48. *Indians:* Europeans learned the use of tobacco from the American Indians; Sir Francis Drake brought some to England in 1586, and gave it to Sir Walter Raleigh, who soon became an adept in the art of smoking *drinking:* either Donne was not familiar with the method of using the new drug, or more probably he meant to imply that the man consumed tobacco as greedily as a sot swallows liquor.

(209) 57. *panes:* a pane is "a piece of cloth of a different color, inserted in a garment for ornament" (*The Century Dictionary*). ¶ 58. *conceit:* faculty of conception. ¶ 59. *comedians* = writers of comedy. ¶ 65. *sort* = high rank.

(209) THE INDIFFERENT. ¶ 5. *tries* = puts to the test, proves. ¶ 10. *other:* i. e., other than fidelity, which the poet here regards as a vice. ¶ 13. The sense is, Are you true because you fear that men are, and think that therefore you must respond by being true too?

(210) LOVERS' INFINITENESS. ¶ 16. *stocks:* store of love; cf. ll. 5, 6.

(211) 30. *with losing sav'st it:* cf. Luke 17:33, "Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."

(211) A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING. ¶ 9. *Moving of th' earth:* i. e., an earthquake. ¶ 11. *trepidation of the spheres:* the trepidation, or swaying, of the crystalline sphere was supposed to cause the precession of the equinoxes; for "spheres," see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l 48, p. 479. ¶ 16. *elemented:* i. e., constituted the very elements of.

(213) THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY. Lines 211–50. This poem—with "The First Anniversary" and some other poems, all under a general heading, "An Anatomy of the World"—commemorates the death of Elizabeth Drury in 1610, at the age of fifteen; she was the niece of Francis Bacon, and is supposed to have been the intended bride of Prince Henry. ¶ 1. *pith:* the spinal cord.

(214) 16. *prefer:* the thought is that in praising her by likening her to earthly treasures we seem to imply that they are superior to her. ¶ 25. *betroth:* i. e., assign; see next line. ¶ 32. *electrum:* an alloy of gold and silver ¶ 33. *that:* gold; here, her soul (cf. l. 36). ¶ 39. *Our prison's:* i e., our body's.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

> Well died the world, that we might live to see
> This world of wit in his "Anatomy."
> No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
> Bedew their fathers' tombs with forcèd tears,
> Whose state requites their loss: whiles thus we gain,
> Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
> Yet how can I consent the world is dead
> While this Muse lives, which in his spirit's stead
> Seems to inform a world, and bids it be
> In spite of loss or frail mortality?

—Joseph Hall, lines (1611) upon Donne's *Anatomy of the World*, "The First Anniversary."

"That Donne's 'Anniversary' was profane and full of blasphemies: that he told Mr. Donne if it had been written of the Virgin Mary it had been something; to which he answered that he had described the idea of a woman and not as she was. That Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging. . . . . He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things: his verses of the 'Lost Chain' he hath by heart, and that passage of 'The Calm' —'That dust and feathers do not stir, all was so quiet.' Affirmeth Donne to have written all his best pieces ere he was twenty-five years old. . . . . That Donne himself, for not being understood, would perish."—Ben Jonson, as reported in *Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond*, 1619.

Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose every work of thy most early wit
Came forth example and remains so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give.
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.
—Ben Jonson, lines prefixed to the 1650 edition of Donne.

Thou shalt yield no precedence but of time
And the blind fate of language, whose tuned chime
More charms the outward sense; yet thou mayst claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick-ribbed hoops to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had proved too stout
For their soft melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands,
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And that their smallest work) have gleanèd more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before
But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry:
They will recall the goodly exiled train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Was banished nobler poems; now with these
The silenced tales i' th' "Metamorphoses"
Shall stuff their lines and swell the windy page,
Till verse, refined by thee in this last age,
Turn ballad-rhyme, or those old idols be
Adored again with new apostacy. . . . .
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
I on thy grave this epitaph incise:
"Here lies a king that ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit;
Here lies two flamens, and both those the best:
Apollo's first; at last the true God's priest."
—Thomas Carew, "An Elegy upon the Death of Doctor Donne," 1631.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

(215) PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY, AND WELCOME, DAY. From *The Rape of Lucrece*. ¶ 16. *Stare:* the starling.

JOHN FLETCHER

(215) SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR. From *The Faithful Shepherdess*, II. i.

(216) 14. *wanton* = unrestrained, covered with wild growth. ¶ 26. *secure* = careless. ¶ 31. *our great god:* the speaker is a priest of Pan.

(216) HENCE, ALL YOU VAIN DELIGHTS. From *The Nice Valour*, III. iii. Cf. "Il Penseroso," p. 347.

(217) 16. *parting* = departing, dying.

(217) CARE-CHARMING SLEEP. From *Valentinian*, V. ii.

(217) THE BEGGARS' HOLIDAY. From *Beggars' Bush*, II. i. ¶ 12. *field:* the battle-field.

(218) 14. *gown:* the symbol of civil life and its duties, in contrast to martial life. ¶ 17. *subsidy:* a tax in proportion to one's estate. ¶ 18. *sessed* = assessed, taxed.

(218) WEEP NO MORE. From *The Queen of Corinth*, III. ii. ¶ 2. *calls* = calls back. ¶ 10. *mo* = more.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

(218) ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. ¶ 1. *Mortality:* mortal men. ¶ 4. *this heap of stones:* the abbey. ¶ 5. *had:* supply "that" as subject. ¶ 9. *acre:* cf. "God's acre," for graveyard, i. e., a field sowed with bodies which will spring up at the resurrection.

(219) 13. *birth:* high birth.

JOHN WEBSTER

(219) A DIRGE. From *The White Devil*, V. iv. ¶ 5. *his funeral dole:* the funeral sorrow for him. ¶ 8. *gay* = fine, splendidly decorated.

(219) HARK! NOW EVERYTHING IS STILL. From *The Duchess of Malfi*, IV. ii. ¶ 2. *whistler:* the ousel, a kind of thrush. ¶ 6. *competent* = enough.

GILES FLETCHER

(220) CHRIST'S VICTORY AND TRIUMPH. The first selection, "Justice and Mercy," is from the first part of the poem, entitled "Christ's Victory in Heaven," and includes stanzas 9–16, 40–43, 48–52. The second selection, "Satan," is from the second part of the poem, entitled "Christ's Victory on Earth," and includes stanzas 15–22.

(220) *Justice and Mercy.* The scene is in heaven, and Justice and Mercy are contending before God as to what shall be done to fallen man; cf. *Paradise Lost*, III. 56–415. ¶ 5. *Eoüs:* the Dawn. ¶ 8. *orient* = brightness. ¶ 16. *scoals* = scales. *wears* = bears. ¶ 17. *affection* = feeling. ¶ 18. *apathy* = absence of feeling; cf. "pathos." ¶ 20, 21. *no sad cry . . . but wronged poverty:* i. e., Justice is not affected by mere suffering, but she rights wrongs. ¶ 22. *her eyes:* Poverty's eyes.

(221) 25–48. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, II. vii. 181–225, p. 67. ¶ 30. *foul* = unfavorable, threatening. ¶ 33–40. There is no main verb, but the things mentioned are evidently some of the "plagues" of l. 29. ¶ 44. *roaguing* = raging. ¶ 49. *two stony tables:* the tables of the Law given to Moses. ¶ 51. *There:* in the tables. ¶ 57–61. See Ex., chap. 19.

(222) 66. *imbranded* = armed with brands, or swords. ¶ 68. *ydraded* = dreaded. ¶ 73. *clamping* = enlightening like a lamp. ¶ 91. *idea:* an allusion to the Platonic doctrine of Ideas, or archetypal forms in heaven, of which all things on earth are but dim copies; see "An Hymne in Honour of Beautie," p. 30, and the note on it, p. 431. ¶ 96. *entombed exile* the thought is Plato's—that the soul formerly existed in the world of pure spirit, and tha at birth into earthly life it was exiled from heaven and entombed in a body.

(223) 98. *'still* = distill. ¶ 115. *mountelets:* in apposition with "breast," l. 113. ¶ 119. *thrist* = thirst. ¶ 123. *expect* = wait. ¶ 127. *quick'ning* = bringing to life (O. E. "cwic," living); cf. "the quick and the dead."

(224) 134 *vive* = living.

(224) *Satan.* The lines are the beginning of Fletcher's account of the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness. Cf. *The Faerie Queen*, I. i. 46–135, pp. 34–36, and *Paradise Regained*, I. 314 ff. ¶ 28. *lime* = file, polish (Latin "limare," to file).

(225) 33. *mote* = might. ¶ 34. *his* = its. ¶ 37. *his* = its. ¶ 49. *weeds* = garments; but there seems to be also a play upon the word in its other sense (see l. 51). ¶ 52. *corps* = body

¶ 54. *erred* = wandered. ¶ 55. *peccant* = sinning. ¶ 56. *fears:* the subject is "Tyrant," the object is "all." *feared:* the subject is "all," the object is "Tyrant." ¶ 57. *Acheron:* a river in hell. ¶ 59. *Phlegethon:* a river in hell; the word means "flaming" (Greek φλεγέθων).

PHINEAS FLETCHER

(226) THE PURPLE ISLAND. Canto II, stanzas 30–35; Canto XII, stanzas 2–6, 21–25. The "purple island" is man, made of "purple dust . . . . from the new-born earth" (Canto I, st. 44). The poem describes first the bodily and spiritual parts of man, and then the war of evil against him.

(226) *Koilia.* Koilia (Greek κοιλία, from κοῖλος, hollow) is the stomach. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, II. ix. st. 25–32. ¶ 1. *porters:* the teeth. ¶ 8. *groom:* the tongue. ¶ 9. *officers:* the swallowing muscles. ¶ 21. *groom:* "*Mos breve*, or the short vessel, which, sending in a melancholy humor, sharpens the appetite."—Fletcher's note. ¶ 22. "In the bottom of the stomach (which is placed in the middle of the belly) is concoction perfected."—Fletcher's note.

(227) *The Shepherd's Life.* ¶ 11. *Sidonian tincture:* the Phoenician purple dye, used for the robes of kings; Sidon was one of the chief Phoenician cities. ¶ 21. *differences:* a play upon two meanings of the word—disputes, and the distinction between tones in the musical scale.

(228) 32. *lively* = living.

(228) *Faith and Knowledge Fight the Dragon.* Satan, that old Serpent, has led his forces against the Island of Man, and a great battle is on. ¶ 8–14. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, I. xi. 325–55, pp. 57, 58. ¶ 10. *Typhoeus:* a rebellious gaint whom Zeus buried under Mt. Aetna. ¶ 15. *his:* the dragon's.

(229) 21. *Fido's shield:* cf. Eph. 6:16, "Taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

ANONYMOUS

(229) THEN I WAS IN LOVE. From Robert Jones' *Muses' Garden of Delights.*

(230) 19. *out of wax:* in the most elegant fashion, in the most precise way, as if modeled in wax; cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iii, 75, 76:

> A man, young lady! such a man
> As all the world—why, he 's a man of wax.

(230) THE BELLMAN'S SONG. From Thomas Ravenscroft's *Melismata.* Night-watchmen used to ring a bell as they made their rounds, and recite verses or charms; cf. "Il Penseroso," l. 83, p. 349, and "The Bellman," p. 284.

(230) SEE WHERE MY LOVE A-MAYING GOES. From Francis Pilkington's *First Set of Madrigals.*

(231) SWEET SUFFOLK OWL. From Thomas Vautor's *Songs of Divers Airs and Natures.*

(231) OPEN THE DOOR. From Martin Peerson's *Private Music.* ¶ 11 *seld* = seldom.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

(231) I KNOW THAT ALL BENEATH THE MOON DECAYS.

(232) 12. *invassal:* act contrary to the duty of a vassal and rebel against their lord.

(233) PHOEBUS, ARISE. ¶ 4. *Memnon's Mother:* Aurora; Tithonus, her aged husband, is probably a personification of the gray in the east before dawn. ¶ 11. *decore* = decorate. ¶ 27. *those which by Peneus' streams:* Daphne, who fled from Phoebus' love and was changed into a laurel tree, was the daughter of the river-god Peneus. ¶ 30. *two:* the prodigy of two suns at once is reported to have occurred in 204 B. C., when Scipio was invading Africa to war with Hannibal. ¶ 33. *Amphion's lyre:* Amphion, the son of Zeus, was so sweet a player

that, when Thebes was building, the stones of the walls moved into their places under the influence of his strains.

(234) 42, 43. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 3, 4:

> And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
> From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

(234) To Chloris. ¶ 3. *Stygian mists:* dark vapors, or clouds, as if from the lower world; the Styx was a river in hell. ¶ 7. *Deucalion's days:* when a flood covered the earth.

(235) The Praise of a Solitary Life. ¶ 12. *to* = in contrast to.

WILLIAM BROWNE

(236) Britannia's Pastorals.

(236) *Sweeter Scents than in Arabia Found.* Book I. ii. 325–58. ¶ 13. *the prime:* the spring, the prime of the year. ¶ 25. *confected* = prepared (Latin "confectus," put together)

(236) *A Squirrel Hunt.* Book I. v. 697–720.

(237) 5. *sort* = company. ¶ 20. *dray* = nest.

(237) *Walla, the Fairest Nymph.* Book II. iii. 763–850. Walla is a personification of Walla Brook, that flows into the river Tavy near Tavistock, Browne's native place in his beloved Devonshire. ¶ 7. *Pythian knight:* Apollo, god of the sun; called "Pythian" because he slew the python. ¶ 9. *Pelops' shoulder:* see note on "Hero and Leander," l. 65, p. 446 ¶ 10. *jet* = strut. *Isca's:* Isca was an old Roman city in the west of England. ¶ 14. *left to play:* ceased from playing. ¶ 15. *them:* the lilies.

(238) 26. *sample:* imitate in embroidery. ¶ 33. *fret:* twist. ¶ 39. *ecliptic:* the apparent path of the sun. ¶ 44. *Cimmerii:* a people of Greek fable, supposed to live beyond the ocean stream, in perpetual darkness. ¶ 49. *ceston* = cestus, girdle; that of Venus made alluring whoever wore it. *braver* = more beautiful, more splendid. ¶ 50. *fairest flower of Greece:* Helen.

(239) 66. *orient* = bright, shining; cf. note on *Comus*, l. 65, p. 489. *chrysolite:* a greenish yellow stone. ¶ 69. *parly* = parti-colored, variegated. ¶ 82. *Latmus' hill:* the scene of Diana's love with Endymion.

(239) *A Fairy Banquet.* Book III. i. 713–92, 915–38. ¶ 6. *feat* = nicely made

(240) 11. *ligne* = line. ¶ 12. *clad:* supply "that" as subject. ¶ 16. *Curiously* = carefully, skilfully. ¶ 18. *discoloured* = variegated. ¶ 22. *shaven for the dinner:* a gibe at the supposed niggardliness of Spain's grandees; Browne shared his countryman's hatred of Spain and often satirized it. ¶ 27. *y-pight* = fixed. ¶ 34. *spinner's* = spider's. *sleaves* = silk threads; here, cobwebs. ¶ 37. *salt* = salt-cellar. ¶ 38. *wrack* = wreck, destruction. ¶ 40, 41. A mock epic, "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," formerly attributed to Homer, describes a war between the frogs and mice, caused by the death of a mouse who was escaping from a cat and was detained by a frog.

(241) 66. *mel-dew* = honey-dew (Latin "mel," honey). ¶ 70. *they:* the hautboys. *syves* = rushes. ¶ 72. *chibole* = cibol, a plant of the onion family. ¶ 75. *pismire* = ant. ¶ 77. *sloes* = small plums. ¶ 78. *pettitoes* = small toes. 79. *souse* = pickle.

(242) A Rose as Fair as Ever Saw the North. No. 5 of "Visions." The whole series is in imitation of the sonnets of Bellay (1524?–1560), the French poet; cf. Spenser's "Visions of Bellay," which are translations and adaptations of the same.

(243) On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke. The first stanza of the epitaph has been assigned to Ben Jonson, but on no sufficient evidence; in a manuscript of the middle of the seventeenth century, now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, both stanzas occur, signed "William Browne." ¶ 1. *hearse* = bier. ¶ 3. *Sidney's:* Sir Philip Sidney's. *Pembroke's:* the reference is to the third earl of Pembroke; he was a poet, and the First Folio edition of Shakspere's plays was dedicated to him and his brother; from 1617 to his death, in 1630, he was chancellor of Oxford University. ¶ 10. *Niobe:* the queen of Thebes; for boasting of her superiority to Latona, mother of Apollo and Diana, in number of children, she was punished by the death of them all, and she wept until she turned to stone.

RICHARD CORBET

(243) THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL. ¶ 11. *change priests' babies:* fairies, it was believed sometimes stole away babies and left elf-children in their stead; there is also a reference to the immorality in some abbeys. ¶ 12. *changed your land:* a reference to the confiscation of the church lands by Henry VIII.

(244) 13. *thence:* the church lands. ¶ 14. *Puritans:* Corbet was a bishop in the English church, and disliked the Puritans. ¶ 15. *as changelings:* i. e., the Puritans are like babies substituted for the children of the house; they are not the rightful inheritors of the church property, for they are of another faith. ¶ 16. *demains* = demesne, houses and adjoining lands. ¶ 18. *you:* the abbeys. ¶ 20. *pretty ladies:* the fairies. ¶ 23, 24. *their . . . . their:* the fairies'. ¶ 25. *rings:* "Their diversion was dancing hand-in-hand in a circle; and the traces of their tiny feet, which were held to be visible on the grass long afterwards, were called fairy ings."—Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. *roundelays* = dances in a circle. ¶ 27. *Were footed:* supply "which" as subject. ¶ 34. *old profession:* the old religious profession, i. e Roman Catholicism. ¶ 35. *Ave-Marys: Ave-Mary* is one of the prayers of the Roman Catholic Church, so called from the first words, *Ave Maria*, "Hail, Mary." ¶ 36. *procession:* a technical term for certain ceremonial processions in church in connection with the Roman Catholic ritual.

(245) 55. *con* = give, acknowledge (O. E. "cunnan," to know). ¶ 71. *fairies' evidence:* i. e., evidence of the existence of the fairies.

GEORGE WITHER

(246) SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR. ¶ 12. *feature* = form. ¶ 14. *pelican:* it was believed that the pelican fed her young with her own blood.

(247) FAIR VIRTUE. Lines 1–132.

(248) 28. *gaggling* = cackling. ¶ 34. *marl:* a kind of soil. ¶ 36. *Arthur:* the legendary King Arthur of the Round Table. ¶ 48. *sallows* = willows. ¶50. *privet:* an evergreen shrub, used for hedges. ¶ 51. *moe* = more

(249) 62. *bulloes* = bullaces, plums. *sloes:* another kind of plums. ¶ 65. *raspice* = raspberry. ¶ 78. *quill:* a reed to play on. ¶ 93. *laund* = a glade, or open space in a wood. ¶ 94. *pastor* = shepherd; here, a poet, according to the custom of the older pastoral poetry, in which shepherds are represented as piping and singing songs of their own composition. *Philaret:* contraction for "Philarete" = "Lover of Virtue" (Greek φίλος, loving, ἀρετή, virtue); the poet's name for himself.

(250) 110. *cunning* = skill. ¶ 119. *brave* = of fine appearance, beautiful.

JAMES SHIRLEY

(251) NO ARMOUR AGAINST FATE. From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, I. iii ¶ 1. *blood:* i. e., noble blood. *state:* i. e., high state.

GEORGE HERBERT

(251) THE CHURCH PORCH. Stanzas 5, 12–14, 20, 25, 52, 53.

(252) 9. *spare* = refrain from. ¶ 16. *working* = seething. ¶ 20. Taken from Donne's "To Mr. Tilman after He Had Taken Orders," l. 30, with change of "In" to "By." *mistressing:* dangling after a lady-love. ¶ 27. *stour* = sturdy, ready for conflict and tumult. ¶ 30. *shelf:* i. e., a shelf of rock, on which one may shipwreck. ¶ 38. *Error:* i. e., the error you are refuting. *truth:* i. e., the truth you are presenting.

(253) 47. *bow:* the rainbow. ¶ 48. *the sphere:* apparently the highest sphere, next to heaven; see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 48, p. 479.

(253) VIRTUE. ¶ 5. *angry* = having the flush of anger, red. *brave* = gorgeous. ¶ 6. *wipe his eye:* i. e., because the brilliancy of the rose's color has made the eye water. ¶ 15. *coal:* i. e., live coal when the world is burnt up at the last day.

(254) THE PEARL. Herbert cites Matt. 13:45, 46, "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." ¶ 2. "I have a feeling that Herbert intends a quibble here between the printing press and some other, such as a wine or olive press."—Beeching. ¶ 5. *what the stars conspire:* a reference to astrology. ¶ 6. The reference is to natural science and alchemy. ¶ 13. *vies of favours:* vying with one another in doing favors. *whether* = which. ¶ 15. *expressions:* i. e., of courtesy and favors. ¶ 16, 17. The sense is, I know how to bind the world to me and carry it with me. ¶ 19. The reference is to drinking bouts, in which one may hurt his health in company with his friends or pick occasions for fighting duels with his enemies. ¶ 26. *store* = wealth. ¶ 32. *sealed* = sewn up, like the eyes of a hawk; a term from hawking. ¶ 34. *main sale:* the terms of the exchange.

(255) PEACE. ¶ 3. *secret cave:* symbol of retirement from the world. ¶ 7. *rainbow:* symbol of transitory beauty. ¶ 15. *crown imperial:* symbol of high place. ¶ 22. *Prince:* Christ. ¶ 23. *Salem:* Jerusalem (= "city of peace").

(256) THE COLLAR. ¶ 5. *store* = abundance. ¶ 6. *in suit:* in attendance upon a superior.

(258) THE ELIXIR. ¶ 8. *his* = its. ¶ 15. *his* = its. *tincture:* "In alchemy, etc., a supposed spiritual principle or immaterial substance whose character or quality may be infused into material things."—*The Century Dictionary*. In this case the tincture is the spirit of service to God ("for Thy sake"), which will transmute homely labor into worship. ¶ 24. *told* = reckoned.

WILLIAM BOSWORTH

(258) ARCADIUS' SONG TO SEPHA. "Arcadius and Sepha," II. 1128–75.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

(260) AN ODE. ¶ 16. *puisne:* in law, a judge in an inferior court; the word is an archaic form of "puny." *inns-of-court:* incorporated legal societies, which instruct and examine students and admit to the bar; the "puisne" would seem to be one of the instructors or examiners. ¶ 23. *no finger lose:* it is known that the poet had lost a finger in a fray.

(261) 32. *Hyde Park:* a park in the fashionable quarter of London. ¶ 36. *Cheap:* Cheapside (O. E. "ceap," price), a London business street, long famous for its jewelers and merchants. *Lombard Street:* for ages the most noted street in London for bankers; it got its name from the Lombardy money-dealers who took up their residence there in large numbers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

(262) 76. *Barkley's:* the allusion may be to Sir John Berkley, governor of Exeter. ¶ 78. *Phrygian:* in ancient music the Phrygian mode was wild and enthusiastic; the Doric (see l. 83) was grave and severe.

ROBERT HERRICK

A few of Herrick's poems were published before the rest, in 1640, but since the date of composition of most of his poems is uncertain, it has seemed best to print all in the order in which they occurred in the edition of 1648.

(265) CORINNA 'S GOING A-MAYING. ¶ 2. *the god unshorn:* Apollo, god of the sun; his unshorn locks are the rays of the sun. ¶ 4. *Fresh-quilted colours:* "The figure may have been borrowed from the variety of colors in stuffs quilted together."—Professor Hale. ¶ 22. *orient* = bright; see note on *Comus*, l. 65, p. 489. ¶ 32. *Devotion:* i. e., to the May and to Love; cf. l. 36.

(266) 51. *green-gown:* in this connection the words meant being thrown down upon the grass.

(266) TO LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES.

(267) 12. *retorted* = thrown back. ¶ 24. *nose:* an illusion to Ovid's surname, "Naso" (nose), supposed to indicate that his nose was very prominent. ¶ 32. *thyrse:* the thyrsus was

associated with Bacchus. *bite the bays:* it was supposed that poets, like the priests of Apollo, could get inspiration by eating the bays, or laurel; but here the meaning may be only that in his vinous excitement the poet may forget himself and eat the laurel with which he is crowned.

(268) 46. *aspire* = mount up, live forever.

(269) THE FAIRY TEMPLE. ¶ 1. *enchased* = incrusted. ¶ 9. *Rimmon:* a Syrian god; see II Kings 5:18. ¶ 16. *canker:* canker-worm. ¶ 18. *Cantharides:* the Latin name for a species of beetle. ¶ 29. *state:* chair of state. ¶ 31. *fatuus ignis* = "misleading fire."

(270) 41. "*Favour your tongues*": i. e., keep silence; a translation of Horace, *Odes*, III. i. 2, "Favete linguis," "Favor with your tongues." ¶ 43. "*Hence, hence, profane*": a translation of the *Æneid*, vi. 258, "Procul, o procul este, profani"; "profane" means uninitiated in the sacred mysteries (Latin "pro," before, outside of, "fanum," temple). ¶ 47. *odd, not even:* Professor Hale suggests that the reason for this statement may be that odd numbers were considered lucky, and quotes Virgil, *Eclogues*, viii. 75, "Numero deus impare gaudet," "The god likes the odd number."

(270) THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME. Inscribed to the Right Honorable Mildmay, earl of Westmoreland, a patron of Herrick. The hock-cart was the cart which brought home the last of the harvest. ¶ 9. *maukin* = malkin, a wench? Just what Herrick refers to is doubtful; but Brand (*Popular Antiquities*, "Harvest Home") says that in parts of England, about this time, it was customary to bring home in the hock-cart a figure, or sometimes a maiden, representing the Harvest Queen, and perhaps Herrick is alluding to this custom. Professor Hale explains "maukin" as "mop."

(271) 34. *frumenty:* a dish of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned. ¶ 36. *smirking:* smiling, i. e., making the drinker happy. ¶ 40. *fanes* = fans, winnowing fans; or perhaps vanes, weathercocks. *fats* = vats. ¶ 41. *wheaten hats:* hats made of twisted wisps of straw. ¶ 45. *neat* = cattle.

(272) TO ANTHEA. ¶ 2. *protestant:* i. e., one who will protest, or assert, his devotion.

(273) THE BRACELET TO JULIA. ¶ 8. *Knap* = snap.

(274) HIS WINDING SHEET.

(275) 17. *affections* = passions. ¶ 27. *Star Chamber bills:* the Star Chamber was a high court of justice, consisting chiefly of the king's councilors; it had almost unlimited powers, which were often exercised tyrannically ¶ 29. *Court for our Request:* "An allusion to the Court of Requests, established in the time of Richard II as a lesser Court of Equity for the hearing of 'all poor men's suits.' "—Pollard.

(276) 47. *that great Platonic year:* it was an ancient belief that at the end of every 36,000 years the stars and planets completed a great cycle, and got back to their original relative positions; the reference here is to the Last Judgment.

(277) THE COUNTRY LIFE.

(278) 52. *wakes:* see "The Wake," p. 280, and the note on *Comus*, l. 121, p. 489. *quintals* = quintains, games of tilting at the quintain. The quintain was a horizontal bar turning on a pivot in the center; at one end was a sand-bag, at the other a square board; the game was to strike the board with a pole and move on nimbly enough to escape being hit in the back by the bag. ¶ 54. *Whitsun-ale:* "A festival formerly held in England at Whitsuntide by the inhabitants of the various parishes, who met generally in or near a large barn in the vicinity of the church, ate and drank, and engaged in various games and sports."—*The Century Dictionary*. Whitsunday is the seventh Sunday after Easter, and commemorates the day of Pentecost. ¶ 57. *fox-i'-th'-hole:* a hopping-game. ¶ 58. *mummeries:* entertainments at Christmas time, when companies wearing masks went from house to house and gave a kind of play, usually St. George and the Dragon; the word is the same as old French "momer" and German "mummen," to mask. *Twelfth-tide kings:* Twelfth night, the twelfth day after Christmas, the feast of the Epiphany (or "manifestation" of Christ to the Magi), was celebrated in England with merry-makings, one of which was to choose a king or queen by the finding of a bean and a pea in a cake that was cut up and distributed; see Herrick's "Twelfth-Night, or King

and Queen." ¶ 60. *nut-brown mirth:* mirth by drinking nut-brown ale; cf. "L'Allegro," l. 100, p. 345. *russet wit:* simple country wit, such as goes with russet gowns, which were homespun. ¶ 62. *To* = in addition to. ¶ 63. *treacherous:* betraying the hare by revealing her tracks. ¶ 64. *witty wiles:* ingenious tricks. ¶ 66. *cockrood:* the same as "cockshoot," which *A New English Dictionary* explains as "a broad way, or glade, in a wood, through which woodcocks, etc., might dart, or 'shoot,' so as to be caught by nets stretched across the opening." ¶ 70, 71. Cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 458, 459:

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas.

"O greatly happy tillers of the field, if they had known their own good fortune."

(279) His Grange, or Private Wealth. ¶ 16. Perhaps there is a glancing allusion to the geese who by their cackling saved Rome during an invasion by the Gauls. ¶ 24. *miching* = shrinking from view. ¶ 25. *To* = in addition to. ¶ 26. *Tracy:* spaniel; a proper noun used as a common noun because of its frequency (cf. "Dobbin" or horse).

(280) The Wake. See note on *Comus*, l. 121, p. 489. ¶ 4. *junkets* = sweetmeats. ¶ 8. *Marian:* Maid Marian, of the Robin Hood stories; she was often impersonated in rural pageants, or crude spectacular plays.

(281) 14. *incurious:* not looking into such things very carefully. ¶ 24. *want* = lack.

(281) A Conjuration, to Electra. ¶ 1. *tods* = tufts. ¶ 10. *Hecate:* see note on "Now the Hungry Lion Roars," l. 14, p. 447.

(282) His Litany to the Holy Spirit. This poem and the succeeding poems are from *His Noble Numbers, or His Pious Pieces*, a collection with a separate title-page and dated 1647, but published in 1648 in the same volume with the *Hesperides*. ¶ 13. *artless* = without art, or skill.

(284) Another Grace for a Child. ¶ 3. *paddocks* = toads.

Contemporary Criticism

Ships lately from the islands came
With wines thou never heard'st by name:
Montefiasco, Frontiniac,
Vernaccio, and that old sack
Young Herrick took to entertain
The muses in a sprightly vein.

—Anonymous, "To Parson Weeks, an Invitation to London," *Musarum Deliciae*, 1658.

And then Flaccus Horace,
He was but a sour ass,
And good for nothing but lyrics.
There 's but one to be found
In all English ground
Writes as well—who is hight Robert Herrick.

—Anonymous, *Naps upon Parnassus*, 1658.

"One of the scholars of Apollo of the middle form, yet something above George Withers, in a pretty flowery and pastoral gale of fancy, in a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain; which, but for the interruption of other trivial passages, might have made up none of the worst poetic landskips."—William Winstanley, *The Lives of the Most Famous English Poets*, 1687.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

(285) To Roses in the Bosom of Castara. "Castara" (="chaste") was the poet's name for the lady whom he wooed and married.

(287) Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam. The title (="Night unto Night Showeth Knowledge") is taken from Ps. 19:2, in the Vulgate.

THOMAS CAREW

(290) ASK ME NO MORE WHERE JOVE BESTOWS.

¶ 11. *dividing throat:* "division" is a musical term, meaning "a course of notes so running into each other as to form one series or chain, to be sung in one breath to one syllable" (*The International Dictionary*); "dividing throat" means a throat that does "division" well, or, in general terms, sings well.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(291) WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER. From *Aglaura*, IV. i. ¶ 12. *take* = captivate.

(291) A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING. The occasion was the marriage of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, to Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, in 1640 ¶ 7. *Charing Cross:* in the center of London, near Haymarket Square, where hay formerly was sold. ¶ 9. *a house:* Suffolk House.

(292) 32. *Whitsun-ale:* see note on "The Country Life," l. 54, p. 470. ¶ 34. *kindly* = by natural process.

(293) 62. *teeth:* the object, not the subject, of "break." ¶ 71. *trained band:* citizen soldiers, militia.

(294) TRUE LOVE. From *Aglaura*, IV. i.

RICHARD LOVELACE

(295) TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS. Lovelace took up arms for the king in 1639 and in 1645.

(295) TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON. The poet was in prison for a few weeks in 1642, for presenting to Parliament a petition on behalf of the king.

(296) 17. *committed:* committed to prison, caged. ¶ 22. *how great should be:* the civil war had already broken out and the throne was in danger.

RICHARD CRASHAW

(297) ON A FOUL MORNING. ¶ 9. *instile* = instil into. ¶ 22. *phoenix:* see note on *Samson Agonistes*, "Samson's Revenge," l. 104, p. 510.

(298) THE HOLY NATIVITY.

(299) 17. *embraves* = makes fine. ¶ 41. *mother diamonds:* her eyes.

(300) 50. *Maia's* = May's.

(300) THE FLAMING HEART. Teresa (1515–82), a Spanish saint, was famous for her trances and raptures of devotion; one of her visions was that an angel came to her and struck her heart with a lance tipped with fire, and this was often made the subject of paintings of her; she wrote her autobiography, giving a full account of her spiritual experiences, and founded a new and very strict order of nuns.

(301) 34. *flagrant* = burning. ¶ 41. *of:* wrought by. ¶ 44. *lover:* i. e., lover of God; the special gift of seraphim, in distinction from cherubim, was ardor in worship.

(302) 61. *prescription:* precedent and custom. ¶ 63. *gallantry* = splendid appearance.

HENRY VAUGHAN

(303) THE RETREAT. The poem expresses a kind of Christian Platonism: heaven is thought of as the ineffable world of pure spirit in which human souls lived before they were born into the earthly life; for a few years they still retain some insight into the beauty of the Eternal Spirit as it is dimly reflected in beautiful things on earth, which are made according to their glorious archetypes in heaven; but with maturer years this insight is darkened by length of time and by sin.

(304) The World. ¶ 5. *spheres:* see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 48, p. 479.

(305) 16. *statesman:* it is possible that there is a veiled allusion to Cromwell; Charles I had been executed the year before the poem was published. ¶ 30. *as free:* i. e., as freely as if it had not rained blood and tears. ¶ 43. *brave*=fine, beautiful. ¶ 47. *ring:* cf. l. 2.

(306) They Are All Gone into the World of Light.

(307) 23. *well*=spring. ¶ 35. *Resume*=take back. *Thy spirit:* i. e., my spirit, created by Thee. ¶ 38. *perspective*=telescope (Latin "perspicere," to look through).

THOMAS TRAHERNE

The poems of Traherne were first edited and published by Mr. Bertram Dobell, in 1903. A few years ago Mr. W. T Brooke discovered a manuscript volume of poems of great interest, which he attributed to Vaughan. Mr. Dobell, becoming interested in them, decided on internal evidence that they were not Vaughan's, and then, aided by Mr Brooke, unearthed conclusive proof that they were written by Traherne.

(310) *Wonder.* Traherne was a Christian Platonist, like Vaughan; see prefatory note above, on the latter's "Retreat."

(311) 49. *proprieties*=exclusive rights of ownership.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

(311) Cooper's Hill. Lines 161–240. Cooper's Hill is near the Thames, and in the vicinity are many places of historic interest, which the poet refers to in the course of the poem—Windsor Castle, Magna Charta Island, where King John signed the great Charter in 1215, and the field of Runnymede, where the barons camped on that occasion.

(312) 33. *Eridanus:* a famous river of Greek myth, into which Phaeton fell from the chariot of the sun; it has been identified with the Po and the Rhine.

(313) 54. *Self-enamoured youth:* Narcissus who fell in love with his own face mirrored in a spring. ¶ 75. *There:* in the "spacious plain," which contained a great wood reserved as a royal chase. ¶ 77. *noble herd:* the king's stags. ¶ 78. *sublime*=lofty.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(314) A Vote. Stanzas 9–11. ¶ 16. *Sabine field:* Maecenas, the great patron of letters under Augustus, presented Horace with a small farm in the Sabine hills, where the poet lived in great content.

(314) The Spring.

(315) 23. *she:* Daphne, who, fleeing the embraces of Apollo, was turned into a laurel tree. ¶ 26. *Thracian:* Orpheus, the mythical Greek poet and musician, who was fabled to draw trees and stones after him by his playing, according to one legend was the son of a river-god in Thrace. ¶ 42. *to me:* to be taken with "that shall be" in the line above.

(316) 48. *that:* i. e., the time when she comes.

(316) The Resurrection. "As for the Pindaric odes, ... I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers, nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracks of poesie. . . . . The digressions are many and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all lyrics, and of Pindar above all men living. The figures are unusual and bold, even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry. The numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation."—Preface.

(318) Of Solitude. In the essay, "Of Solitude," in *Essays in Verse and Prose.* ¶ 13. *fond*=foolish.

(319) 39, 40. A reference to the supposed generation of the Son and the Holy Spirit from the Father.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

Our wit, till Cowley did its lustre raise,
May be resembled to the first three days,
In which did shine only such streaks of light
As served but to distinguish day from night;
But wit breaks forth in all that he has done,
Like light when 't was united in the sun.

—Anonymous, "Verses on the Death of Mr. Abraham Cowley," 1667?

At last another Pindar came,
Great as the first in genius and in fame,
But that the first in Greek, a conqu'ring language, sung,
And the last wrote but in an island tongue.
Wit, thought, invention in them both do flow,
As torrents tumbling from the mountains go.
Though the great Roman lyric do maintain
That none can equal Pindar's strain,
Cowley with words as full and thoughts as high,
As ever Pindar did, does fly;
Of kings and heroes he as boldly sings,
And flies above the clouds yet never wets his wings.

—Thomas Higgons, "Ode upon the Death of Mr. Cowley," 1667?

But cursèd be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw. . . . .
Old Mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakespear and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'st share.

—Sir John Denham, "On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death," 1667?

"Every one knows it [the Pindaric ode] was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. . . . He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But, if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word somewhat of a finer turn and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigor of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind."—John Dryden, preface to the *Second Miscellany*, 1685.

Great Cowley then, a mighty genius wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleased us had he pleased us less,
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder but new wonders rise. . . . .
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar, whom others, in a labored strain
And forced expression, imitate in vain.
Well pleased, in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse and takes a nobler flight.

—Joseph Addison, "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," 1694.

EDMUND WALLER

(319) THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS. Canto I. 5–71. ¶ 4. *Hesperian garden:* a fabled garden in the extreme west, where grew a tree with golden apples watched by a sleepless dragon.

(320) 6. *ambergris:* a morbid secretion of the spermaceti whale; it floats on the ocean, and is cast up on the shore of islands in regions frequented by the whale; when heated it is very fragrant. ¶ 13. *Bacchus:* used here for wine made from the sap of the palm-tree. ¶ 27. *mould* = soil.

(321) 48. *palma-christi:* the castor-oil plant; literally, "hand of Christ." *papaw:* a semi-tropical fruit, having a sweet pulp. ¶ 49. *preventing* = anticipating, working quicker than. ¶ 66. *Sacharissa:* Waller's name (from Latin "sacharum," sugar) for Lady Dorothy Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester; the poet paid court to her for some time.

(321) ON A GIRDLE. ¶ 5. *extremest sphere:* the outermost sphere; a figure borrowed from the Ptolemaic astronomy (see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 48, p. 479).

(323) ON THE LAST VERSES IN THE BOOK. ¶ 11. *affection* = passion; cf. l. 8. ¶ 12. *emptiness:* i. e., in the "fleeting things" which youth pursues.

(324) 13. *The soul's dark cottage:* the body, in which the soul is imprisoned; cf. note on "Justice and Mercy," l. 96, p. 465.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

"But the excellence and dignity of it [rhyme] were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it; he first made writing easily an art, first showed us to conclude the sense, most commonly, in distichs, which in the verse of those before him runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. Waller's lyric poesie was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham, in his 'Cooper's Hill.' "—John Dryden, Dedication of *The Rival Ladies*, 1664. "Well placing of words for the sweetness of pronunciation was not known till Mr. Waller introduced it."—John Dryden, *Defence of the Epilogue*, 1672. "He [Spenser] is the more to be admired that, laboring under such a difficulty ["the ill choice of his stanza"], his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English."—John Dryden, *A Discourse on Satire*, 1692. "Even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being, and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared."—John Dryden, *Preface to the Fables*, 1700.

"The reader needs to be told no more in commendation of these poems than that they are Mr. Waller's, a name that carries everything in it that is either great or graceful in poetry. He was, indeed, the parent of English verse, and the first that showed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. . . . . It is a surprising reflection that between what Spenser wrote last and Waller first there should not be much above twenty years' distance; and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever, whilst the other's words are like old coins—one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make when it undertakes anything in earnest. . . . . We are no less beholden to him for the new turn of verse which he brought in and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time men rhymed indeed, and that was all; as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables, which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh, untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne and he will be quickly convinced. . . . . There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon; but as soon as the copy began, down it went like a 'larum, incessantly, and the reader was sure

to be out of breath before he got to the end of it; so that, really, verse in those days was but downright prose tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults."—Preface to the 1690 edition of Waller.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

(324) GONDIBERT. Book III, Canto iii, stanzas 1–11. "Gondibert" is an unfinished narrative poem of love and chivalry in old Verona; the passage here given is the poet's address to the reader. ¶ 15. *lay-light:* a merely secular light, in distinction from the "hallowed" lamps and tapers of the church.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE

(326) PHARONNIDA. Book III, Canto iv, ll. 220–93. Argalia, a Christian Greek soldier, has been taken captive by the Turkish chief, Ammurat, and sent to Sardinia to be tortured and killed by Janusa, Ammurat's wife. She falls in love with him; and although he rejects her, the two are surprised together by Ammurat, who has discovered his wife's guilty passion. At this point the selection begins. ¶ 6. *Her:* Janusa's. ¶ 16. *disturbing death:* i. e., a disturbed death, made more distressful by fears for the life of her love.

ANDREW MARVELL

(328) AN HORATIAN ODE. In May, 1650, Cromwell returned in triumph to London, after stamping out the Irish rebellion in a nine months' campaign. ¶ 15. *his own side:* his own party. The reference probably is to Cromwell's opposition to the Presbyterians on behalf of the Independents and the army, in 1646–47: the Presbyterians, who with the Independents had formed the popular party during the civil war, now wished to disband the army, which was composed largely of Independents, while Parliament was controlled by the Presbyterians; the army, which was dominated by Cromwell, demanded its arrears of pay, indemnity for acts done in the war, and discharge according to contract, and by advancing on London it finally forced Parliament to yield. ¶ 17–20. The sense seems to be, To a man of high courage and ambition rivals in his own party are the same as enemies, and it is more difficult for his fellows to restrain such a man than it is for his enemies to oppose him. ¶ 23. *Caesar's:* Charles I's. ¶ 32. *bergamot:* a kind of pear. Until he was forty, except for a short session in Parliament in 1628–29 Cromwell lived quietly on his estate in the country.

(329) 42. *penetration:* a term of the schoolmen, meaning penetration into the inmost parts of matter instead of thrusting them to one side; it was believed that spirit could do this, but matter could not; so, says the poet, when Cromwell entered the world of government monarchy had to "make room" for him. ¶ 47–54. In 1647, while Charles I was residing, under guard, at Hampton Court Palace, Cromwell and other army leaders tried to secure a stable peace by making honorable terms with him; he refused, escaped, and fled to Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, where he was captured; his flight was used as an argument for putting him to death, to avoid further danger of an uprising if he should again escape. Cromwell was suspected—it is now believed, unjustly—of conniving at the king's flight from Hampton, in order to secure his death. ¶ 57. *He:* Charles. ¶ 66. *forcèd power:* i. e., the new commonwealth, which was forced to this extreme measure in order to make itself secure. ¶ 68. *capitol's:* in ancient Rome; see Pliny, *Natural History*, xxviii. 4.

(330) 86. *A kingdom:* Ireland. ¶ 87. *what he may:* i. e., so far as he may. ¶ 101–4. The sense is, He will soon be to France and Italy what Caesar and Hannibal were, respectively, i. e., a conqueror, and to states struggling for freedom he will be a helpful force at the critical moment ("climacteric").

(331) 105. *Pict:* the Scotch; the Picts and Scots were two of the chief divisions of the Celtic inhabitants of northern Britain before the coming of the Angles and Saxons. ¶ 106. *parti-colored* = variegated; there is a play upon the word "Pict," which is a shortened form of

"Picti" (variegated), the Romans' name for the Celtic tribes which continued longest to paint their bodies. The meaning is that the Scotch had been fickle and treacherous in their dealings with Charles and the English people, first leading in the attack upon the king, and then, when they failed to get all they wanted from the Independents, making overtures to the royalists. ¶ 107. *sad* = fixed, resolute; an old meaning, coming from the original sense of the word (O. E. "saed" full, sated).

(331) THE GARDEN. ¶ 17. *white nor red:* i. e., on the cheek of a beauty. ¶ 18. *amorous:* used, apparently, in the sense of "worthy of love."

(332) 31. The maid, Syrinx, fleeing from Pan, was turned into a water-reed. ¶ 33. *is:* a generally accepted emendation of "in" in the original edition; if "in" is retained, "this" would refer to the garden—a quite possible meaning. ¶ 37. *curious* = carefully made, exquisite. ¶ 51. *vest:* vestment, garment. ¶ 54. *whets* = prunes.

(333) THE CHARACTER OF HOLLAND. The Dutch people sympathized with the English rebellion, but the government of Holland, influenced by exiled English royalists, had refused to recognize the new republic; as a result the two countries were at war in 1652–54, and the attendant bad feeling gave birth to this satire. ¶ 5. *alluvion* = depositing. ¶ 7, 8. A gibe at the drunkenness of the Dutch. ¶ 12. *ambergris:* see note on "The Battle of the Summer Islands," l. 6. p. 475. ¶ 15. Beetles store up their eggs, to be hatched, in balls of dung. ¶ 19, 20. A figure from the sport of bear-baiting, in which a bear was tied to a stake and worried by dogs; "baited" is cognate with "bite."

(334) 26. *mare liberum* = "open sea," a term in international law, signifying a body of water open on equal terms to all nations; the Dutch contended that the English Channel was a *mare liberum*, while the English claimed dominion over it. ¶ 28. *level coil:* an old game, in which one player kept taking the place of another. ¶ 32. *cabillau* = codfish (French "cabillaud"). ¶ 34. *heeren:* Dutch for "Messrs." ¶ 36. *duck and drake:* a term for skipping flat stones on the surface of water; it came to mean throwing anything away lavishly. ¶ 39. Cf. note to *Paradise Lost*, I. 575, p. 506.

JOHN MILTON

Think not that wine against good verse offends;
The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends,
Nor Phoebus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel, crowned.
The Nine themselves ofttimes have joined the song
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng. . . . .
Now to the plenteous feast and mantling bowl
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul;
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And casks not wine alone but verse bestow.
Thus Phoebus favours, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus and whom Ceres both befriend:
What wonder, then, thy verses are so sweet,
In which these triple powers so kindly meet?
The lute now also sounds, with gold in-wrought;
And, touched with flying fingers nicely taught,
In tapestried halls high-roofed, the sprightly lyre
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
If dull repletion fright the Muse away,
Sights gay as these may more invite her stay:
And, trust me, while the ivory keys resound,
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,
Shall animate at once thy glowing frame,
And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,
By love and music's blended powers possessed.
For numerous powers light Elegy befriend,
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend;
Her Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
Hence to such bards we grant the copious use

Of banquets and the vine's delicious juice.
But they who demi-gods and heroes praise,
And feats performed in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
Now shades that echo the Cerberean roar,
Simply let these, like him of Samos, live:
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give;
In beechen goblets let their beverage shine,
Cool from the crystal spring, their sober wine;
Their youth should pass in innocence, secure
From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
Pure as the priest, when robed in white he stands,
The fresh lustration ready in his hands.

—Milton, *Elegia Sexta* (1629), ll. 13–18, 29–66, Cowper's translation.

"Whatever the Deity may have bestowed upon me in other respects, he has certainly inspired me, if any ever were inspired, with a passion for the good and fair. Nor did Ceres, according to the fable, ever seek her daughter Proserpine with such unceasing solicitude as I have sought this τοῦ καλοῦ ἰδέαν, this perfect model of the beautiful in all the forms and appearances of things (πολλαὶ γὰρ μορφαὶ τῶν Δαιμονίων, many are the forms of the divinities)."—Milton, Letter to Charles Diodati, September 23, 1637, Bohn translation. "And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things, not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."—Milton, *An Apology for Smectymnuus*, 1642. "These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation, and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of men's thoughts from within, all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe, teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper who will not so much as look upon Truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed, that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."—Milton, *The Reason of Church Government*, Book II, 1641. "To which [logic and rhetoric] poetry should be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar, but that sublime art which in Aristotle's *Poetics*, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be, and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things."—Milton, *On Education*, 1644.

(334) On the Morning of Christ's Nativity. "I am singing the peace-bringing King, of heavenly seed, and the happy age promised in the sacred books; the wailing deity, and the stabling under a poor roof of Him Who inhabits with His Father the realms in the

highest, and the star-teeming heavens and the choirs singing in the air, and the gods at their fanes suddenly driven away. I indeed gave this offering on Christ's birthday; the first light of dawn brought it to me."—*Elegia Sexta*, ll. 81–89. ¶ 6. *deadly forfeit:* the forfeit of eternal death, incurred by sin.

(335) 10. *wont*=was wont; an old preterite. ¶ 23. *wizards*="wise" men. ¶ 24. *prevent*=go before, anticipate. ¶ 28. Cf. Isa. 6:6, 7. ¶ 41. *pollute*=polluted. *blame*=wrong.

(336) 47. *olive green:* the olive among the Greeks and Romans was a symbol of peace. ¶ 48. *turning sphere.* According to the Ptolemaic astronomy (named from Claudius Ptolemaeus, an Alexandrian astronomer of the second century A. D.), the earth was stationary, and around it revolved the heavenly bodies, set in hollow spheres one inside the other. The innermost sphere was that of the moon; then came the spheres of Mercury, Venus, the sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the fixed stars, and the crystalline sphere (whose existence was assumed to account for certain irregularities in the motions of the heavenly bodies). Outside of all was the *primum mobile*, or "first-moving" sphere, whose motion set all the other spheres in motion, at different rates of speed. The revolution of the spheres was supposed to generate a music too fine for mortal ears. The spheres were conceived of as perfectly transparent and as offering no resistance to the passage of a body through them. In this line "sphere" means the whole system, not one sphere alone. ¶ 50. *turtle wing:* wing like that of a turtle-dove, the suggestion is that of the gentleness and peaceableness of the dove. ¶ 51. *myrtle:* the myrtle, used in the worship of the goddess of love and in bloodless contests, is associated with peace. ¶ 52. At the birth of Christ the Roman empire was enjoying one of its rare intervals of peace. ¶ 56. *hookèd chariot:* some war-chariots had scythes projecting from the axles. ¶ 59. *awful*=full of awe. ¶ 64. *whist*=hushed. ¶ 68. *birds of calm:* halcyons, or kingfishers. They were supposed to be under the protection of Æolus, god of the winds, whose daughter, Halcyone, was changed into a kingfisher; and there was an old belief that for fourteen days at the winter solstice the halcyons brooded on the sea, and that the sea was then calm; cf. "halcyon days." ¶ 71. *precious influence:* a term from astrology, which assumed that the heavenly bodies exerted an influence upon the lives of men. ¶ 73. *For all:* in spite of; "all" goes with "for," not with "light." ¶ 74. *Lucifer:* the morning-star; literally, "light-bringer" (Latin "lux" and "ferre"). ¶ 81. *As*=as if.

(337) 85. *lawn:* grassy field. ¶ 86. *Or ere:* either a duplicated preposition, meaning "before," or equivalent to "before e'er." ¶ 88. *than*=then. ¶ 89. *Pan:* Milton seems to have followed Spenser in making shepherds speak or think of Christ as Pan, the Greek god of shepherds; see Spenser's "May," ll. 54, 111, and "July," l. 49, 50, in *The Shepheardes Calender*. ¶ 92. *silly*=simple. ¶ 102. *hollow round:* the sphere of the moon. ¶ 106. *its:* a new form, just coming into use; Milton uses it only three times in all his poems; cf. "her" and "itself," ll. 139, 140. ¶ 116. *unexpressive*=inexpressible. ¶ 117–24. Cf. Job 38:6–11.

(338) 122. *world:* either the whole starry universe, with its spheres, as usually in Milton, or more probably the earth, as in the passage from Job on which the lines are based. *hinges*=supports; the word is from the same root as "hang." ¶ 124. *welt'ring*=rolling, tossing. ¶ 131. *ninefold:* there were eight spheres in the Ptolemaic system originally; a ninth was afterward added, and later a tenth; perhaps Milton refers to nine here because that was the number of the Muses. ¶ 132. *consort*=concert. ¶ 136. *spleckled:* either plague-spotted, or gaudily variegated; cf. Horace's "maculosum nefas," "spotted crime." *Vanity:* the emphasis seems to be upon the emptiness (Latin "vanus," empty) and unsatisfying nature of sinful earthly things for all their showiness. ¶ 143, 144. In 1645:

> Th' enamelled arras of the rainbow wearing,
> And mercy, set between.

¶ 146. *tissued:* of light texture, rich and variegated in color; the word was often used of fabrics shot with gold or silver threads. ¶ 155. *ychained:* the "y" is a reduced form of "ge," the prefix of the past participle in Old English. *sleep:* death.

(339) 157–59. Cf. Ex. 19:16–19. ¶ 164. *spread His throne:* prepare his throne (cf. "spread a table"); it was the custom to cover the thrones of oriental monarchs with rich tapestries. ¶ 166. *is:* will be. ¶ 168. *Th' old Dragon:* cf. Rev. 20:2, and *The Faerie Queene*, I. xi. 91–99, p. 51. ¶ 172. *swindges* = swings, lashes; cf. Rev. 12:4. ¶ 173–228. "It is most probable that the whole allusion was suggested to his imagination by a note of the old commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, in 'May,' who copied Lavaterus's treatise *De Lemuribus*, newly translated into English: 'About the time that our Lord suffered his most bitter Passion, certain persons sailing from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certain isles called Paxa, heard a voice calling aloud, "Thamus! Thamus!" the pilot of the ship; who, giving ear to the cry, was bidden when he came to Palodas to tell that the great god Pan was dead; which he doubting to do, yet, for that when he came to Palodas there was such a calm of wind that the ship stood still in the sea unmoored, he was forced to cry aloud that Pan was dead; wherewithal there was heard such piteous outcries and dreadful shrieking as hath not been the like. By which Pan, though, of some be understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was at that time by Christ conquered and the gates of hell broken up, for at that time all oracles surceased. and enchanted spirits that were wont to delude the people thenceforth held their peace.' "—Thomas Warton. ¶ 191. *Lars:* ancestors worshiped as household gods; cf. "holy hearth." *Lemures:* ghosts; cf. "consecrated earth," i. e., graveyards. ¶ 194. *flamens* = priests. *quaint* = exact, elaborate.

(340) 197. *Peor and Baalim:* Baal was the supreme male divinity of the Phoenicians and Canaanites; "Baalim," the plural form, indicates the various manifestations of Baal, of which Peor was one. ¶ 199. *twice-battered god:* Dagon, the national god of the Philistines; he twice fell to the ground when the ark of Jehovah was left in his temple (see I Sam. 5:1–4). ¶ 200. *moonèd Ashtaroth:* the chief female divinity of the Phoenicians and Canaanites; the goddess of the moon, having also many of the attributes of Venus. ¶ 203. *Libyc Hammon.* a Libyan deity, originally the protector of flocks and hence represented with a ram's head. ¶ 204. *Thammuz:* a Phoenician god, similar to Adonis, whose untimely death Venus mourned; see note on *Paradise Lost*, I. 446, p. 505. ¶ 205. *Moloch:* cf. Lev. 18:21. ¶ 212. *Isis:* goddess of the earth, subsequently of the moon. *Orus:* god of the sun. *Anubis:* ruler of graves and supervisor of the burial of the dead; he was son of Osiris. ¶ 213. *Osiris:* husband of Isis, and god of the Nile; conspirators slew him, luring him into a chest and setting the chest afloat on the Nile; Milton here blends him with Apis, the bull-god, with whom he was ultimately identified. ¶ 217. *sacred chest:* the chest in which he had been shut up was kept and worshiped. ¶ 220. *sable-stolèd:* a stole was a long, flowing robe. ¶ 223. *eyn* = eyen, eyes. ¶ 226. *Typhon:* Milton uses the name of the monster of Greek mythology for the Egyptian Suti, an evil deity, sometimes worshiped in the form of a crocodile. ¶ 227, 228. Cf. the myth of Hercules strangling two serpents in his cradle. ¶ 230. *Curtained:* Milton had in mind a canopied bed, hung all round with curtains.

(341) 232–36. Cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 378 ff. ¶ 240. *teemèd* = born. ¶ 243. *courtly:* because the residence of the King of Heaven. ¶ 244. *harnest* = armored.

(341) On Shakespear. ¶ 11. *unvalued* = invaluable, priceless. ¶ 12. *Delphic:* Delphi, at the foot of Mt. Parnassus, in Greece, was the seat of the oracle of Apollo; the adjective, as applied to Shakspere's lines, implies that they were inspired and contained deep truth. ¶ 14. *marble:* i. e., we stand motionless, like marble statues, lost in thought; cf. "Il Penseroso," l. 42, p. 348. *conceiving:* imaginative thinking.

(341) Song on May Morning. Additional light is thrown on Milton's personality in his youth by a Latin poem written a few years earlier, at the age of twenty, on a similar subject, the coming of spring; some of the most significant parts, in Cowper's translation, are as follows:

Earth now desires thee, Phoebus! and to engage
Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet,
When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
Her breath imparts to every breeze that blows

Arabia's harvest, and the Paphian rose. . . . .
How oft, when headlong from the heavenly steep,
She sees thee playing in the western deep,
How oft she cries, "Ah, Phoebus, why repair
Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there?
Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou lave
A face so fair in her unpleasant wave?
Come, seek my green retreats, and rather choose
To cool thy tresses in my crystal dews,
The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest;
Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose!
No fears I feel like Semele to die
Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
For thou canst govern them; here therefore rest,
And lay thy evening glories on my breast!"
Thus breathes the wanton Earth her amorous flame,
And all her countless offspring feel the same.

—*Elegia Quinta*, ll. 55–60, 79–96.

(342) To the Nightingale. ¶ 4. *jolly* = gay and beautiful; cf. French "joli," pretty.

(342) On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three. ¶ 5. *semblance:* physical appearance. ¶ 9. *it:* the word seems to have no one grammatical antecedent, but refers to his powers physical and spiritual.

(343) L'Allegro. The title is Italian, and means "the lively, or cheerful, man." ¶ 1–13. Cf. Marston's *Scourge of Villainy* (1598), III. x:

Dull-sprighted Melancholy, leave my brain;
To hell, Cimmerian Night! In lively vein
I strive to paint: then hence all dark intent
And sullen frowns! Come, sporting Merriment,
Cheek-dimpling Laughter, crown my merry soul
With jouisance.

¶ 2. *Cerberus:* the three-headed dog at hell-gate. ¶ 3. *Stygian:* the Styx was a river in Hades. ¶ 5. *uncouth* = unknown (O. E. "un," and "cuð," known). This first meaning of the word fits well here: L'Allegro wants Melancholy to go away to some cell unknown by reason of its remoteness and darkness; but the usual modern sense may also have been in Milton's mind (see ll. 8, 9). ¶ 10. *Cimmerian:* the Cimmerians were supposed to live in a land of perpetual darkness, beyond the ocean stream; see the *Odyssey*, xi. 14 ff. ¶ 11. *free:* free from constraint, easy, graceful; "fair and free," referring to the beauty and grace of women, is a common phrase in early English poetry. ¶ 12. *yclept* = called. *Euphrosyne* = well-minded, cheerful. ¶ 14–24. Both genealogies of Mirth are Milton's invention. ¶ 24. *buxom* = good-natured, jolly. The word has had a singular development: its root comes from O. E. "bugan," to bow, to bend, and its fundamental meaning is "easily bowed or bent"; from this developed the sense of "obliging, amiable, jolly"; the common modern meaning of "having plump comeliness" is a further growth. *debonair* = of pleasant attractive manners, with light-heartedness (French "de," "bon," "air," of good air or manner). ¶ 27. *Quips:* smart sayings, witty retorts. *Cranks:* odd turns of speech, in which words are twisted from their ordinary meaning, as puns, etc. *wanton* = playful. ¶ 29. *Hebe's:* Hebe was the goddess of youth.

(344) 34. *fantastic* = guided by fancy alone, unrestrained. ¶ 36. *mountain-nymph:* mountains, by their inaccessibility and the bold, hardy spirit they cultivate, have always been the home of liberty; but Milton may merely have thought of Liberty as an oread, or mountain-nymph, roaming freely over her native wilds. ¶ 38. *crew* = company. ¶ 40. *unreprovèd* = unreprovable, innocent. ¶ 42. *startle:* "There is a peculiar propriety in 'startle'; the lark's is a sudden, shrill burst of song."—Thomas Warton. ¶ 45. *to come.* Either "lark" or "me" may be the subject. The main objection to the first interpretation is that larks are shy and do not visit human dwellings, and that Milton, though not a close student of nature, could hardly

have been ignorant of the fact or indifferent to so gross an error. A minor objection is that "to come" is not quite co-ordinate in form with "begin" and "startle," the other two infinitives of which "lark" is the subject, while it is strictly co-ordinate in form with "to hear," of which "me" is the subject. But if the second interpretation be adopted, l. 46 becomes rather vague: where is L'Allegro, inside the house or outside? and to what does he bid good-morrow? Masson's suggestion that he comes to the window of the house from the outside, and bids good morning to the inmates, seems strained. It is more probable that Milton thought of him as aroused from sleep by the lark, and then coming to the window and greeting the new day. *in spite of sorrow:* to spite, or defy, sorrow; the phrase does not imply, as in modern usage, that he has sorrow, but rather that he is not sorrowful and does not intend to be. ¶ 48. *twisted eglantine:* here the honeysuckle. ¶ 50. A martial figure from the pursuit of a retreating army. ¶ 55. *hoar:* white with hoar-frost in autumn, the hunting season. ¶ 60. *state:* stately march, triumphal procession, as of a king. ¶ 62. *liveries:* splendid court costumes of a king's attendants. *dight* = arrayed. ¶ 67. *tells his tale:* counts the number of his sheep. Cf. Ex. 5:8, "And the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish ought thereof"; also Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe*, V, 7, 8:

> When the shepherds from the fold
> All their bleating charges told.

It should be noted, too, that the ploughman, milkmaid, and mower are all at work, not at play, a fact which makes strongly against the earlier interpretation of "tale" as "story." This interpretation may be the true one, nevertheless, for in the pastoral poetry of the period shepherds tell stories in season and out of season, and the shade of a bush or tree was a favorite place for this pastime. On the other hand, "L'Allegro" is more realistic than the conventional pastoral of the day, and the first interpretation is the more likely on the whole. ¶ 71. *russet lawns:* open fields covered with reddish grass. *fallows:* ploughed land left unsown.

(345) 75. *pied* = variegated; the petals of the English daisy are tipped with pink. ¶ 77. The line may have been suggested by the view of Windsor Castle, which is not far from Horton. ¶ 78. *Bosomed:* seeming to rest upon the rounded tops of the surrounding trees. ¶ 79. *lies* = lodges, resides. ¶ 80. *cynosure:* the constellation of the Lesser Bear (called in Greek κυνόσουρα, dog's tail) contains the pole-star, by which sailors steered; hence "cynosure" came to mean any object on which many eyes were fixed, ¶ 87. *bower* = cottage. ¶ 91. *secure* = free from care (Latin "se," without; "cura," care). ¶ 92. *upland:* deeper into the country, away from cities; cf. "up-country." ¶ 94. *rebecks:* a primitive kind of fiddle. ¶ 102. *junkets:* cream cheese. Mab and the other fairies were supposed to be especially fond of cream and other dairy-products, and they also played pranks with housemaids, as mentioned in the next line; cf. Jonson's *Satyr* (1616):

> This is Mab, the Mistress Faery,
> That doth nightly rob the dairy; . . . .
> She that pinches country wenches,
> If they rub not clean their benches.

¶ 104. The friar's lanthorn has often been identified with Robin Goodfellow, or Puck; but Professor Kittredge (*Publications of the Modern Language Association*, 1900, Vol. 15) shows conclusively that it is the will-o'-the-wisp: "Some of the most familiar names for the will-o'-the-wisp in England imply that the *feu-follet* is a lantern or a lantern-bearing sprite. We have Jack-with-a-lantern, ... devil's lantern, and lantern-man. . . . . What is more likely than that in Milton's time the *ignis fatuus* was also called friar's lantern, and regarded as a light borne by the spirit of a friar or by some vagrant goblin in friar's shape?" *led* = misled. ¶ 105. The construction in this line and the preceding is very compact, and causes the appearance of a *non-sequitur:* we expect the rustic to go on and tell of his adventure with the will-o'-the-wisp; instead, the mention of the sprite-borne light leads the poet, in the rapid manner characteristic of this poem, to speak of the labors of the sprites, or goblins, in whom the country folk believed.

(346) 120. *weeds:* garments. *triumphs:* masks, processions, tournaments, etc. ¶ 122. *rain influence:* Milton gallantly likens the ladies' eyes to stars, which, according to astrology, profoundly affect the actions and fortunes of men. *judge:* award as judges. ¶ 123. *Of wit:* probably a reference to the so-called Courts of Love, popular in the Middle Ages, in which accused lovers defended themselves, and poets recited love verses, etc., before a jury of ladies. *arms:* at tournaments. *both:* wit and arms. ¶ 124. *whom:* the queen of the contest. ¶ 127. *pomp* = procession. ¶ 128. *mask:* a favorite court entertainment of the time, combining acting, singing, and dancing; some of the dancers wore masks, hence the name. *pageantry:* a spectacular play. ¶ 131. *well-trod:* trodden by good actors; but some take the meaning to be "much trodden." ¶ 132. *Jonson's learned sock:* Ben Jonson (1573?–1637) was a dramatist of great learning. "Sock" stands for comedy, because the Greek actors, when playing comedy, wore low shoes, called socks. ¶ 136. *Lydian airs:* among the Greeks there were three chief modes, or styles, of music—the Dorian, which was majestic and severe; the Phrygian, which was lively; and the Lydian, which was tender and voluptuous. ¶ 143, 144. An allusion to the philosophical notion that there is harmony in all things because the center and source of the universe is Eternal Beauty, but that our ears are too dull to hear it; cf. Plato's *Phaedo*, xxxvii, and *The Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 60–65:

> There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

¶ 145–50. Orpheus, the musician of Greek myth, played so sweetly in Hades that Pluto granted his request that his wife, Eurydice, might follow him to the upper world; but the condition was imposed that he must not look back at her on the way; when they had almost reached the light, anxiety made him glance over his shoulder to see if Eurydice was following, and she was caught back into Hades.

(347) Il Penseroso. The title, which is Italian, means "the thoughtful man." The usual form is *pensieroso;* but *penseroso* was a correct early form, and is still sometimes used. The praise of melancholy was common in Milton's day, and his poem evidently owes something to Fletcher's "Hence, All You Vain Delights" (see p. 216) and to Burton's verses prefixed to his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), of which the first half is as follows:

> When I go musing all alone,
> Thinking of divers things foreknown,
> When I build castles in the air,
> Void of sorrow and void of fear,
> Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
> Methinks the time runs very fleet.
> All my joys to this are folly;
> Naught so sweet as melancholy.
> When I lie waking all alone,
> Recounting what I have ill done,
> My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
> Fear and sorrow me surprise;
> Whether I tarry still or go,
> Methinks the time moves very slow.
> All my griefs to this are jolly;
> Naught so sad as melancholy.
> When to myself I act and smile,
> With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
> By a brook side or wood so green,
> Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
> A thousand pleasures do me bless,
> And crown my soul with happiness.
> All my joys besides are folly;
> None so sweet as melancholy.
> When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
> I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,

In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as melancholy.
Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there; the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.
Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my fantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes—
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damned as melancholy.

The second half of Burton's poem is less like Milton's; it treats of love melancholy and the delight and the plague of solitude, and ends in suicidal mood:

Now desperate I hate my life;
Lend me a halter or a knife!

Milton confines his poem to the pleasurable side of melancholy as the scholar's and poet's musing mood, best enjoyed in solitude, serious but not gloomy. ¶ 3. *bested* = avail, profit. ¶ 4. *toys* = trifles. ¶ 6. *fond* = foolish (the original meaning, from M. E. "fonnen," p.p. of "fon," to act foolishly). ¶ 10. *pensioners:* attendants; the figure is that of a king with his train of followers who receive a stated allowance (pension) for waiting upon him. ¶ 13–16. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, III. 380, "Dark with excessive bright Thy [God's] skirts appear," and *The Faerie Queene*, I. i. 30 ff., p. 33. ¶ 18. *Memnon's sister:* Memmon, king of the Ethiopians, although black was very beautiful (see the *Odyssey*, xi. 522); his sister would presumably be yet more beautiful. ¶ 19. *starred Ethiop queen:* Cassiopeia; to punish her for the offense referred to, the sea-nymphs sent a sea-monster to ravage her coast (it was her daughter, Andromeda, that was rescued from the monster by Perseus); after her death she was changed into the constellation that bears her name. ¶ 23. *Vesta:* the goddess of the hearth; hence she represents the purity and seclusion of the home. ¶ 24. *solitary Saturn:* the supreme deity among the earlier Greek gods; called solitary either because he devoured his offspring or because he was driven from his throne by Jove; in astrology, the influence of the planet Saturn was said to cause melancholy and love of solitude. ¶ 29. *Ida's:* Mt. Ida, in Crete, was a favorite abode of Saturn. ¶ 32. *demure* = gravely modest; the modern suggestion of affectation is absent. (From Old French "de murs," for "de bounes murs," of good manners.) ¶ 33. *grain* = purple color; so called from the seed-like body of the cochineal insect from which the dye was made. ¶ 35. *stole:* originally a long robe; here used for a veil. *cypress lawn:* cypress was a kind of crape; lawn was a fine linen; by "cypress lawn" Milton means crape of very fine texture, like that of linen. ¶ 36. *decent:* the fundamental meaning of the word was "becoming, suitable," which branched into the two senses of "comely" and "modest"; probably both ideas are included here, for Milton was thinking of Melancholy as beautiful and as a nun. ¶ 37. *state:* stateliness.

(348) 42. Cf. "On Shakespear," p. 341. ¶ 43. *sad* = serious, grave. *leaden:* dark color under the eyes was supposed to indicate excess of thoughtfulness; may there not be also a suggestion of heaviness? ¶ 53. *fiery wheelèd throne:* see Ezek., chap. 1, and *Paradise Lost*, VI, 745–59. ¶ 54. *cherub Contemplation:* the special gift of the cherubim was contemplation and insight into divine mysteries, as that of the seraphim was ardor in worship. ¶ 55. *hist:*

bring along in silence, as when one beckons and says "Hist!" ¶ 59. *dragon yoke:* Milton invents his own mythology here, as often elsewhere; it was Ceres, not Cynthia, who was drawn by dragons.

(349) 83. The night-watchman, as he patrolled the streets, formerly rang a bell; in addition to crying the hours he often recited a rhymed benediction, or charm, against mishaps; see Herrick's "Bellman," p. 284. ¶ 87. *outwatch the Bear:* sit up all night, since this constellation (which contains the pole star) never sets in northern latitudes. Cf. Milton's *Second Defence of the English People* (Bohn translation): "My appetite for knowledge was so voracious, that from twelve years of age, I hardly ever left my studies or went to bed before midnight;" also "Lycidas," ll. 29–31, p. 379. ¶ 88. *thrice-great Hermes:* a semi-mythical Egyptian philosopher and magician, Thot, the reputed author of many philosophical and mystical books, most of them really the work of the neo-Platonists of the fourth century A. D.: the Greeks identified him with their god of learning, Hermes, whom they called Trismegistus, or "thrice-great." ¶ 88, 89. *unsphere The spirit of Plato:* bring back Plato from the region where his soul now is, by reading his books on immortality. ¶ 93. The construction is loose. Masson connects "And of those demons" with "unfold" (l. 89) by supplying "tell" understood. But it seems better to think of the connection as still looser, and understand "read" or some such word, co-ordinate with "outwatch" (l. 87) and "unsphere" (l. 88), for the demons spoken of are not described in Plato but are mediaeval conceptions; we then get three classes of books read—those attributed to Hermes, Plato's works, and mediaeval books on demonology. ¶ 95. *consent*="feeling with," sympathetic relation (the original Latin sense). "The demons are in sympathetic relation with certain planets and elements; e. g., one [mediaeval] writer made 'seven kinds of aethereal spirits, or angels, according to the number of the seven planets, and in *Paradise Regained*, II, Milton represents the fallen angles as presiding, under Satan, as powers over earth, air, fire, and water, and causing storms and disasters."—Bell. ¶ 98. *sceptred pall:* a reference to the scepters and robes of the kings who are usually the prominent characters in Greek tragedy. ¶ 99, 100. The lines name three of the great sources from which Greek dramatists drew their subjects: Aeschylus wrote a tragedy called *The Seven against Thebes*, and that city is the scene of Sophocles' *Œdipus Rex* and *Antigone;* Pelops was the ancestor of Agamemnon, and the fortunes of his line furnished subjects for many plays; incidents connected with the Trojan war were treated dramatically by Sophocles and Euripides. Troy is called divine because its walls were built by Poseidon and it was under the special protection of Pallas. ¶ 102. *buskined:* the buskin is the symbol of tragedy, because Greek actors when playing tragedy wore a buskin, or high-heeled shoe. ¶ 104. *Musaeus:* a semi-mythical Greek musician and poet. ¶ 105–8. See note on "L'Allegro," ll. 145–50, p. 483. ¶ 109. The reference is to Chaucer and his unfinished "Squire's Tale." Cambuscan was king of Tartary; Camball and Algarsife were his sons; Canace was his daughter; the horse of brass, given to Cambuscan by the king of Arabia and India, could fly through the air; a magic ring and mirror were given to Canace, the ring enabling the wearer to understand the language of birds and the medicinal value of herbs, and the mirror revealing the secrets of the future. ¶ 116–20. The allusion is to such poets as Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, whose poems are full of romantic adventure conveying moral lessons, sometimes in the form of allegory (see l. 120). Cf. Milton's *Apology for Smectymnuus* (1642): "Next . . . . that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered, I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings and from hence had in renown over all Christendom." ¶ 118. *turneys*=tournaments. *trophies hung:* it was the custom for knights to hang up as trophies the arms and other spoil taken from their opponents in fight. ¶ 121. *pale:* the adjective, which is transferred by poetic license from "Night" to "career," here denotes merely the absence of color. ¶ 122. *civil-suited:* wearing quiet-colored clothes, like those of a civilian, in contrast to the brilliant uniform of a soldier.

(350) 123. *trickt*=dressed in fine clothes; cf. "tricked out." *frounced*=having the hair frizzled or curled; "flounced" is another form of the same word. ¶ 124. *the Attic boy:*

Cephalus, a beautiful youth, beloved by Aurora. ¶ 125. *kerchieft*=having the head covered (Old French "covrir," to cover, "chef," head). ¶ 128. *his*=its. ¶ 141. *garish*=staring (O. E. "gare," to stare; "gaze" is a variant form from the same root). ¶ 142–46. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xi. 602–4:

> Saxo tamen exit ab imo
> Rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens
> Invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.

"Yet from the depth of a rock issues the course of Lethe's water, and the wave, gliding through it with a murmur, invites sleep by a tinkling of little stones." Cf. also Virgil's *Eclogues*, i. 53–55

> Saepes
> Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti,
> Saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.

"The willow-hedge, whose flower is fed on by Hyblaean bees, will often, with its light humming, induce sleep to come on." Cf. also Drayton's *Owl* (1604):

> See the small brooks as through these groves they travel,
> With the smooth cadence of their murmuring;
> Each bee with honey laden to the thigh.

¶ 145. *consort*=company, i. e., other sounds that accompany the sound of the waters. ¶ 147–50. Two meanings are possible: the dream may be waving to and fro near the wings of Sleep; or the dream may be waving its own wings to and fro. In either case, "wave at" must be taken in a somewhat unusual sense; but the first interpretation is on the whole the better. ¶ 149. *lively*=lifelike, vivid. ¶ 156. *pale*=inclosure; cf. "palings." ¶ 158. *massy*=massive. *proof:* "Proof against (=able to bear) the enormous weight of the roof."—Hales. ¶ 159. *storied windows:* stained-glass windows having figures on them representing scenes from the Bible and from sacred legend. *dight*=adorned.

(351) 170. *spell*=make a study of; literally, read slowly and carefully.

(351) At a Solemn Music. ¶ 1. *pledges:* either "offspring," heavenly joy giving birth to music and verse (cf. "pledges of love," as applied to children), or "assurances," i. e., the delight of song and poetry are a foretaste of the joys of heaven. The second meaning harmonizes with the main thought of the poem, and is probably the right one. ¶ 2. *Sphere-born:* born of the spheres; see note on "turning sphere," p. 479, and *Comus*, l. 241, p. 490. ¶ 6. *concent*=harmony (Latin "concentus," singing together). ¶ 10. *burning:* in the Cambridge MS, in Milton's hand, are two other readings—"tripled" and "princely." ¶ 11. Cambridge MS, variant readings: "loud symphonie of silver trumpets blow;" "high lifted loud arch-angell trumpets blow." ¶ 14–16. Cambridge MS, canceled readings:

> wth those just spirits that weare the blooming palmes
> hymnes devout & sacred Psalmes
> singing everlastingly
> while all the starrie rounds & arches blue
> resound and eccho Hallelu

¶ 19, 20, Cambridge MS, canceled reading:

> by leaving out those harsh chromatick jarres
> of sin, that all our musick marres.

¶ 23. *diapason:* harmony. Diapason, literally "through all" (Greek διὰ, through, πᾶς, all), is the octave, covering all the notes of the scale, and notes sounded at an octave's distance from each other are always in harmony; cf. "in tune with heaven," l. 26.

(352) 27. *consort*=company; perhaps there is a punning glance also at "concert," which was then often spelt "consort." ¶ 28. Cambridge MS, canceled readings: "To live & sing wth him in ever-endlesse light;" "ever-glorious light;" "uneclipsed light;" "where day dwells wthout night;" "in endlesse morne of light;" "in never parting light."

(352) Comus. "A Maske Presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, on Michaelmasse night, before the Right Honorable, Iohn, Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount Brackly, Lord Praesident of Wales, and one of His Maiesties most honorable Privie Counsell."—Title-page of the 1637 edition. The Earl of Bridgewater was appointed Lord President of Wales in 1631, but seems not to have entered actively upon the duties of the office until 1633 or later; and this mask, on September 29, 1634, may have been part of the festivities attending his formal inauguration. The mask was given in the great hall of the castle, a room sixty feet long by thirty wide, and must have been witnessed by a brilliant assemblage. Henry Lawes, who wrote the music, was one of the most eminent composers in England at the time, and had recently written music for two great court masks, Shirley's *Triumph of Peace* (1633) and Carew's *Caelum Britannicum* (1634); he was general manager of *Comus*, and also took the part of the attendant spirit. The part of the lady was taken by the Earl's daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, then fourteen or fifteen years old. Her two brothers, Viscount Brackley, and Thomas Egerton, aged about thirteen and twelve years respectively, played the elder brother and the second brother. It is not known who took the parts of Comus and Sabrina. It was natural that Milton, although then unknown to the world, should have been invited to write the libretto: Lawes and he were friends, having doubtless met at the house of Milton's father, who was himself a musician of some note; and Lawes, who was tutor in music to the Earl of Bridgewater's family, had already got the young poet to write the words for a little mask, Milton's *Arcades*, given shortly before in honor of the Countess-Dowager of Derby, step-mother to the Earl.

There is an old tradition that the central incident of the masque, the losing of the lady in the wood, was based upon a real experience of Lady Alice; but, as Masson remarks, it is probable that the tradition grew up out of the masque itself. Some literary sources of *Comus* may be indicated. The conception of Comus and his enchantments evidently was based on the Homeric account of Circe: "In the forest glades they found the halls of Circe builded, of polished stone, in a place with wide prospect. And all around the palace mountain-bred wolves and lions were roaming, whom she herself had bewitched with evil drugs that she gave them. Yet the beasts did not set on my men, but, lo, they ramped about them and fawned on them, wagging their long tails. . . . . So she led them in, and set them upon chairs and high seats, and made them a mess of cheese and barley-meal and yellow honey with Pramnian wine, and mixed harmful drugs with the food to make them utterly forget their own country. Now when she had given them the cup and they had drunk it off, presently she smote them with a wand, and in the styes of the swine she penned them. So they had the head and voice, the bristles and the shape of swine, but their mind abode even as of old. Thus were they penned there weeping."—*Odyssey*, x. 210–41, Butcher and Lang's translation. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, II. xii. st. 84–87. Comus himself (Greek κῶμος, a revel) was an invention of the later classical mythology; and Philostratus, an author of the third century A. D., pictures him as "drunk and languid after a repast." Hendrik van der Putten, a Dutchman, wrote a Latin work, in prose and verse, called "Comus," first published about 1608, republished in 1611 and again (at Oxford) in 1634; it describes the palace of Comus and a banquet and orgies there, during which an old man harangues on the hollowness of such pleasures. Jonson's mask, *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* (acted in 1619, published in 1641), has an anti-mask of Comus and his attendants, whose entry is thus described: "A grove of ivy at his [Altas'] feet; out of which, to a wild music of cymbals, flutes, and tabors is brought forth Comus, the god of Cheer, or the Belly, riding in triumph, his head crowned with roses and other flowers, his hair curled " The wide difference between this Comus and Milton's is emphasized by the hymn sung to him, the opening lines of which are these:

> Room! room! make room for the bouncing Belly,
> First father of sauce and deviser of jelly;
> Prime master of arts and the giver of wit,
> That found out the excellent engine the spit.

But the closing lines of the mask, in praise of virtue, as Professor Sampson has remarked, are not far from the spirit of *Comus;*

She, she it is in darkness shines;
'T is she that still herself refines,
By her own light, to every eye,
More seen, more known, when Vice stands by;
And though a stranger here on earth,
In heaven she hath her right of birth.

There, there is Virtue's seat:
Strive to keep her your own;
'T is only she can make you great,
Though place here make you known.

Browne's *Inner Temple Mask* (acted in 1615, but not published until the eighteenth century) has an anti-mask of Circe's monsters. In plot there are several striking similarities between *Comus* and Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* (1595): in the latter, two brothers seek their sister, who has been carried off by a wizard; they call on Echo to tell where she is; by the aid of a dead man's spirit, the wizard is overpowered, and the sister, who is found seated and entranced, is released. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* (acted in 1608, and revived in London in 1633) is like *Comus* in its theme—the praise of virginity and its inviolability—and in the sweetness and grace of its style and verse.

¶ 1. In the Bridgewater MS, which was the acting copy and was preserved in the family, the mask begins with ll. 976–83, 988–99 (with many variant readings), which were cleverly adapted to the prologue by changing the first words to "From the heavens"; then followed the present opening lines. ¶ 4. After this line there occur in the Cambridge MS these canceled lines:

amidst the Hespian gardens on whose bancks
bedew'd w^th^ nectar, & celestiall songs
aeternall roses grow, & hyacinth yeeld
& fruits of golden rind, on whose faire tree
the scalie-harnest dragon ever keeps
his uninchanted eye, & round the verge
& sacred limits of this blisfull Isle
the jealous ocean that old river winds
his farre-extended armes till w^th^ steepe fall
halfe his wast flood y^e^ wide Atlantique fills
& halfe the slow unfadom'd Stygian poole
but soft I was not sent to court yor wonder
w^th^ distant worlds, & strange removed clim
yet thence I come and oft fro thence behold

¶ 7. *pestered* = shackled (Low Latin "impastoriare," old French "empestrer," to shackle as a horse in a "pasture"). *pinfold* = pound, inclosure for cattle. ¶ 10. *mortal change:* death. ¶ 13. *golden key:* cf. "Lycidas," ll. 110, 111, p. 381. ¶ 16. *ambrosial* = heavenly (Greek ἀμβρόσιος, immortal; cf. "ambrosia," the food of the immortals). *weeds* = garments. ¶ 17. *mould* = earth. ¶ 18–20. When the older dynasty of gods was overthrown, Jove became sovereign of the sky, Pluto of the underworld, and Neptune of the sea. ¶ 21. Cambridge MS, canceled reading, "the rule and title." ¶ 28. *the main:* Cambridge MS, "his empire." ¶ 29. *quarters* = allots. *blue-haired:* blue was the distinctive color of the old Britons, who painted their bodies with a blue pigment before going into battle; but it is probable that the word (like "sapphire," l. 26) is used merely with reference to the color of the sea (cf. Ovid's phrase, used of sea-gods, "caerulei dii"). ¶ 30. *this tract:* Wales.

(353) 33. *An old and haughty nation:* the Welsh, descended from the Britons, who occupied the island before the coming of the Angles and Saxons. *proud in arms:* cf. Virgil *Æneid*, i. 21, "belloque superbum"; the Britons showed dogged courage in fight against the Angles and Saxons, and earlier against the Romans. ¶ 35. *state:* stately pomp and ceremonies connected with his new office. ¶ 37. *perplext* = entangled, intricate. ¶ 38. *horror:* Milton regularly uses this word in its original Latin sense of something bristling with rough points, shaggy, and therefore inspiring fear. ¶ 41. *quick:* securing immediate action. ¶ 45. *hall . . . bower:* the great assembly room and the private apartments of a castle. ¶ 48. A

Latin construction for "after the transformation of the Tuscan mariners." The Tuscan mariners were pirates who captured Bacchus off the coast of Etruria, a district of northern Italy; the god drove them into madness by changing the masts and oars into serpents and himself into a lion, and they leaped into the sea and were transformed into dolphins. ¶ 49. *Tyrrhene* = Etruscan, Etrurian. ¶ 60. *Celtic and Iberian fields:* France and Spain. ¶ 65. *orient* = bright, clear; from "orient," as meaning the east, either because the light dawns there, or because the brightest and purest gems, especially pearls, came from the East. ¶ 67. *fond* = foolish; in the Cambridge MS, canceled reading, "weake." ¶ 71. *ounce:* a kind of small leopard.

(354) 83. *Iris':* Iris was the Greeks' personification of the rainbow. ¶ 88. *faith* = fidelity; i. e., he is as faithful in his duty as he is gifted in music. ¶ 89–91. The meaning is that the shepherd, because of his occupation as watcher of the sheep on the mountain, is the likeliest person to be in this place and ready to give aid on this occasion; hence his presence would not excite surprise. ¶ 92. *viewless* = invisible. ¶ 96. *His* = its. ¶ 97. *Atlantic stream:* the ancients conceived of the ocean as a river flowing around the world. ¶ 99. *dusky:* Cambridge MS, canceled reading, "northren." ¶ 100, 101. The ancients thought of the sun as traveling eastward, under the earth, during the night. ¶ 105. *rosy twine:* the Greeks entwined roses in their hair at feasts.

(355) 110. *saws* = moral maxims. ¶ 113. *spheres:* see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 48, p. 479. ¶ 116. *morrice:* a dance; the word is a corruption of "Moorish," the dance coming from Spain, where the Moors once prevailed. ¶ 117. *shelves* = flat ledges. ¶ 118. *pert* = lively, nimble; "perk" is an allied form. *dapper* = quick. ¶ 121. *wakes* = night revels; a wake was originally a celebration on the eve of a saint's day or other church festival (cf. "The Wake," p. 280). ¶ 129. *Cotytto:* a Thracian goddess, worshiped in parts of Greece; her rites were licentious. ¶ 132. *spets* = spits. ¶ 133. Cambridge MS, "and makes a blot of nature." ¶ 134. *cloudy:* Cambridge MS, "polisht." ¶ 135. *Hecat':* see note on *The Faerie Queene*, I. i. l. 174, p. 434. ¶ 139. *nice* = fastidious, squeamish. ¶ 140. *cabined loophole:* a reference to the scantiness of the first light of dawn, as if the light came through a small opening; "cabin" was used of any confined space. ¶ 141. *descry* = reveal, betray; literally, cry out (Old French "decryer," proclaim). ¶ 142. *solemnity:* rite, ceremony; there is no suggestion of seriousness. The word comes from Latin "solus," complete, "annus," year; hence "solemnity" means a celebration at the end of a year or other period, then any ceremonies or rites. ¶ 144. *fantastic* = guided by fancy alone, unrestrained.

(356) 151. *trains* = artifices; the fundamental idea is of a series of cunningly arranged steps that lead the victim on into the trap. ¶ 154. *dazzling:* Cambridge MS, "powder'd." ¶ 157. *quaint:* perhaps "strange, unusual, fantastic," but it may mean "elegant," "artfully made," the point being that the lady would not expect to meet one so attired in this wild wood. *habits* = garments. ¶ 161. *glozing* = flattering (Greek γλῶσσα, tongue, speech). ¶ 165. *virtue* = power; cf "by virtue of." ¶ 167. *gear* = business; originally, preparation, making ready (O. E. "gearu," ready). ¶ 168. *fairly* = softly. ¶ 175. *granges* = granaries. ¶ 181. *mazes . . . . tangled:* Cambridge MS, canceled reading, "alleys . . . . arched."

(357) 189. *sad* = serious, grave; perhaps, sober-suited. *votarist:* one who has taken a religious vow. *palmer's:* pilgrims who had been to the Holy Land carried palm-branches, symbols of victory. *weed* = garment. ¶ 204. *single* = only. ¶ 207. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. iv. 58 ff. ¶ 208, 209. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 376 ff. ¶ 213–15. Cf. I Cor. 13:13, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity"; Milton's change of charity to chastity was necessitated by his theme. ¶ 221–25. Cf. Ovid, *Fasti*, v. 545: "Fallor? an arma sonant? non fallimur: arma sonabant;" "Am I deceived? are arms sounding? we are not deceived: arms were sounding."

(358) 231. *airy shell:* the atmosphere, beneath the hollow sphere of the moon; cf. "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," ll. 102, 103, p. 337. ¶ 232. *Meander's:* the Meander was a river in Asia Minor, famous for its windings; the pertinence of the allusion to it here is not clear, but Hales's explanation is plausible—"the Meander was a famous haunt of swans, and the swan was a favorite bird with the Greek and Latin writers, one to whose sweet singing

they perpetually allude." *margent* = margin. ¶ 237. *thy Narcissus:* the Greek myth is that Echo was once a maiden, who loved Narcissus, a beautiful youth; he was indifferent to her, and for grief she pined away into a mere voice. ¶ 241. *sphere:* the "airy shell" of l. 231; cf. "At a Solemn Music," l. 2, p. 351. ¶ 248. *his* = its. ¶ 254. *flow'ry-kirtled:* wearing dresses made of, or covered with, flowers. *Naiades:* water-nymphs. ¶ 257–59. *Scylla . . . . Charybdis:* sea-monsters, on opposite sides of the straits of Messina, between Italy and Sicily, near the island of the Sirens (who were two in number, not three); in classic mythology they and the Sirens had nothing to do with Circe, whose island was at some distance, off the coast of Latium.

(359) 279. *near-ushering* = closely attending. ¶ 285. *prevented* = anticipated, came too early. ¶ 290. *Hebe's:* Hebe was the goddess of perpetual youth. ¶ 293. *swinkt* = wearied with toil (O. E. "swincan," to labor). ¶ 299. *element:* air. ¶ 301. *plighted* = plaited, folded.

(360) 313. *bosky* = bushy (Italian, "bosco," a wood). *bourn.* The modern explanation—"brook"—is not satisfactory, especially in view of the second half of the line, "from side to side"; Comus is evidently speaking of some tract of land, not of water, which he knew over its whole extent. Thomas Warton's note is more reasonable: "A bourn . . . . properly signifies here a winding, deep, and narrow valley, with a rivulet at the bottom. . . . . Such situations have no other name in the west of England at this day [1785]." ¶ 318. *thatcht:* covered with grass or rushes; the lark nests in the meadows. *pallet* = bed. ¶ 325. *was named:* i. e., derived its name. ¶ 326. *yet* = still. ¶ 329, 330. *square . . . . proportioned strength:* proportion my trial to my strength; " 'proportioned' is here used proleptically, denoting the result of the action indicated by the verb 'square' " (Bell). ¶ 332. *benison* = benediction. ¶ 341. *star of Arcady:* any star in the Great Bear; Callisto, who was changed into this constellation, was the daughter of a king of Arcadia. ¶ 342. *Tyrian Cynosure:* see note on "L'Allegro," l. 80, p. 482; the Phoenicians sailed by this, the pole-star—hence "Tyrian," Tyre being one of the chief Phoenician cities.

(361) 344. *wattled* = made of interwoven twigs. ¶ 345. *oaten:* shepherds' pipes were first made of oat-stalks. *stops:* vent-holes. ¶ 346. *lodge:* cottage, hut. ¶ 349. *innumerous* = innumerable. ¶ 355. *Leans:* supply "she" as subject; Cambridge MS, "she leans her thoughtfull head musing at our unkindnesse." ¶ 358. *savage hunger:* refers to animals *savage heat:* refers to men, "heat" being lust. ¶ 359. *over-exquisite* = over-careful; cf. "inquisitive." ¶ 360. *cast* = compute, reckon; a figure from astrology, in which to "cast a nativity" was to calculate the position of the planets and stars at the hour of one's birth and so foretell his fortunes; cf. "forecast." ¶ 366. *to seek* = at a loss. ¶ 378. *plumes* = prunes, smooths. ¶ 379. *bustle of resort:* the bustle of places where multitudes resort. ¶ 380. *to-ruffled:* the "to" is intensive. ¶ 382. *Centre:* the center of the earth, which was also the center of the universe in the Ptolemaic astronomy.

(362) 386. *affects* = likes (Latin "affectare," strive after). ¶ 390. *weeds* = garments. ¶ 393. *Hesperian tree:* in the gardens of the Hesperides (maidens living in the extreme west) was a tree with golden apples, which was guarded by a sleepless dragon. ¶ 395. *unenchanted* = incapable of being enchanted. ¶ 401. *wink:* shut the eye to, be blind to. ¶ 402. *single* = solitary. ¶ 404. *it recks me not:* it is not a care to me; cf. "reckless." ¶ 407. *unownèd:* desolate, and therefore unprotected. ¶ 409. In the Cambridge MS, there follow these lines:

> I could be willing though now i' th darke to try
> a tough encounter wth the shaggiest ruffian
> that lurks by hedge or lane of this dead circuit
> to have her by my side, though I were sure
> she might be free from perill where she is

¶ 411. *event* = outcome, result.

(363) 422–27. Cf. *The Faerie Queene,* II. iii. st. 21–31. ¶ 423. *unharboured* = without harbors, or places of shelter. ¶ 424. *Infamous* = ill-famed. ¶ 429. *horrid;* see note on l. 38. ¶ 430. *unblench't* = undaunted (M. E. "blenchen," turn aside, disconcert). ¶ 455. *liveried* = clothed with a uniform style of dress, indicating the master whom they serve. *lackey* =

attend as servants. ¶ 459–63. Milton was a monist, believing that matter and spirit are manifestations of one essence and may pass into each other. Cf. his *Christian Doctrine*, Book I, chap. vii: "It is objected, however, that body cannot emanate from spirit. I reply, much less, then, can body emanate from nothing; for spirit, being the more excellent substance, virtually and essentially contains within itself the inferior one." Cf. also *Paradise Lost*, V. 469–82:

> O Adam, One Almighty is, from Whom
> All things proceed, and up to Him return,
> If not depraved from good, created all
> To such perfection; one first matter all,
> Indued with various forms, various degrees
> Of substance, and, in things that live, of life,
> But more refined, more spiritous and pure,
> As nearer to Him placed or nearer tending,
> Each in their several active spheres assigned,
> Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
> Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
> Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
> More aery, last the bright consummate flower
> Spirits odorous breathes.

¶ 459. *converse* = communion, living with.

(364) 463–75. Cf. Plato, *Phaedo:* "And this corporeal element, my friend, is heavy and weighty and earthy, and in that element by which such a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of the world below —prowling about tombs and sepulchres, in the neighborhood of which, as they tell us, are seen certain ghostly apparitions of souls which have not departed pure but are cloyed with sight and therefore visible . . . . And these must be the souls, not of the good, but of the evil, who are compelled to wander about such places in payment of the penalty of their former evil way of life."—Jowett's translation. ¶ 472. *Lingering:* Cambridge MS, "hovering." ¶ 483. *night-foundered:* lost in the night; literally, night-sunk (Latin "fundus," bottom).

(365) 501. *his next joy:* i. e., his second son, the younger brother. ¶ 506. *To* = in comparison with. ¶ 509. *sadly* = seriously. ¶ 517. *chimeras:* the Chimera of classic mythology was a fire-breathing monster having a lion's head, a goat's body, and a dragon's tail; the word came to be used, as here, for unnatural monsters in general. ¶ 526. *murmurs:* muttered charms. ¶ 531. *hilly crofts:* small inclosed fields on the hills. ¶ 532. *brow* = overlook. ¶ 534. *stabled* = in dens; Latin "stabulum" is so used.

(366) 540. *then:* the time when. ¶ 547. *meditate* = practice; i. e., to play and sing; a Latinism, in imitation of "meditare Musam," to meditate the Muse, i. e., to write poetry. ¶ 553. *drowsy-flighted.* This is the reading in the Cambridge MS, except that there is no hyphen; the editions of 1637, 1645, and 1673 all have "drowsy frighted." "Drowsy-flighted" is more Miltonic, and is surely what the poet first wrote, while "frighted" may be a typographical error that escaped notice or correction. For this reason the MS reading is here retained; but "frighted" may have been Milton's final preference, especially as it goes rather better with "respite." ¶ 558. *took:* charmed; cf. *Hamlet*, I. i. 163, "No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm." ¶ 567. *near:* near to. ¶ 568. *lawns* = open fields.

(367) 604. *Acheron:* hell; by figure of speech, Acheron being strictly a river in hell. ¶ 605–9. Cambridge MS:

> harpyes & Hydra's or all the monstrous buggs [=hobgoblins]
> twixt Africa & Inde. Ile find him out
> and force him to restore his purchase back
> or drag him by the curls & cleave his scalpe
> downe to the hips.

¶ 605. *Harpies:* foul birds with the faces and breasts of women. *hydras:* the Hydra was a many-headed dragon, which Hercules slew; the word came to be used for monstrous serpents in general. ¶ 607. *purchase* = spoil, booty (French "pourchasser," pursue eagerly). ¶ 610. *emprise* = adventurousness; cf. "enterprise."

(368) 619. *a certain shepherd lad:* perhaps an allusion to Milton's intimate friend, Charles Diodati, a student of medicine. ¶ 631–33. The plant seems to be symbolic of some such virtue as Christian self-denial, often painful here, but receiving golden reward in heaven; cf. ll. 9–11. ¶ 635. *clouted* = patched. *shoon* = shoes. ¶ 636. *moly:* a plant, with a black root and a milk-white flower, that protected Ulysses from the charms and drugs of Circe. ¶ 638. *haemony:* probably from "Haemonia," an old name for Thessaly, which was famous for magic. ¶ 646. *lime-twigs:* birds used to be caught by smearing sticky lime on twigs.

(369) 661. *Daphne:* daughter of a river-god; when pursued by Apollo, she prayed to be turned into a bay-tree and her prayer was granted. ¶ 673. *his* = its. ¶ 675, 676. "Then Helen, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Presently she cast a drug into the wine whereof they drank, a drug to lull all pain and anger and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. . . . . Medicines of such virtue and so helpful had the daughter of Zeus, which Polydamna, the wife of Thon, had given her, a woman of Egypt."—*Odyssey*, iv. 219–29, Butcher and Lang's translation. *nepenthes* = sorrow-dispelling (Greek *νη*, a privative, *πένθος*, pain). ¶ 682. *cov'nants of her trust:* i. e., the conditions under which she intrusted beauty to you, one condition being that you should preserve your beauty by necessary refreshment. ¶ 685. *unexempt condition:* condition from which none are exempt.

(370) 695. *oughly* = ugly. ¶ 700. *liquorish* = tempting to the appetite; used in a bad sense. ¶ 702, 703. Based upon Euripides, *Medea*, l. 618, *κακοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς δῶρ' ὄνησιν οὐκ ἔχει*, "The gifts of a bad man are of no benefit." ¶ 707. *budge doctors:* budge was a kind of fur used in trimming academic hoods and gowns; "budge doctors" may, then, mean merely "doctors wearing fur-edged hoods and gowns"; but the word took on the secondary meaning of "solemn, pompous," which is probably the sense here, for Comus is expressing contempt. *of the Stoic fur:* belonging to the school of Stoics; fur, as a badge of academic degrees, is here used figuratively as a distinctive mark of an order of philosophers. ¶ 708. *Cynic tub:* Diogenes, of the fourth century B. C., the most famous of the Cynic school of philosophers, is said to have lived in a tub to show his indifference to material comforts and pleasures. ¶ 714. *curious* = fastidious; literally, careful (Latin "cura," care). ¶ 719. *hutch't* = stored up; from "hutch," a box, or chest (cf. "rabbit-hutch"). ¶ 722. *frieze:* a coarse cloth.

(371) 734. *they below:* creatures of the deep. ¶ 737–55. These lines are not in the Bridgewater MS, although they are in the Cambridge. ¶ 737. *cozened* = cheated. ¶ 746. *solemnities:* festivals; see note on l. 142. ¶ 750. *sorry grain:* poor color; see note on "Il Penseroso," l. 33, p. 484. ¶ 751. *sampler:* pattern-piece of needle-work. *tease* = card, comb. ¶ 755. *be advised:* take advice and profit by it. ¶ 759. *prankt* = bedecked. ¶ 760. *bolt* = refine, make more subtle; a figure from the sifting of flour.

(372) 779–806. These lines, beginning with "Shall I go on?" and ending with "more strongly," are not in either MS. ¶ 805. *Saturn's crew:* when Jove overthrew Saturn and took his throne, the Titans championed the cause of the latter, and Jove hurled them down into Erebus, or Tartarus, an abyss as far below hell as earth was below heaven. ¶ 808. *canon laws of our foundation:* a semi-humorous allusion to his riotous establishment as if it were a religious or academic institution, with fundamental laws established by supreme authority.

(373) 817. *backward mutters:* it was believed that magic charms could be undone by uttering the spells backward. ¶ 822. *Meliboeus:* probably Spenser, who tells the story of Sabrina (down to her death in the river) in *The Faerie Queene*, II x. st. 13–19; it had also been told by Sackville, Warner, and Drayton, who all took it from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Kings of Britons* (c. 1135 A. D.). ¶ 823. *soothest* = truest; cf. "in sooth." ¶ 827, 828. *Locrine . . . . Brute:* early kings of Britain. ¶ 835. *Nereus:* father of the sea-nymphs, or Nereides. ¶ 840. *ambrosial:* see note on l. 16. ¶ 845. *urchin blasts:* it was believed that goblins sometimes took the form of the hedgehog, or urchin, which was supposed to poison the udders of cows, and that they mildewed grass and grain.

(374) 846. *shrewd* = spiteful, malicious; cf. "shrew." ¶ 870. *Tethys':* Tethys was the wife of Oceanus. ¶ 871. *Nereus:* see note on l. 835. ¶ 872. *Carpathian wisard's hook.* Proteus, a sea-god, living on the island of Carpathus, near Crete, knew the past, present, and

future; he bore a shepherd's hook, or crook, because he herded the sea-calves. See Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 387 ff. ¶ 873. *scaly Triton's winding shell:* the sea-god Triton stilled the waves by blowing on a curving horn, or shell; he had the tail of a fish. ¶ 874. *soothsaying* = truth-telling. *Glaucus:* a Greek fisherman, who was changed into a sea-god by eating a magic herb, and became an oracle to sailors. ¶ 875. *Leucothea's:* Leucothea ("white goddess") was the daughter of Cadmus, the founder of Thebes; her mad husband having slain one son, she leaped into the sea with the other, and both became sea-divinities. ¶ 877. *Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet:* Thetis was the daughter of Nereus and the mother of Achilles; Homer's epithet for her is "silver-footed"; Milton's epithet is not so far different as might seem, for "tinsel" then meant silk cloth interwoven with silver or gold and did not necessarily suggest the tawdry and unsubstantial. ¶ 879. *Parthenope's dear tomb:* the tomb of Parthenope, one of the Sirens, was supposed to be at Naples, and was much venerated. ¶ 880. *Ligea's golden comb:* Ligea was the other Siren.

(375) 893, 894. The reference is to the colors of the running water, which is poetically called the river-nymph's chariot. *turkis* = turquoise. ¶ 895. *That:* refers to "chariot." *strays:* i. e., it usually does, but is now stayed. ¶ 897. *printless* = making no print. ¶ 921. *Amphitrite's:* Amphitrite was the wife of Neptune. ¶ 923. There was an old tradition that the Britons were descended from Æneas, son of Anchises.

(376) 924–37. "The whole of this poetical blessing on the Severn and its neighborhood, involving at the end, though in purposely gorgeous language, the wish of what we should call 'solid commercial prosperity,' would go to the heart of the assemblage at Ludlow."—Masson. ¶ 933. *beryl:* a precious stone, of a light-green or bluish color.

(377) 963–05. This mythology is Milton's invention. ¶ 964. *mincing* = taking short, dainty steps (O. E "minsian," diminish). ¶ *dryades:* tree-nymphs. ¶ 965. *lawns* = grassy fields. *leas* = meadows. ¶ 972. *assays* = trials. ¶ 982. *Hesperus:* Hesperus ("the West"), the evening star, was brother of Atlas. ¶ 983. *golden tree:* see note on l. 393. ¶ 985. *spruce* = neat and gay; apparently the word is here used without the modern tinge of depreciation. ¶ 993. *blow* = cause to blossom. ¶ 995. *her:* Iris'. *purfled:* ornamented with a border.

(378) 999. Bridgewater MS, "Where many a cherub soft reposes"; the following twelve lines are omitted. *Adonis:* a beautiful youth, beloved by Aphrodite, who was fatally wounded by a wild boar. ¶ 1002. *Assyrian queen:* Aphrodite, here identified with Astarte, the Eastern goddess of love; the worship of Aphrodite, and the story of Adonis, are supposed to be of Eastern origin. ¶ 1003. *far above:* because the love symbolized by the story of Cupid and Psyche is of a higher kind. ¶ 1004. *advanc't:* promoted, raised to higher place; it refers to "far above," and is another reminder that the poet is speaking of the higher kind of love. ¶ 1005 8. Psyche ("soul") was loved by Cupid, who visited her only at night, unseen; in her curiosity to see him, she lit a lamp while he was sleeping; a drop of oil fell on his cheek and awoke him, and he was forced to flee from her; Venus, in jealousy of her, forced her to do various seemingly impossible tasks; she was finally reunited to Cupid and made immortal.

(378) Lycidas. "In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height."—Subheading in 1645 edition. The poem first appeared, signed "J. M.," in a collection of memorial verses to Edward King, published at Cambridge University in 1638. Milton and King had been friends together at the university, where the latter, after taking his bachelor's degree in 1630, had been made fellow and tutor; he was preparing for the ministry. In the long vacation of 1637, King sailed for Ireland, where his father was a member of the privy council; his vessel struck a rock and sank, and although the sea was calm nearly all on board were lost. "Lycidas" is modeled on the classic pastoral elegy, and the name is taken from the same source. ¶ 1, 2. *laurels . . . . myrtles . . . . ivy:* all were associated with the Muses. ¶ 3–5. The literal meaning is that Milton is about to write a poem before he feels that his poetical genius is ripe; cf. his letter to Diodati, September 23, 1637: "Do you ask what I am meditating? By the help of heaven, an immortality of fame. But what am I doing? *πτεροφυῶ*, I am letting my wings grow and preparing

to fly; but my Pegasus has not yet feathers enough to soar aloft in the fields of air."—*Familiar Letters*, VII, Bohn translation. In the Cambridge MS, "Lycidas" is dated "November, 1637," or only a few weeks later than the letter. ¶ 6. *dear:* this word was often used in the Elizabethan age to indicate any intimate relation, whether of love or hate, of joy or sorrow (as here); cf. *Hamlet*, I. i. 182, "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven." ¶ 10, 11. *he knew Himself to sing:* King left a few Latin poems. ¶ 13. *welter* = roll, toss.

(379) 15. *Sisters:* the Muses. *sacred well:* the Pierian spring, sacred to the Muses; it was at the base of Mt. Olympus, "the seat of Jove." ¶ 20. *urn:* burial urn. ¶ 23–36. The lines say, under the imagery of pastoral poetry, that Milton and King attended the same university and pursued the same studies together, often studying from early morning until late at night, and that they wrote verses which won applause from their fellow-students and their tutor. ¶ 25. *ere the high lawns appeared:* very early, before even the fields on the high lands had caught the morning rays. ¶ 26. *opening:* Cambridge MS, "glimmering," canceled. *eyelids of the morn:* cf. Job 3:9, marginal reading, "eyelids of the morning." ¶ 28. The whole line may be taken, loosely, as the object of "heard." *sultry:* the suggestion is of noon, or at least the heat of the day. ¶ 29. *Batt'ning* = feeding, fattening. *with:* i. e., along with, at the time of. ¶ 31. *westering:* Cambridge MS, "burnisht," canceled. ¶ 33. *Tempered to:* controlled by, attuned to (Latin "temperare," regulate). ¶ 34. *satyrs . . . . fauns:* by likening the undergraduates at Cambridge to these half-human creatures of the woods, Milton seems to be expressing, half jocosely, his poor opinion of the culture of the mass of his fellow-students; cf. his letter to Alexander Gill, written from Cambridge, July 2, 1628: "Among us, as far as I know, there are only two or three who, without any acquaintance with criticism or philosophy, do not instantly engage, with raw and untutored judgments, in the study of theology."—*Familiar Letters*, III, Bohn translation. ¶ 40. *gadding* = running about. ¶ 45. *canker:* canker-worm. ¶ 46. *taint-worm:* "There is found in the summer a kind of spider called a tainct, of a red color, and so little of body that ten of the largest will hardly outweigh a grain; this by country people is accounted a deadly poison unto cows and horses."—Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar Errors* (1646), Book III, chap. xxvii. ¶ 50–55. Cf. Theocritus, *Idylls*, i. 66–69:

> πᾷ ποκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ' ὅκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο, πᾷ ποκα, Νύμφαι;
> ἢ κατὰ Πηνειῶ καλὰ τέμπεα, ἢ κατὰ Πίνδω;
> οὐ γὰρ δὴ ποταμῶ γε μέγαν ῥόον εἴχετ' Ἀνάπω,
> οὐδ' Αἴτνας σκοπιάν, οὐδ' Ἀκιδος ἱερὸν ὕδωρ.

"Where were ye when Daphnis died, where were ye, Nymphs? Among the fair vales of Peneus or of Pindus? For the great stream of Anapus river surely held you not, nor Ætna's lookout, nor the sacred water of Akis." Cf. also Virgil, *Eclogues*, x. 9–12:

> Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae
> Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore peribat?
> Nam nequi Parnasi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
> Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonie Aganippe.
>
> What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
> Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betrayed—
> To love, unpitied by the cruel maid?
> Nor sleepy Pindus could retard your course,
> Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source.—Dryden's translation.

¶ 50. *nymphs:* the Muses. ¶ 52. *the steep:* the mountainous coast of Wales, near which King was drowned; Milton may have had especially in mind the mountains of Denbighshire, where, according to Camden, an antiquary of Milton's day, were the sepulchres of Druids. ¶ 53. *bards:* the Druids, priests of the early Britons, were also seers and poets. ¶ 54. *Mona:* the island of Anglesey, near the scene of the shipwreck.

(380) 55. *Deva:* the river Dee, on which King took ship. *wizard stream:* "In Spenser the river Dee is the haunt of magicians (see *The Faerie Queene*, I. ix. st. 4, 5]. . . . . But there is another and perhaps a better reason why Deva's is a wizard stream. . . . . Much superstí-

tion was founded on the circumstance of its being the ancient boundary between England and Wales; and Drayton, in his 'Tenth Song' [of *Poly-Olbion*] having recited this part of its history, adds that by changing its fords it foretold good or evil, war or peace, dearth or plenty, to either country."—Thomas Warton. ¶ 56. *fondly* = foolishly. ¶ 58–63. Canceled readings in the Cambridge MS:

> what could the golden-hayrd Calliope
> for her inchaunting son
> when shee beheld (the gods farre sighted bee)
> his goarie scalpe rowle downe the Thracian lee
> whome universal nature might lament
> and heaven and hel deplore
> when his divine head downe the stream was sent
>
> his divine visage

¶ 61. *rout:* while Orpheus was wandering on the mountains of Thrace, grieving for the final loss of Eurydice (see note on "L'Allegro," ll. 145–50, p. 483), a band of women, frenzied by the worship of Bacchus and enraged at his indifference to them, tore him to pieces and threw his head into the river Hebrus; it floated over the sea to the island of Lesbos. ¶ 65. *shepherd's trade:* i. e., writing poetry; in the classic pastoral, shepherds are represented as singing songs of their own composition. ¶ 66. See note on *Comus*, l. 547, p. 491. ¶ 67. *use* = are wont. ¶ 70. *clear:* clear of stain, noble; Latin "clarus" is so used. ¶ 71. Cf. Tacitus: "Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exuitur," "Even by the wise the desire of glory is the last to be laid aside." ¶ 75. *Fury:* it was one of the Fates that cut the thread of a man's life when the hour of his death had come; but Milton doubtless wished to intensify the impression of the seeming unreasonableness of an early death like King's by making the Fate also a blind Fury. ¶ 77. *touched my trembling ears.* Cf. Virgil, *Eclogues*, vi. 3, 4:

> Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthius aurem
> Vellit, et admonuit.

"While I was singing of kings and battles, Apollo plucked my ear and warned me." The ear was considered the seat of memory, and touching it was a way of reminding a person that he had forgotten something. As to the trembling, Professor Sampson's remark is pertinent: "That which a god touched may well have trembled." ¶ 79. *foil:* in jewelry, foil (Latin "folium," leaf) is a thin leaf of metal put under a gem to increase its luster (cf. "set off") by reflection of light from the surface of the foil. Milton's thought is that true fame is a gem of such worth that it does not need this external embellishment; cf. Bacon, *Essays*, "Of Ceremonies and Respects": "The stone had need to be rich that is set without foil." ¶ 80. *lies* = dwells, exists. ¶ 82. *witness* = testimony, attestation; but there seems to be reference also to the seeing and knowing truly (O. E. "witan," to know) which must precede "perfect witness." ¶ 85. *fountain Arethuse:* the fountain was in the island of Ortygia, close to Sicily the home of the great father of pastoral poetry, Theocritus. *honoured:* Cambridge MS, first reading, "smooth." ¶ 86. *Smooth:* Cambridge MS, first reading, "soft." *Mincius:* a tributary of the Po, near Mantua the home of Virgil, the greatest pastoral poet of the Romans. ¶ 88. *oat:* oaten pipe, the symbol of pastoral poetry. ¶ 89. *herald of the sea:* Triton, who issued Neptune's commands through his curving shell. ¶ 90. *plea* = defense. ¶ 91. *felon winds:* although innocent in this case, the winds were under suspicion because of their criminal record in the past as killers of men on the seas.

(381) 96. *Hippotades:* Æolus, god of the winds; "Hippotades" is a patronymic, meaning "son of Hippotes." ¶ 99. *Panope:* a Nereid, or sea-nymph. ¶ 100. *fatal . . . . bark:* in modern phrase, "an ill-fated ship." ¶ 101. *eclipse:* eclipses, especially of the moon, were unlucky times and much utilized by witches; cf. "Witches' Incantation," l. 28, p. 133. ¶ 103. *Camus:* the river Cam, on which the town of Cambridge is situated, represents the university, "reverend" even in Milton's day since it was founded in the thirteenth century. *footing slow:* probably a double reference to the slow current of the river in that level region, and to the old age of the university. ¶ 104. *hairy:* a hairy river-weed floats on the Cam. *sedge:* a water-

plant growing along the margin of rivers. ¶ 105. *Inwrought:* Cambridge MS, canceled reading, "scraul'd ore." *figures dim:* the leaves of the sedge in the Cam, when withered have dim markings on them, especially along the edges. "It would be difficult to ascertain the meaning of 'figures dim.' Perhaps the poet himself had no very clear or determinate idea, but in obscure and mysterious expressions leaves something to be supplied or explained by the reader's imagination."—Thomas Warton. " 'Inwrought with figures dim' may be meant to suggest the dim traditions connected with the ancient university."—Moody. ¶ 106. *sanguine flower:* the Greek hyacinth had markings which were supposed to resemble αἰαῖ ("alas, alas"); the markings were believed to commemorate the death of the youth Hyacinth, from whose blood (cf. "sanguine") the flower sprang up. ¶ 107. *pledge:* child. ¶ 109. *Pilot of the Galilean Lake:* St. Peter; "pilot" is used loosely for "sailor" or "fisherman," probably to suggest that Peter, the fisherman, became the guide of the church. ¶ 110. *keys:* cf. Matt. 16:19. *metals twain:* Dante (*Divina Commedia*, "Purgatorio," IX. 117 ff.) speaks of two keys, given to an angel by Peter; but both were of precious metals (gold and silver), and both unlocked an upward-leading door in Purgatory. ¶ 111. *amain* = strongly, with force. ¶ 112. *mitred:* the mitre is the head-dress of a bishop (Greek μίτρα, Latin "mitra," girdle, head-band, turban); Milton represents Peter as the first bishop, or "overseer," of the church. ¶ 115. The pastoral elegy, with its fiction of poets as shepherds, is easily adapted to the Christian conception of the minister as a "pastor," a shepherd of his flock; cf. Christ's words to Peter himself, "Feed my sheep" (John 21:16), and John 10:1, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." "Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. . . . . For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who 'creep' into the fold; who do not care for office nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who 'intrude' (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who 'climb'; who by labor and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become 'lords over the heritage,' though not 'ensamples to the flock.' "—John Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, "Of King's Treasuries," §21. ¶ 116–29. Cf. Spenser, *The Shepheardes Calender*, "Maye," ll. 39–50, 126–29. ¶ 119. *Blind mouths.* "Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor. A 'bishop' means a 'person who sees.' A 'pastor' means a 'person who feeds.' The most unbishoply character a man can have is, therefore, to be blind. The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed—to be a mouth. Take the two reverses together, and you have 'blind mouths.' "—John Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, "Of Kings' Treasuries," §22. ¶ 122. *What recks it them:* what care is it to them; cf. "reckless." *sped* = prospered. ¶ 123. *flashy* = insipid; cf. Bacon, *Essays*, "Of Studies": "Distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things." *songs:* i. e., sermons, religious instruction. ¶ 124. *scrannel* = "weak, piping" (Joseph Wright, *The English Dialect Dictionary*); this is the only known instance of the literary use of the word. ¶ 126. *wind:* empty teachings. *rank mist:* unsound doctrine. *draw:* draw in, inhale. ¶ 127. The sense is that the moral and religious character of the members of the English church is degenerating, and the evil is spreading throughout the nation. ¶ 128. *the grim wolf:* the Roman Catholic church which was quietly making converts at this time among the members of the Church of England. ¶ 130. *two-handed engine:* "engine," in Milton's day, was regularly used for any mechanical device or instrument, and "two-handed" (meaning "wielded with two hands") shows that the instrument here must be a sword or an axe. There have been many conjectures as to what is symbolized by the two-handed engine: the axe "laid unto the root of the trees," which was to hew down every tree that brought not forth good fruit (Matt. 3:10)? the sharp two-edged

sword in the mouth of the Son of Man (Rev. 1:16)? the sword of the archangel Michael? the two houses of Parliament? the civil and the ecclesiastical power? It is more than doubtful if Milton had any such minute symbolism in mind. The engine probably stands merely for some instrument of God's judgment upon the corrupt English church, under Archbishop Laud; the punishment is imminent ("at the door"); and the word "two-handed" shows merely that the blow will be a terrible one—cf. "smite once and smite no more." ¶ 132. *Alpheus:* the river Alpheus, pursuing the water-nymph Arethusa, went under sea and came up in her fountain on the island of Ortygia near Sicily, the home of Greek pastoral poetry; Alpheus is therefore addressed as the Muse of pastoral poetry (cf. "Sicilian Muse"). *dread voice:* the voice of St. Peter, in the preceding passage, speaking in a strain of denunciation so foreign to the gentle spirit of pastoral elegy. ¶ 136. *use* = frequent, dwell.

(382) 138. *fresh lap:* the depths of the vales; fresh because shaded from the sun. *swart star:* Sirius, the dog-star, so called because it is in the constellation *Canis Major*. "Swart" = making swart, or black; to the Greeks and Romans Sirius appeared above the horizon at the hottest part of the year (cf. "dog-days"). ¶ 139. *quaint* = pretty, beautiful. *enamelled* = bright, glossy. ¶ 142–50. The Cambridge MS shows the growth of the passage under the poet's hand. In the first draft, the passage did not occur, l. 151 following immediately after l. 141. The inserted lines in their first form stood thus:

> Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies
> colouring the pale cheeke of uninjoyd love
> and that sad floure that strove
> to write his owne woes on the vermeil graine
> next adde Narcissus y^t still weeps in vaine
> the woodbine and y^e pancie freak't w^th jet
> the glowing violet
> the cowslip wan that hangs his pensive head
> and every bud that sorrows liverie weares
> let Daffadillies fill thire cups with teares
> bid Amaranthus all his beautie shed

This draft was crossed out, and then rewritten nearly as it now stands. But instead of "well-attired woodbine" Milton first wrote "garish columbine"; and instead of "embroidery wears" he first wrote "escutcheon beares." ¶ 142. *rathe* = early; cf. "rather" (sooner), the comparative degree of the same word. *primrose:* literally, prime (= early) rose. ¶ 149. *amaranthus:* Greek ἀμάραντος, unfading. *his* = its. ¶ 151. *laureate* = decked with laurel. *hearse* = bier or tomb. ¶ 153. *frail:* i. e., too weak to face the fact that King's body is not decently buried, where his friends might heap flowers upon the grave, but is floating somewhere on the sea. ¶ 156. *Hebrides:* islands far to the north, off the northwest coast of Scotland. ¶ 158. *monstrous world:* the sea, full of monsters. ¶ 159. *to our moist vows denied:* our tearful promises of thanksgiving and offerings to the god of the sea do not secure the return of the body. ¶ 160. *the fable of Bellerus:* i. e., the fabled abode of Bellerus. "Bellerium" was the Romans' name for Land's End, the southwestern extremity of Cornwall. Milton seems to have inferred the existence of a person, Bellerus, from the name of the place; he first wrote "Corineus," the name of the legendary first king of Cornwall. ¶ 161. *guarded mount:* a steep rock, two hundred feet high, on the coast of Land's End, where hermits once saw an apparition ("vision") of the angel Michael. From Land's End there is an uninterrupted line of sight over-sea to the coast of Spain; and Milton pictures the warrior archangel as sitting on this craggy seat and looking steadily over the five hundred miles of ocean, "as far as angels ken" (*Paradise Lost*, I. 59), to guard England against attack from her old enemy. ¶ 162. *Namancos . . . . Bayona's hold:* places on the coast of Spain; "hold" = stronghold. ¶ 164. An allusion to the legend that Arion, the semi-mythical Greek poet and musician, when thrown overboard, was carried ashore by dolphins who had been charmed by his music. ¶ 170. *tricks* = decks. ¶ 173. See Matt. 14:25. ¶ 176. *unexpressive* = inexpressible, i. e., too sweet to be expressed in human language. *nuptial song:* the song at the marriage of the church to Christ; cf. Rev. 19:6, 7.

(383) 181. Cf. Rev. 7:17, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." ¶ 183. *genius:* a tutelary spirit; the conception is pagan, but is somewhat like the Christian idea of a guardian angel. ¶ 184. *recompense:* i. e., for an early death at sea. ¶ 186. *uncouth* =unknown. ¶ 188. *various quills:* an allusion to the mixture of higher and sterner notes with the pastoral and elegiac strain; see ll. 87, 132. *quills* =reeds, pipes. ¶ 189. *Doric lay:* pastoral songs; called Doric because Greek pastorals were written in the Doric dialect. ¶ 193. *fresh woods and pastures new:* apparently an allusion to his purpose to write poetry of a different and greater kind; cf. note on ll. 3–5.

(383) When the Assault Was Intended to the City. In the Cambridge MS, the heading, in the hand of the amanuensis who copied the sonnet itself, was "On his Dore when ye Citty expected an assault"; this was crossed out, and the present heading inserted in Milton's hand. In November, 1642, the king's army was very near London, and the city was in great alarm, expecting an immediate attack; streets were closed by chains, and house-doors were barred. ¶ 1. *colonel:* a trisyllable here. ¶ 6. *gentle:* noble, magnanimous, characteristic of a gentleman or person of good birth. ¶ 10. *Emathian conqueror:* Alexander the Great; Emathia was a province of Macedonia, Alexander's kingdom. ¶ 11. *Pindarus:* Pliny says that when Alexander sacked Thebes, in 335 B. C., he spared the house of the poet Pindar, who had been dead more than a century. ¶ 12. *repeated* =recited. ¶ 13. *Electra's poet:* Euripides, one of whose plays is about Electra, the sister of the matricide Orestes and the daughter of the murderess, Clytemnestra. ¶ 14. Plutarch says that when the Spartans were about to raze Athens, which they had just taken, in 404 B. C., the recitation of lines from Euripides' play induced the victors to destroy only the fortifications of the city.

(383) To the Lady Margaret Ley. Milton's nephew and biographer, Edward Phillips, says that after the poet's wife left him, in 1643, he "made it his chief diversion now and then of an evening to visit the Lady Margaret Ley." She was the daughter of James Ley, first earl of Marlborough. ¶ 3. *fee:* bribe. ¶ 4. *more in himself content:* i. e., more than in outward honors.

(384) 5. *breaking of that Parliament:* the dissolution of Parliament by Charles I, in 1629, which was an ominous sign of the king's purpose to rule independently of Parliament; the earl's death, four days after, at the age of 77, was attributed to his anxiety over the political situation. ¶ 6. *dishonest* =dishonorable, robbing of honor; cf. "fatal to liberty" (l. 7). ¶ 7. *Chæronea:* here Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander, defeated the Athenians and Thebans, in 338 B. C., and crushed the liberties of Greece. ¶ 8. *that old man eloquent:* Isocrates, the famous Greek orator, who died at the age of 90, four days after hearing of the defeat.

(384) On the Detraction Which Followed upon My Writing Certain Treatises. This title, which is Milton's own, is prefixed to two sonnets; the one here printed is the second, now usually headed "On the Same." The "certain treatises" were Milton's divorce pamphlets, published in 1643–45, advocating greater liberty of divorce. ¶ 2. Cf. a part of the title-page of *Tetrachordon*, one of the "treatises": "Wherein the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, as was lately published, is confirmed by Explanation of Scripture, by Testimony of ancient Fathers, of Civil Laws in the Primitive Church." ¶ 5–7. When Latona, with her children, Apollo and Diana, was fleeing from the wrath of jealous Juno, certain rustics railed at her and mudded the water of a pool where she had stooped to drink; they were changed into frogs, to live in the muddy water of the pool. ¶ 7. *in fee:* in absolute right (cf. "fee simple"), as the deities of them. ¶ 8. Cf. Matt. 7:6. ¶ 10. Cf. John 8:32: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." ¶ 12. Cf. *Comus*, l. 1019, p. 378. ¶ 13. *rove:* a term from archery, meaning "to shoot wide of the mark." ¶ 14. The allusion is to the cost and bloodshed of the Civil War, which the Puritans and Presbyterians had waged ostensibly for freedom. *For all* =notwithstanding.

(384) To the Lord General Cromwell.

(385) 5, 6. A compact union of two figures: (1) the subjection of an enemy to the yoke, with perhaps the additional idea of the neck and head being prostrate in the dust; (2) the raising of a memorial of the victory. As to the first figure, cf. *King Richard II*, III. i. 19,

"Have stooped my neck under your injuries," and *Cymbeline*, III. iii. 91, 92, "Thus mine enemy fell, And thus I set my foot on 's neck." Milton's allusion is to the overthrow of Charles I and the monarchical party ("crownèd Fortune") by Cromwell as the leader of the religious reformers (hence "God's trophies"). ¶ 7. *Darwen stream:* a small river in the northwest of England, near Preston, where Cromwell routed the invading Scotch army in a three days' battle, August 17–19, 1648. ¶ 8. *Dunbar field:* there, in the south of Scotland, Cromwell defeated the Scottish army, September 3, 1650. *resounds:* "The verb in the singular, to distribute it between the three nominatives, one of which is still to come."—Masson. ¶ 9. *Worcester's laureate wreath:* the battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651, in which Cromwell scattered the army that Charles II had led down from Scotland, placed the wreath of final victory upon his head; Charles fled to the continent, not to return until the Restoration, in 1660. ¶ 11–14. The "new foes" were the Presbyterian clergy, who seemed disposed to take for themselves alone all the property of the prostrate English church, and also to re-establish some form of state church (see l. 12).

(385) On the Late Massacre in Piemont. The circumstances that gave rise to the sonnet are set forth in the following sentences from the letter which Milton, as Latin secretary to the Commonwealth, wrote in May, 1654, at Cromwell's order: "Oliver the Protector, &c., to the most Serene Prince, Immanuel, Duke of Savoy, Prince of Piemont, greeting. Most Serene Prince, letters have been sent us from Geneva, ... wherein we are given to understand that such of your royal highness' subjects as profess the reformed religion are commanded by your edict and by your authority, within three days after the promulgation of your edict, to depart their native seats and habitations, upon pain of capital punishment and forfeiture of all their fortunes and estates, unless they will give security to relinquish their religion within twenty days and embrace the Roman Catholic faith: and that when they applied themselves to your royal highness in a most suppliant manner, imploring a revocation of the said edict, ... a part of your army fell upon them, most cruelly slew several, put others in chains, and compelled the rest to fly into desert places and to the mountains covered with snow, where some hundreds of families are reduced to such distress that it is greatly to be feared they will in a short time all miserably perish through cold and hunger."—*Letters of State*, Bohn translation. The people so persecuted were the Waldenses, or Vaudois, a simple folk, half French, half Italian, living in the valleys of the Cottian Alps, between France and Piedmont, a district of northwestern Italy. ¶ 3. It was supposed that the Waldenses had preserved the primitive form of Christianity from the time of the apostles; the fact is that the sect (named from its founder, Waldo) originated inside the Roman Catholic church, in the twelfth century, and retained many characteristics of the Catholic faith (such as the worship of the Virgin Mary and the saints) until the time of the Reformation under Luther. ¶ 4. England was Roman Catholic until the early part of the sixteenth century. *worshipt stocks and stones:* the use of images in the Roman Catholic church was considered idolatry by the Protestants of Milton's day. ¶ 8. *Mother with infant:* in Moreland's *History of the Valleys of Piedmont* (1658), describing the massacre, is a statement that "a mother was hurled down a mighty rock, with a little infant in her arms, and three days after was found dead, with the little child alive." The sonnet was probably written before the book was published; but Moreland was Cromwell's agent in Piedmont, and Milton may have learned this detail from him by letter. ¶ 12. *triple Tyrant:* the Pope; "triple" refers to his tiara, or triple crown. ¶ 12, 13. *may grow A hundredfold:* the thought is the same as in the saying, attributed to Tertullian, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church"; cf. "Avenge" (l. 1). ¶ 13. *Thy way:* i. e., the Protestant form of Christianity. ¶ 14. *Babylonian:* the Puritans considered the Papacy the scarlet woman of Babylon, the "mother of abominations" and enemy of Christ; see Rev., chaps. 17, 18. *woe:* the punishment of the Papacy at the Last Judgment.

(385) On His Blindness. ¶ 2. *Ere half my days:* Milton's blindness was total in 1652, when he was forty-four years old. ¶ 3. *one talent:* not one special gift or faculty, but small ability in contrast to great ability; cf. the parable of the talents, Matt. 25:14 ff. ¶ 7. *light denied:* i. e., when light is denied. ¶ 8. *fondly* = foolishly.

(386) To Mr. Cyriack Skinner upon His Blindness. Cyriack Skinner, a grandson of the famous judge, Sir Edward Coke, and probably a former pupil of Milton, was one of his most intimate friends after he became blind. The exact cause of Milton's blindness is unknown, but it seems to have been failure of the optic nerve; he inherited from his mother a certain weakness of the eyes, which was increased by his habit of late study. In a letter written September 28, 1654, to Leonard Philaras, an Athenian ambassador at the court of France, the poet gives interesting details of his case, which are in part as follows: "The sight in my other eye has now been gradually and sensibly vanishing away for about three years; some months before it had entirely perished, though I stood motionless everything which I looked at seemed in motion to and fro. . . . I ought not to omit that while I had any sight left, as soon as I lay down on my bed and turned on either side, a flood of light used to gush from my closed eyelids. Then, as my sight became daily more impaired, the colors became more faint, and were emitted with a certain inward crackling sound; but at present, every species of illumination being, as it were, extinguished, there is diffused around me nothing but darkness, or darkness mingled and streaked with an ashy brown. Yet the darkness in which I am perpetually immersed seems always, both by day and night, to approach nearer to white than black; and when the eye is rolling in its socket, it admits a little particle of light, as though a chink. . . . . I wish you adieu with no less courage and composure than if I had the eyes of a lynx."—*Familiar Letters*, XV, Bohn translation. ¶ 1. *this three years' day:* i. e., three years this day. ¶ 10. *conscience* = consciousness; a frequent use of the word then. ¶ 11. *In liberty's defence.* In 1650 the great continental scholar, Salmasius, published *Defensio Regia*, attacking the English Commonwealth for the execution of Charles I. Milton made a crushing rejoinder, in 1651, in his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* ("Defense of the English People"), although he knew that the work would cost him his eyesight: "When I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the defence of the royal cause, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced that if I did engage in the work it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation and inspired no dismay. . . . . I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left to me to enjoy as beneficial as possible to the public interest."—*The Second Defence of the People of England* (1654), Bohn translation. ¶ 12. The Council of State passed a vote of thanks to Milton, June 17, 1651, for "his book in vindication of the Parliament and people of England.' "From all the embassies in London Milton received formal calls or speedy messages of compliment expressly on account of the book; and in Holland, France, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, and elsewhere, copies were in extraordinary demand, and a topic of talk among scholars for months was the mangling which the great Salmasius had received from one of 'the English mastiffs.' It is not too much to say that before the end of the year 1651, in consequence of this one book, Milton's name was more widely known on the continent than that of any other Englishman then living except Oliver Cromwell."—Masson. *talks:* the reading of the Cambridge MS; "rings" occurs in the first edition of the sonnet, in 1694, when it was published, with others, by Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew. It might be supposed that Phillips had Milton's authority for the change were it not that his edition contains several other variations from the MS, all for the worse (as "this" for "the" in l. 13, and "other" for "better" in l. 14). It looks as if Phillips had tried his hand at emending the manuscript of his famous uncle, and made one lucky alteration—which was, however, probably suggested by the first line of the sonnet to Fairfax, "Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings." ¶ 13. *vain* = empty, unsatisfying. *mask:* the allusion is to the spectacular dramatic performances called masks, especially to the great court masks, in which there was much show and glitter of a very unsubstantial sort. ¶ 14. *had I:* i. e., even if I had. *better guide:* cf. Milton's letter to Philaras, quoted above: "While He so tenderly provides for me, while He so graciously leads me by the hand and conducts me on the way, I will, since it is His pleasure, rather rejoice than repine at being blind."

(387) On His Deceased Wife. Milton's second wife, Catherine Woodcock, died in childbirth in 1658, fifteen months after the marriage. ¶ 2. *like Alcestis:* Alcestis, who had

voluntarily died in place of her husband, Admetus, king of Thessaly, was brought back from Hades by Heracles. ¶ 5, 6. Cf. Lev., chap. 12. ¶ 10. *Her face was veiled:* it is probable that Milton had never seen his wife; but there may be merely an allusion to the veil on the face of Alcestis when she was restored to her husband.

(387) PARADISE LOST. Milton was planning his great epic and preparing himself to write it, years before he actually composed it. "When Thou hast settled peace in the Church, and righteous judgment in the kingdom, then shall all Thy saints address their voices of joy and triumph to Thee, standing on the shore of that Red Sea into which our enemies had almost driven us. And he that now for haste snatches up a plain ungarnished present as a thank-offering to Thee, ... may then perhaps take up a harp and sing Thee an elaborate song to generations."—Milton, *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus* (1641), Section 4. "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, Who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge and sends out His Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases: to this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs."—Milton, *The Reason of Church Government Urged against Prelaty* (1641), Book II. Introduction. "The measure is English heroic verse, without rime, as that of Homer in Greek and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre, graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also, long since, our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect, then, of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming."—Prefatory Statement, added by Milton in 1668.

(387) *Book I.* ¶ 6. *secret*=remote, solitary; with reference to Sinai, however, there may be allusion to the clouds which veiled the mountain-top when the Law was given to Moses (see Ex. 19:16–20). ¶ 7. *Oreb:* Mt. Horeb, where God appeared to Moses in the burning bush see Ex., chap. 3. ¶ 8. *shepherd:* "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law."—Ex. 3:1. ¶ 9. *In the beginning:* the words are to be taken with "Rose," not with "taught." ¶ 10. *Sion hill:* Mt. Zion, on which was Jerusalem; as Moses is associated with Horeb and Sinai, so Jerusalem suggests David, the greatest of the Hebrew lyric poets. ¶ 12. *Fast*= close. *oracle of God:* the temple of Solomon; it stood on Mt. Moriah, at the foot of which was Siloa. Milton seems to be making the parallel with Greek fable as close as possible; cf. "Lycidas," ll. 15, 16, p. 379.

(388) 15. *Above:* i. e., higher than. *Aonian mount:* Mt. Helicon, in Aonia, the fabled abode of the Muses. ¶ 16. Cf. *Comus*, ll. 43–45, p. 353. The statement is not true in the sense that the subjects of the fall of the angels, the creation of the world, and the fall of man had never been treated before, for—to mention only some of the more important works—they had been handled, in whole or in part, in Old English poems paraphrasing Genesis, in Middle English miracle plays, in Sylvester's *Divine Weeks and Works* (1598), in Grotius' *Adamus Exul* (1601), in Andreini's *Adamo* (1613), and in Vondel's *Lucifer* (1654). Some of these works

Milton surely knew, and he probably got hints from them. He must have meant, therefore, only that in purpose, scope, and epic largeness his poem was new. ¶ 20, 21. Cf. Gen. 1:2: "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." ¶ 24. *argument* = theme. ¶ 38–49. Cf. Isa. 14:12–15. ¶ 41. *he:* Satan, not God. ¶ 45. Cf. Luke 10:18, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." *ethereal sky:* the upper ether, heaven, in distinction from the lower sky over the earth. ¶ 46. *ruin* = fall; the original Latin sense (Latin "ruina," from "ruere," to fall with violence). *combustion:* cf. "flaming" (l. 47.) ¶ 47, 48. Cf. Rev. 20:1, 2.

(389) 56. *baleful* = full of misery (from O. E. "bealu," which means both evil and calamity); cf. next line. ¶ 57. *witnessed* = testified to, exhibited. ¶ 66. *hope never comes:* cf. Euripides, *Troades*, 676, 677:

οὐδ' ὃ πᾶσι λείπεται βροτοῖς
ξύνεστιν ἐλπίς.

"Not even hope, which remains to all mortals, is here." Cf. also Dante, *Divina Commedia*, "Inferno," III. 9, "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate," "Abandon all hope, ye who enter"—the inscription over the entrance to hell. ¶ 72. *utter* = outer (O. E. "ut," out); cf. Book III. 16, p. 407. ¶ 74. *Centre:* the center of the earth, which, in the Ptolemaic astronomy, was also the center of the starry universe with its ten spheres; see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 48, p. 479. *utmost pole:* the extremity of the axis of this spherical universe. In *Paradise Lost* the universe is thought of as hanging by a short golden chain from heaven, God's dwelling-place (Book II. 1047 ff.), and hence the distance from the center to the pole is the distance from earth to heaven. Hell, then, is three times this distance from heaven; but "thrice" may be used only in a general sense, as often in classic poetry. In placing hell at this enormous distance down in the depths of chaos, Milton is following Homer and more exactly Virgil. Cf. the *Iliad*, viii. 13–16: "I will take and cast him into misty Tartaros, ... as far beneath Hades as heaven is high above the earth."—Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation. Cf. also the *Æneid*, vi. 577–79:

Tum Tartarus ipse
Bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras,
Quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum.

"Then Tartarus lies down twice as great a steep, and extends beneath the shades as far as is the heavenward view up to ethereal Olympus." ¶75. Cf. the Old English poem, now called "Genesis B" (first published in 1655 by Milton's friend, Franciscus Junius):

Is þes ænga styde ungelic swiðe
þam oðrum þe we ær cuðon,
heah on heofonrice.

'This narrow place is most unlike the other which erst we knew, high in heaven's kingdom." ¶ 78. *welt'ring* = tossing about, rolling. ¶ 82. *thence* = therefore; "Satan," in Hebrew, means "adversary." ¶ 83. With regard to Satan's character and speeches compare the following:

"There is no outrage nor artifice by which Jupiter shall bring me to utter this before my torturing shackles shall have been loosened. Wherefore let his glowing lightning be hurled; and with the white-feathered shower of snow, and thunderings beneath the earth, let him confound and embroil the universe; for naught of these things shall bend me so much as even to say by whom it is doomed that he shall be put down from his sovereignty. . . . . Never let it enter your thoughts that I, affrighted by the purpose of Jupiter, shall become womanish, and shall importune the object whom I greatly loathe, with effeminate upliftings of my hands, to release me from these shackles: I want much of that."—Æschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, ll. 986 ff., Bohn translation.

Lucifer. I reck not what He means to make His heaven,
Nor care I what His creature, man, may be,
Too obstinate and firm
Is my undaunted thought,

In proving that I am implacable
'Gainst heaven, 'gainst man, the angels, and their God.
Satan. To light, to light to raise the embattled brows,
A symbol of the firm and generous heart
That ardent dwells in the unconquered breast.
Must we, then, suffer such excessive wrong? . . . .
Since we are those who in dread feats of arms,
Warring amongst the stars,
Made the bright face of heaven turn pale with fear.
Lucifer. Arise! let glory's flame
Blaze in your breast, nor be it ever heard
That Him Whom ye disdain
To worship in the sky
Ye stoop to worship in the depth of hell!

—Andreini, *Adamo* (1613), Cowper's translation.

"Why did such great spirits yield? Why did your native valor give way when you attempted with me to break in upon eternal light and shatter trembling heaven by force of arms? Now, inglorious, you have laid down your fortunate arms, and, cowardly, have given way to a foe really vanquished. By yourselves, by your strength subdued by celestial thunderbolt, by your unconquerable hate, resume your discarded weapons. While it is possible, while there is still brief time, rekindle battle, restore the assaulting line, revive broken Mars! Unless you do it, presently, alone, and (what burns most) unavenged, we shall be condemned to eternal torture by flames in an empty cave."—Phineas Fletcher, *Locustæ* (1627), translation from the Latin.

And should we powers of heaven, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
"It shall not be!" said I, and clomb the North,
Where never wing of angel yet made way.
What though I missed my blow, yet I strook high,
And to dare something is some victory.

—Marino, *Strage degli Innocenti*, Crashaw's translation (1633).

My rightful claims I shall assert. To force
I yield not, nor Arch-Tyrant's violence.
Let yield who will, I move not one foot back.
My fatherland is here. Nor misery,
Nor overthrow, nor curse shall frighten me,
Nor tame. To perish or to reach this port
Is my resolve. Is 't fated that I fall,
Of rank and lustre reft, then let me fall,
So that I fall this crown upon my head,
This sceptre in my grasp, esteemed by friends,
And all the thousands who embrace my cause.
A fall like that to honor tends, and praise
Imperishable. Rather would I be
The first prince in some lower court than in
The blessed light the second or e'en less.
My hap I comfort thus, and henceforth fear
Nor hurt nor hindrance.

—Vondel, *Lucifer* (1654), Edmundson's translation.

¶ 84–87. *If thou . . . . if he:* the conclusion is not given, doubtless to suggest the speakers' agitation.

(390) 107. *study* = zealous pursuit; one sense of the Latin "studium." ¶ 109. The sense is, What does not being overcome consist in except in this very spirit of eternal courage and hate? ¶ 110. *That glory:* the glory which God would get from my submission. ¶ 117. *empyreal:* of celestial fineness and purity, belonging to the empyrean; the ancients believed that the element of pure fire was found in the upper heaven (Greek ἐν, in, πῦρ, fire). *fail:* be annihilated. ¶ 118. *event* = issue, result; in this case, their defeat in battle. ¶ 128. *Powers:* Mediaeval theology divided the angels into three hierarchies, and each hierarchy into three

orders: first hierarchy—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones; second hierarchy—Dominations. Virtues, Powers; third hierarchy—Principalities, Archangles, Angels. Cf. Eph. 1:21; Col. 1:16.

(391) 144. *Of force* = of necessity, perforce. ¶ 152. *Deep:* Chaos, filling all the space between heaven and hell, except that occupied by the world, or universe. ¶ 167. *fail not* = am not mistaken.

(392) 186. *afflicted* = overthrown. *powers* = forces. ¶ 187. *offend* = harm. ¶ 198. *Titanian:* the Titans, sons of Heaven and Earth, sided with Saturn, their brother, when Jove dethroned him. ¶ 199. *Briareos:* one of the Titans; he had a hundred hands and fifty heads. *Typhon:* a hundred-headed monster, son of Earth and Tartarus. ¶ 200. *Tarsus:* the capital of Cilicia, Asia Minor. ¶ 201. *Leviathan:* here considered to be the whale, as often in Milton's day. ¶ 204. *night-foundered:* overtaken by night, and fearing to proceed; literally, sunk in night (Latin "fundus," bottom); cf. *Comus*, l. 483, p. 364. ¶ 205–8. Milton here follows stories told by prose-writers and poets. "Oftentimes, when its [the whale's] back is raised above the waves, to sailors it seems nothing else than an island. . . . . And they disembark on it, and fix their anchors in it."—Olaus Magnus, *History of the Northern Nations* (1555), translated into English, 1658. "We saw a whale, the greatest that was ever seen in all the ocean. . . . . Because it was still and did not move, we believed it to be an island."—*Orlando Furioso* (1515, 1533), VI. st. 37. ¶ 208. *Invests* = covers; literally, clothes.

(393) 225–27. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, I. xi. 154–59, p. 53. ¶ 232. *Pelorus:* a promontory of Sicily, near Ætna. ¶ 234. *thence:* i. e., from Ætna. ¶ 235. *Sublimed:* changed into vapor by the intense heat ("mineral fury"). *winds:* i. e., the subterranean winds; cf. l. 321. ¶ 236. *involved* = enveloped. ¶ 239. *Stygian:* the Styx was a river in Hades. ¶ 254. The doctrine of the Stoics; cf. also *The Faerie Queene*, VI. ix. 262, 263, p. 79. *its:* one of the three instances in Milton of this new form. ¶ 257. *all but less than:* i. e., only less than; the phrase seems to be an illogical fusion of "only less than" and "all but equal to." ¶ 260. *for His envy:* i. e., a realm which He will envy.

(394) 266. *astonisht* = stunned; literally, thunder-struck (Old French "estonner," Latin "extonare," to thunder). *oblivious* = causing oblivion, or forgetfulness. ¶ 268. *mansion* = dwelling-place (Latin "manere," to remain). ¶ 284. *shore:* i. e., the shore of the burning lake, which they had just left. ¶ 288. *Tuscan artist:* Galileo, whose home was Florence, in old Tuscany; "artist" is used in its broad sense of one especially skilled in anything. Milton visited Galileo in 1638 or 1639: "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."—*Areopagitica*, 1644. ¶ 289. *Fesolè:* a hill near Florence. ¶ 290. *Valdarno* = "valley of the Arno"; Florence is situated on the river Arno. ¶ 294. *ammiral:* a large ship, usually that of the admiral of a fleet (Arabic "amir," ruler, chief). ¶ 296. *marl* = soil. ¶ 299. *Nathless:* not the less, nevertheless (O. E. "na," not).

(395) 303. *Vallombrosa* = "shady valley"; a valley of wonderful beauty, some twenty miles from Florence; there is a tradition that Milton visited it, and his description of Paradise (Book IV. 131–45) seems to be based in part upon his memory of it. ¶ 304. *sedge:* the Red Sea abounds in sea-weed. ¶ 305. *Orion:* this constellation was supposed to bring storms. *armed:* in Greek mythology Orion was a hunter, and his constellation is represented as having belt, sword, and club. ¶ 307. *Busiris:* supposed to be the name of the Pharoah in whose reign occurred the exodus of the Jews from Egypt. *Memphian:* Egyptian, Memphis being the ancient capital of Egypt. ¶ 308. *perfidious:* Pharoah gave the Jews permission to go and then pursued them; see Ex. 12:31, and 14:5 ff. ¶ 309. *Goshen:* the district in Egypt where the Jews lived. ¶ 320. *virtue* = valor (Latin "virtus," manhood, heroism). ¶ 339. *Amram's son:* Moses (see Ex. 6:20): for the plague of locusts, see Ex. 10:12–15. ¶ 341. *warping:* flying with a bending or swerving motion.

(396) 353. *Rhene:* the Rhine (Latin "Rhenus"; cf. "Rhenish"). *Danau:* the Danube (German, "Donau"). ¶ 353–55. The allusion is to the invasions of the Roman Empire by Goths, Huns, and Vandals. ¶ 355. *Beneath:* south of. *Libyan:* African. ¶ 381–85. The

first general division of gods consists of the deities of the original inhabitants of Palestine and of surrounding nations—Semitic peoples.

(397) 392. *Moloch:* see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 205, p. 480. ¶ 400–5. See I Kings 11:7; II Kings 23:10. ¶ 411. *asphaltic pool:* the Dead Sea. ¶ 412–14. See Numbers 25:1–9. ¶ 415–17. See I Kings 11:7. *scandal* = shame. ¶ 418. See II Kings 23:1–25. ¶ 422. *Baalim and Ashtaroth:* see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," ll. 197, 200, p. 480.

(398) 438. *Astoreth:* the singular form of "Ashtaroth," which is plural and indicates various manifestations of the deity. ¶ 441. *Sidonian:* Sidon was one of the chief Phoenician cities. ¶ 444. *whose heart, though large:* cf. I Kings 4:29, "And God gave Solomon . . . . largeness of heart." ¶ 445. See I Kings 11:5. ¶ 446. *Thammuz:* Thammuz, son of a Phoenician king, was killed by a wild boar near Lebanon; every spring the river Adonis, flowing from Lebanon to the sea, was supposed to run red with his blood (the reddening of the water was really due to mud washed down from Lebanon), and festivals were held in his honor. ¶ 452–57. See Ezek. 8:13, 14. ¶ 457–66. See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 199, p. 480. ¶ 460. *grunsel* = threshold; literally, "ground-sill."

(399) 471. *A leper:* Naaman, a Syrian captain, who was cured by washing in Jordan; see II Kings 5:1–19. ¶ 472. *sottish* = foolish. *conquerour:* Ahaz, by abject submission and by gifts of silver and gold from the temple, induced the king of Assyria to deliver him from the power of Syria by capturing Damascus and killing the Syrian king; see II Kings 16:5–9. ¶ 473–76. See II Kings 16:10–18. ¶ 478–82. See notes on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," ll. 212, 213, 220, p. 480. ¶ 483. *borrowed gold:* "And they borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver and jewels of gold."—Ex. 12:35. The golden calf which the Jews worshiped in the wilderness (Ex. 33:1–6) was made of golden ear-rings, presumably a part of these borrowed jewels. ¶ 484. *rebel king:* Jeroboam, king of Israel, who made two golden calves and set them up for worship in Bethel and in Dan; see I Kings 12:26–33. ¶ 487–89. "And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharoah that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon and all the first born of cattle."—Ex. 12:29. ¶ 489. *bleating gods:* many of the gods of Egypt were represented in the form of rams, calves, etc.; see note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," l. 210, p. 480. ¶ 492. *to him no temple stood:* Belial was not strictly a god or a person at all; the word comes from Hebrew "blyáal," "worthlessness," "wickedness." ¶ 495. See I Sam. 2:12–17. ¶ 497–502. The lines evidently express Milton's disgust at the loose living then prevalent in London and at the court of Charles II. ¶ 503. See Gen. 19:1–11. ¶ 504, 505. See Judges 19:22–25.

(400) 508. *Ionian* = Greek; the Ionians were one of the chief divisions of the Greek race. *Javan's issue:* the Greeks; "Javan," the name of a son of Japheth (Gen. 10:2), is supposed to be the same word as "Ion," from which comes "Ionian." According to early anthropology, the sons of Noah were the progenitors of three great groups of races—Shem of the Semitic, Ham of the African, and Japheth of the Indo-European. ¶ 500–14. Milton here sketches the three great ages in Greek mythology: (1) the age of Heaven and Earth (Uranus and Gé); (2) the age of the Titans, sons of Heaven and Earth, one of whom, Saturn, dispossessed Uranus; (3) the age of Jove, son of Saturn and Rhea, who dethroned Saturn. Milton, however, departs from the accepted myths by implying that there was an individual Titan, father of the other Titans, and that he, not Uranus, was dethroned by Saturn. ¶ 515. *Ida:* Mt. Ida, in Crete; a favorite abode of Saturn and the birthplace of Jove. ¶ 516. *Olympus:* the mountain-range between Thessaly and Macedonia; it was considered the special residence of Jove and the other great gods of his dynasty. ¶ 517. *Delphian cliff:* the famous oracle of Apollo was here, near Mt. Parnassus. ¶ 518. *Dodona:* in Epirus; here was an oak with whispering leaves—the oracle of Zeus. ¶ 519. *Doric* = Greek; the Dorians were one of the great divisions of the Greek race. ¶ 520. *Adria:* that part of the Mediterranean which lies between Crete and Sicily. *Hesperian fields:* Italy and Spain. ¶ 521. *Celtic:* supply "fields"; the reference is to France. *utmost isles:* Britain; "utmost" = outermost, furthest.

¶ 523. *damp* = depressed. ¶ 526. *which:* i. e., their downcast state, combined with some joy. ¶ 527. *Like* = similar. *hue* = appearance. ¶ 528. *recollecting* = re-collecting. ¶ 536. *advanc't* = uplifted. ¶ 546. *orient* = bright; see note on *Comus*, l. 65, p. 489.

(401) 548. *serried* = locked together. ¶ 550. *phalanx:* a body of heavy-armed troops, with deep files and close ranks. *Dorian mood:* the Dorian style of music was grave and stern; it seems to have received its name from the Dorian branch of the Greek people, of which the stern and warlike Spartans were the most famous examples. ¶ 551. *recorders:* a kind of flageolet. ¶ 563. *horrid:* bristling with spears; cf. note on *Comus*, l. 38, p. 488. ¶ 565. *ordered:* to order arms means to rest the butts on the ground and hold the weapons vertical against the right side; "ordered" seems to be used in this technical sense. ¶ 573. *since created man:* since the creation of man; a Latinism; cf. *Comus*, l. 48, p. 353. ¶ 575. *that small infantry:* the fabulous pygmies of India, mentioned by Homer (*Iliad*, iii. 5), who had to fight every year the cranes that invaded their country. ¶ 577. *Phlegra:* a peninsula in Macedonia, where, according to myth, the giants warred against the gods. *heroic:* apparently used in the Greek sense, meaning persons half human and half divine, like Achilles; the reference is to the war of the Seven against Thebes and the Trojan War, where the gods took sides and joined in the battles. ¶ 580. *Uther's son:* King Arthur, of the Round Table. ¶ 581. *British:* Arthur was king of the Britons, who inhabited Britain before the Angles and Saxons. *Armoric:* "Armorica" was an old name for Brittany, in France; some of Arthur's most famous knights, as Launcelot, came from France. ¶ 583–87. The names in these lines show Milton's reading in the old romances; cf. note on "Il Penseroso," ll. 116–20, p. 485. The places mentioned are all famous in Italian romantic epics—Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*—and in other romances earlier and later, in prose and verse, as the scene of tournaments, battles and other feats of arms. Aspramont and Montalban were in France. Damasco, or Damascus, in Syria, witnessed many encounters between Christian and Saracen in the time of the Crusades. Marocco, or Morocco, in Africa, was the scene of struggles between Spaniards and Moors. Trebisond, in Cappadocia, was celebrated in the Middle Ages for the splendor of its court and tournaments. Biserta, the ancient Utica, in Africa, was the place where, according to the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo, the king of Africa assembled his forces for the invasion of Spain; the poem goes on to say that his army had a fierce battle with the army of Charlemagne; the historical fact is that Charlemagne after receiving hostages from the Saracens was recrossing the Pyrenees, when his rear-guard was cut to pieces by the Basques, a people of Spain, at Roncesvalles, near Fontarabbia. ¶ 588. *observed* = regarded with deference, obeyed.

(402) 590. *gesture* = carriage of the body. ¶ 592. *her* = its. ¶ 603. *considerate* = thoughtful. ¶ 605. *remorse* = sympathetic sorrow. *passion* = strong feeling; here, pity. ¶ 609, 610. *amerc't Of heav'n:* punished with the loss of heaven. ¶ 611. *how they stood:* the phrase depends upon "behold," l. 605. ¶ 624. *event* = outcome.

(403) 636. *counsels different:* dissensions among the leaders. ¶ 646. *close* = secret. ¶ 658. *Abyss:* Chaos; cf. l. 21, p. 388.

(404) 673. *his* = its. ¶ 674. *The work of sulphur:* sulphur and mercury were formerly supposed to be the original elements of the metals. ¶ 684. *vision beatific:* the phrase of the schoolmen, meaning the "blessed-making sight" of God and heavenly things; cf. Matt. 5:8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." ¶ 686. *Centre:* the earth, the center of the universe according to the Ptolemaic astronomy. ¶ 694. *Memphian* = Egyptian. ¶ 703. *founded* = melted (Latin "fundere," to pour).

(405) 716. *bossy* = swelling out in relief from a flat surface; cf. "boss," the knob on the center of a shield. ¶ 718. *Alcairo* = Cairo; the modern name for Memphis, the capital of ancient Egypt. ¶ 720. *Belus:* an Assyrian god, the Baal of the old Testament; he had a famous temple in Babylon. *Serapis:* The Egyptian bull-god, Apis, god of the lower world; there was a temple to him in Memphis. ¶ 728. *cressets:* open, cup-like lamps, in which burn wicks of tarred rope or other combustible material. ¶ 739. *Ausonian land:* Italy; from the Ausones, an ancient Latin people. ¶ 740. *Mulciber:* Vulcan; literally, "Softener," with ref-

erence to the effect of heat on metal. ¶ 750. *engines* = instruments; here, instruments of war, perhaps the cannon invented by Satan (see Book VI. 507–23). ¶ 752. *haralds:* Milton, as often, preferred a form derived from the Italian, "araldo."

(406) 756. *Pandemonium* = "abode of all the demons" (Greek πᾶν, all, δαίμων, demon). ¶ 764. *Wont* = were wont to. *Soldan's* = Sultan's. ¶ 765. *Panim* = pagan; here, Mohammedan; the reference is to fights between Christians and Saracens in Spain and in the East at the time of the Crusades. ¶ 766. Milton refers to two recognized kinds of combat, the latter being only a trial of skill in tournament. *career:* a term in tournaments, meaning an encounter on horseback at full speed. ¶ 768–75. Cf. the *Iliad*, ii. 87–90: "Even as when the tribes of thronging bees issue from some hollow rock, ever in fresh procession, and fly clustering among the flowers of spring, and some on this hand and some on that fly thick."—Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation. Cf. also the *Æneid*, i. 430–37:

> Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura
> Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos
> Educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella
> Stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,
> Aut onera accipiunt venientum aut agmine facto
> Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent:
> Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

"As through the flowery fields in early summer labor employs the bees under the sun, when the tribes bring out their grown-up young: when they store up liquid honey and distend their cells with sweet nectar, or receive the loads of comers-in, or form in ranks and drive from their inclosures the lazy crowd of drones; the work glows, and the fragrant honey is redolent of thyme." ¶ 769. *with Taurus:* i. e., in that sign of the zodiac. ¶ 774. *expatiate* = walk about. *confer* = discuss. ¶ 780. *pygmaean race:* see note on l. 575. ¶ 785. *arbitress* = witness; the original Latin sense. ¶ 790. *were at large:* i. e., had room enough; cf. "straitened," l. 776.

(407) 795. *close* = secluded. *recess* = private room. ¶ 797. *Frequent* = thronged; the original Latin sense.

(407) *Book III.* Lines 1–55. ¶ 2, 3. The sense is, Since God is light may I without blame call light co-eternal with Him instead of the first created thing? *since God is light:* cf. I John 1:5, "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." ¶ 4, 5. Cf. I Tim. 6:16, "Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." ¶ 7. *hear'st thou rather:* a classicism for "wouldst thou prefer to be called?" ¶ 8–12. Cf. Gen. 1:1–3. ¶ 16. *utter* = outer; the reference is to hell (cf. Book I. 72, p. 389). *middle darkness:* Chaos, between hell and heaven. ¶ 17. Milton means that he was inspired by the "heavenly Muse" (see l. 19), while the Greek "Hymn to Night," which was attributed to Orpheus, was inspired only by the pagan Muse. ¶ 25. *drop serene:* a translation of "gutta serena," then the technical term for failure of the optic nerve. ¶ 26. *suffusion:* then a technical term for the loss of sight. ¶ 30. Cf. Book I. 10–12, p. 387, and the notes on the lines, p. 501.

(408) 35. *Thamyris:* "Where the Muses met Thamyris the Thracian, and made an end of his singing . . . . ; for he averred with boasting that he would conquer even did the Muses themselves sing against him, the daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus; but they in their anger maimed him, moreover they took from him the high gift of song."—*Iliad*, ii. 594–600, Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation. *Maeonides:* Homer; so called because he was supposed to be the son of Mæon, or because he was a native of Lydia, anciently named Maeonia. ¶ 36. *Tiresias:* a blind prophet of Thebes, mentioned in Sophocles' *Œdipus Rex*. *Phineus:* a blind prophet and king in Thrace.

(408) *Book IV.* Lines 223–311, 598–656. ¶ 2. *his* = its. ¶ 4. *garden mould:* rich earth, suitable for a garden; the thought is that the mountain by being thus placed over the river, which it sucks up through its veins, becomes mellow and fertile. ¶ 6. *kindly* = natural. ¶ 8. *garden:* the Garden of Eden, or Paradise, which is on the level summit of the hill, or mountain. ¶ 9–13. Cf. Gen. 2:10–14.

(409) 16. *orient* = bright, clear-shining; see note on *Comus*, l. 65, p. 489. ¶ 17. *error* = wandering (Latin "errare," to wander); cf. "knight errant." ¶ 19. *nice* = fastidious, pre-

cise. ¶ 20. *curious:* i. e., arranged carefully and somewhat artificially; Milton seems to be criticizing the artificial landscape gardening of his day. *knots:* flower-beds. *boon* = generous, profuse. ¶ 28. *amiable* = lovely. *Hesperian fables:* in the extreme west, according to Greek mythology, were the gardens of the Hesperides, where stood a tree hung with golden apples. ¶ 30. *lawns* = glades, open spaces between woods; the original sense of the word. ¶ 33. *irriguous:* well-watered (Latin "rigare," to water). ¶ 34. *without thorn the rose:* this was a fancy of the Church Fathers. ¶ 42. *apply:* either "add," or "exercise, be busy with" (cf. "ply"). ¶ 44. *Pan:* he was strictly the god of pastures, woods, and flocks, but is considered here as the god of nature in general; "universal" translates his name (Greek πᾶν, all). ¶ 47. *Enna:* in Sicily; there, according to the fable, Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, was seized by Pluto, or Dis, who carried her to the lower world to be his bride. ¶ 51. *Daphne:* a grove sacred to Apollo (so named from the nymph who fled him and was turned into a tree), on the river Orontes, in Syria. ¶ 52. *Castalian spring:* a spring in the grove of Daphne; named after the Castalian spring at Delphi, in Greece. ¶ 53. *Nyseian isle:* the island of Nysa, in Libya, around which flowed the river Triton; it was wonderfully fertile and beautiful; here the infant Bacchus (called Dionysus from the name of the island) was reared in secret, according to the legend as told by Diodorus Siculus (III. lxvii–lxx), whom Milton follows.

(410) 54. *Cham:* the form in the Vulgate for "Ham," the name of Noah's son, from whom the Africans were supposed to be descended; Milton's authority for identifying him with Jupiter Ammon is not known; in Diodorus, Ammon is king of Libya. ¶ 56. *Amalthea:* a maiden by whom Ammon had Bacchus. *florid:* a reference to the flushed face of the god of wine. ¶ 57. *Rhea's:* Rhea, daughter of the god Uranus, was the wife of Ammon. ¶ 58–60. The following passage from Heylin's *Microcosmos* (1627, 3d ed.) will explain the allusion: "[The hill of Amara is] a dayes journey high: on the toppe whereof are 34 pallaces, in which the yonger sonnes of the emperour are continuallie inclosed, to avoide sedition. They injoy there whatsoeuer is fit for delight or princely education. . . . . This mountaine hath but one ascent vp, which is impregnablie fortified." Cf. Samuel Johnson's *Rasselas. Abassin* = Abyssinian. *issue* = children. ¶ 61. *By Nilus's head:* the source of the Nile was then supposed to be in Abyssinia. ¶ 73. *autoritie* = authority; Milton's form is closer to the Italian "autorita," and to the Latin "auctoritas." ¶ 77–89. Cf. I Cor. 11:7–15. ¶ 79. *hyacinthine locks:* cf. the *Odyssey*, vi. 231, "And from his head caused deep curling locks to flow, like the hyacinth flower" (Butcher and Lang's translation); the adjective when used of hair is usually taken to mean "dark colored," the classical hyacinth being dark (see Theocritus, *Idylls*, x. 28), but here and in the passage from Homer the idea of "clustering" seems quite as fitting. ¶ 84. *wanton* = playful, sportive. ¶ 88. *coy* = modest.

(411) 95. *descant:* a song with variations on the theme. ¶ 117. *reform* = re-form. ¶ 120. *manuring* = tending with the hand (Latin "manus," hand). ¶ 121. *wanton* = too freely running hither and thither, luxuriant. ¶ 134. *charm* = song (O. E. "cirm," M. E. "cherme" or "chirm," the blended song of many birds); the form "charm" is probably due to the influence of the other word "charm" (= spell), derived from Latin "carmen."

(412) 136. *orient* = bright, with perhaps also a suggestion of the original meaning of ,,coming from the east." ¶ 139. *grateful* = pleasing; cf. "gratifying."

(412) PARADISE REGAINED. Book IV. 195–364. Satan has just offered Jesus world-dominion if he would worship him, and Jesus has rebuked him. ¶ 6. *What . . . . I receive:* i. e., worship. ¶ 7. *Tetrarchs:* subordinate rulers (Greek τετράρχης, a leader of four companies; τέτρα, four, ἄρχειν, to rule); here there is a special precision in the use of the word, these fallen angels being the rulers of the four elements of fire, air, water, and earth; cf. "Il Penseroso," ll. 93, 94, p. 349. ¶ 9. The sense is, "invoked as god of this world and of the world below"; cf. *The Faerie Queene*, II. vii. 64, 65, p. 64. ¶ 21–26. See Luke 2:40–52.

(413) 25. *Moses' chair:* cf. Matt. 23: 2, "The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat." ¶ 40. *idolisms* = fallacies, false imaginations; Milton seems to have coined the word; cf. Greek εἴδωλον, image, fancy, and Bacon's *idola*, or phantoms, of the market-place, of the theater, etc. (*Novum Organum*, 1620). ¶ 41. *evinc't* = conquered. ¶ 42. *specular mount:*

mount of observation; cf. Matt. 4:8, "The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." ¶ 47. *wits:* men of intellect (O. E. "witan," to know; cognate with Latin "videre," to see). ¶ 48. *hospitable:* some of the most famous residents of Athens, as Zeno, Plato, and Aristotle, were not natives of that city. ¶ 48. *recess* = place of retirement. ¶ 50. *Academe:* Plato's place of teaching was a garden with olive trees, about a mile from Athens, near the precinct sacred to the hero Academus. ¶ 51. *Attic bird:* the nightingale; so called because nightingales were very numerous in Attica and are often referred to in Attic literature. ¶ 56. *the walls:* i. e., the walls of Athens. ¶ 57. *his:* Aristotle's; the Lyceum was really outside the walls. ¶ 59. *painted Stoa:* the Stoa was a portico in Athens, covered with paintings of scenes from the Persian War; it was the lecturing place of Zeno, founder of the Stoic school of philosophy. ¶ 60. *There:* i. e., in Athens. ¶ 63. *Æolian charms:* songs, such as the poems of Sappho and Alcaeus, in the Æolic dialect. *Dorian:* the odes of Pindar and of some other Greek lyrists are in the Dorian dialect.

(414) 64. *gave them breath:* i. e., inspired them. ¶ 65. *Melesigenes:* Homer; so called because he was "born" on the banks of the "Meles," in Ionia. *thence:* thereafter, later, when he had become blind (Greek ὁ μὴ ὁρῶν, the not-seeing). ¶ 68. *chorus or iambic:* the dialogue in Greek tragedies was in iambic verse; the choruses were in various measures. ¶ 75. *democraty:* Milton apparently preferred this form (which he uses also in his prose) because it is nearer to the Greek δημοκρατία. ¶ 76. *fulmined* = thundered (Latin "fulmen," thunderbolt). ¶ 77. *Macedon:* Milton is thinking of Demosthenes, who in his Philippics denounced Philip, king of Macedonia, who was planning to subdue Greece. *Artaxerxes':* Artaxerxes, son of Xerxes, was king of Persia from 465 to 425 B. C.; Pericles delivered powerful speeches against him. ¶ 79, 80. *the low-roofed house Of Socrates:* Xenophon, in his *Memorabilia*, makes Socrates say that his house and its contents would hardly bring five *minae*, about $100. ¶ 84. *Academics old and new:* Plato's Academe, and the Middle Academy and Later Academy, founded in the third century and the second century B. C. ¶ 85. *Surnamed Peripatetics:* the disciples of Aristotle, who was called "Peripatetic" because he "walked about" while lecturing. ¶ 87. *revolve:* revolve in mind, turn over, meditate. ¶ 92. *or, think:* i. e., or, suppose. ¶ 99, 100. Socrates, whom the oracle at Delphi had pronounced the wisest of men, modestly explained the oracle by saying that he knew that he knew nothing, while other men did not even know that they were ignorant. ¶ 101. *The next* Plato. ¶ 102. *A third sort:* the Pyrrhics, or sceptics. ¶ 103. *Others:* perhaps the followers of Aristotle.

(415) 105. *he:* Epicurus. ¶ 106. *in philosophic pride:* supply "placed felicity" before the phrase. ¶ 109. *prefer:* i. e., to God; the object is "man," l. 107. ¶ 127. *An empty cloud:* there seems to be an allusion to the myth of Ixion, who embraced a cloud, thinking it was Juno, and begat the Centaurs. ¶ 128. *Wise men:* the reference is to Solomon; see Eccles. 12:12, "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

(416) 160. *statists:* statesmen.

(416) SAMSON AGONISTES. Lines 1–109, 1,596–1,758. *Agonistes* = struggler, champion.

The argument, by Milton, is as follows: "Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison of Gaza, there to labor as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile to bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can: then by his old father, Manoa, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the meantime is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who now

came the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joy, hopeful to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends."

(416) *Samson's Lament.*

(417) 13. *sea-idol:* see *Paradise Lost*, I. 462, 463, p. 398. ¶ 23–32. See Judges, chap. 13. ¶ 45. *Had been* = would have been. *but through* = except for. ¶ 50, 51. See Judges 16:16, 17.

(418) 70. *prime* = earliest. ¶ 87. *silent as the moon:* "luna silens" was the Latin expresions for the absence of the moon.

(419) 106. *obnoxious* = subject to harm (Latin "ob," against, "noxa," harm).

(419) *Samson's Revenge.*

(420) 24. *cataphracts:* men in mail, on horses in mail (Greek κατάφρακτος, covered). ¶ 52, 53. The sense is, As when mountains tremble with the force of pent-up winds and waters.

(421) 74. *sublime* = lifted up. ¶ 79. *Silo:* Shiloh; the tabernacle and ark of Jehovah were there at that time. ¶ 87. *fond* = foolish. ¶ 90. *Insensate* = without sense, foolish. *to sense reprobate:* knowing truth, but so morally depraved that they do not follow it. ¶ 95. *virtue* = valor. ¶ 97. *dragon* = serpent. ¶ 100. *villatic* = of a farm (Latin "villa" farm).

(422) 104. *self-begotten bird:* the phoenix, of which there was supposed to be only one at a time in the world; at certain intervals it was consumed, and sprang, renewed, from its own ashes. ¶ 105. *embost* = inclosed in a wood, imbosked (Italian "bosco," a wood). ¶ 107. *holocaust:* a whole burnt offering (Greek ὅλος, whole, καίω, to burn). ¶ 112. *secular* = living through successive ages (Latin "saecula," ages). ¶ 113. *Manoa:* the father of Samson. ¶ 118. *Sons of Caphtor:* the Philistines; "Caphtor" was a name for Crete, whence it was thought that the Philistines had originally come.

(423) 160. *acquist* = acquisition.

Contemporary Criticism

"Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it [*Comus*] is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view."—Henry Lawes' dedication of the 1637 edition of *Comus*.

"Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment [*Comus*] which came therewith; wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravsh me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: *ipsa mollities* ['softness itself']. But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend, Mr. R."—Sir Henry Wotton, provost of Eton College, in a letter to Milton, April 13, 1638.

"The author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his papers or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age by bringing into the light as true a birth as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spenser wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated as sweetly excelled."—Humphrey Moseley, the publisher of Milton's minor poems, 1645, "The Stationer to the Reader."

> That majesty which through thy work doth reign
> Draws the devout, deterring the profane;
> And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
> As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
> At once delight and horror on us seize,
> Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,

And above human flight doth soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
The bird named from that paradise you sing
So never flags but always keeps on wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
Well mightst thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure; . . . .
Thy verse created (like thy theme) sublime
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

—Andrew Marvell, 1674.

"With the remaining tragedies I shall also send you some reflections on that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a poem, and assert rhyme against the slender sophistry wherewith he attacks it."—Thomas Rymer, *The Tragedies of the Last Age*, 1678.

To the dead bard your fame a little owes,
For Milton did the wealthy mine disclose
And rudely cast what you could well dispose.
He roughly drew, on an old-fashioned ground,
A chaos, for no perfect world was found
Till through the heap your mighty genius shined:
He was the golden ore which you refined. . . . .
Betwixt ye both is framed a nobler piece
Than e'er was drawn in Italy or Greece.

—Nathaniel Lee, prefatory poem on Dryden's *State of Innocence*, 1674.

"I cannot, without injury to the deceased author of *Paradise Lost*, but acknowledge that this poem has received its entire foundation, part of the design, and many of the ornaments from him. What I have borrowed will be so easily discerned from my mean productions that I shall not need to point the reader to the places; and truly I should be sorry, for my own sake, that any one should take the pains to compare them together, the original being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced. And though I could not refuse the partiality of my friend, who is pleased to commend me in his verses, I hope they will rather be esteemed the effect of his love to me than of his deliberate and sober judgment."—John Dryden, preface to *The State of Innocence*, 1674. "Milton's *Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain that there are no flats amongst his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words and the perpetual harshness of their sound?"—Dryden, preface to the *Second Miscellany*, 1685. "As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author; wherein though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms and the Latin elegances of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat of thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. . . . . Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him by the example of Hannibal Caro and other Italians who have used it; for, whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular reason is plainly this—that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it: which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced,

and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer though not a poet.—John Dryden, *A Discourse on Satire*, 1692.

"John Milton was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets. . . . . But his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honorable repute, had not he been a notorious traitor and most impiously and villainously belied that blessed martyr, King Charles the First."—William Winstanley, *The Lives of the Most Famous English Poets*, 1687.

"One of the greatest and most daring geniuses that has appeared in the world, and who has made his country a glorious present of the most lofty but most irregular poem that has been produced by the mind of man. . . . . Milton was the first who in the space of almost four thousand years resolved, for his country's honor and his own, to present the world with an original poem; that is to say, a poem that should have his own thoughts, his own images, and his own spirit. In order to do this he was resolved to write a poem, that by virtue of its extraordinary subject, cannot so properly be said to be against the rules as it may be affirmed to be above them all. . . . . We shall now show for what reasons the choice of Milton's subject, as it set him free from the obligations which he lay under to the poetical laws, so it necessarily threw him upon new thoughts, new images, and an original spirit. In the next place we shall show that his thoughts, his images, and, by consequence too, his spirit, are actually new, and different from those of Homer and Virgil. Thirdly, we shall show that, besides their newness, they have vastly the advantage of Homer and Virgil."—John Dennis, prospectus of *The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*, 1704.

"All Milton's thoughts are wonderfully just and natural in that inimitable description which Adam makes of himself in the eighth book of *Paradise Lost*."—Richard Steele, *The Tatler*, April 23, 1709. "I shall conclude this paper with Milton's inimitable description of Adam's awakening his Eve in paradise. . . . . The fondness of the posture in which Adam is represented, and the softness of his whisper, are passages in this divine poem that are above all commendation and rather to be admired than praised."—Richard Steele, *The Tatler*, December 14, 1710.

"Aristotle himself allows that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable. . . . . Some have been of opinion that the *Æneid* also labors in this particular. . . . . On the contrary, the poem [*Paradise Lost*] which we have now under our consideration hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety and of the greatest simplicity. . . . . The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatness. . . . Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former [the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*]; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah, their friend; and the Almighty, their protector. In short, everything that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this noble poem. . . . . Another principal actor in this poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The part of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey* is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies; . . . . but the crafty being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than Ulysses, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader. . . . . Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books. . . . . The

only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost* is where the evil spirits are described as rallying the angels upon the success of their new-invented artillery. This passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns, and those too very indifferent ones. . . . . Milton has but few failings in this kind [i. e., prosaic expressions], of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages: . . . .

A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest dinner cool. . . . .

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps [metaphors, foreign idioms, etc.] and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his style equal to that of his sentiments. . . . . I should, under this head of the language, consider Milton's numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions which are not customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter 'y' when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner as makes them incapable of satiating the ear and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. . . . . Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them."—Joseph Addison, *The Spectator*, Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 369, January 5 to May 3, 1712. See also Addison's "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," in *English Poems*, Vol. III, p. 65.

"He was certainly a man of prodigious parts, and wrote many books; but what did most and most justly distinguish him was his poetry, particularly his *Paradise Lost*, in which he manifested such a wonderful sublime genius as perhaps was never exceeded in any age or nation in the world."—Laurence Echard, *The History of England*, 1718.

Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
—James Thomson, "Summer" (1727), ll. 1567–71.

Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as Nature when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
—James Bramston, *The Man of Taste*, 1731.

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INDICES

INDICES

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Anonymous, 15, 151, 229

Barnes, Barnabe (1569?–1609), 109
Beaumont, Francis (1584–1616), 218
Bosworth, William (1607–50?), 258
Breton, Nicholas (1543?–1626?), 101
Brooke, *see* Greville, Sir Fulke
Browne, William (1591–1643?), 236

Campion, Thomas (1567–1619), 139
Carew. Thomas (1598?–1639?), 288
Chamberlayne, William (1619–89), 326
Chapman, George (1559?–1634), 135
Corbet, Richard (1582–1635), 243
Cowley, Abraham (1618–67), 314
Crashaw, Richard (1613?–49), 297

Daniel, Samuel (1562–1619), 158
Davenant, Sir William (1606–68), 324
Davies, Sir John (1569–1626), 146
Dekker, Thomas (1570?–1641?), 185
Denham, Sir John (1615–69), 311
Donne, John (1573–1631), 207
Dorset, *see* Sackville, Thomas
Drayton, Michael (1563–1631), 166
Drummond, William (1585–1649), 231

Fletcher, Giles (1588?–1623), 220
Fletcher, John (1579–1625), 215
Fletcher, Phineas (1582–1650), 226

Gascoigne, George (1525?–77), 5
Greene, Robert (1560?–92), 97
Greville, Sir Fulke, Lord Brooke (1554–1628), 25

Habington, William (1605–54), 285
Hall, Joseph (1574–1656), 180
Herbert, George (1593–1633), 251
Herrick, Robert (1591–1674), 262
Heywood, Thomas (1575?–1650?), 215
Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey (1517?–47), 3
Hume, Alexander (1557?–1609), 105

Jonson, Ben (1573?–1637), 186

King, Henry (1592–1669), 245

Lodge, Thomas (1558?–1625), 94
Lovelace, Richard (1618–58), 295
Lyly, John (1534?–1606), 92

Marlowe, Christopher (1564–93), 109
Marston, John (1575?–1634), 183
Marvell, Andrew (1621–78), 328
Milton, John (1608–74), 334

Nash, Thomas (1567–1601), 99

Peele, George (1558?–97?), 93

Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552?–1618), 90
Randolph, Thomas (1605–35), 260

Sackville, Thomas, Earl of Dorset (1536–1608), 8
Shakspere, William (1564–1616), 112
Shirley, James (1596–1666), 251
Sidney, Sir Philip (1554–86), 16
Spenser, Edmund (1552–99), 27
Suckling, Sir John (1609–42), 291
Surrey, *see* Howard, Henry
Sylvester, Joshua (1563–1618), 108

Traherne, Thomas (1636?–74), 308

Vaughan, Henry (1622–95), 303

Waller, Edmund (1606–87), 319
Webster, John (1580?–1625?), 219
Wither, George (1588–1667), 246
Wotton, Sir Henry (1568–1639), 145
Wyatt, Sir Thomas (1503?–42), 1

INDEX OF TITLES

A Ballad upon a Wedding, 291
A Conjuration, to Electra, 281
A Contemplation upon Flowers, 245
A Deposition from Love, 288
A Dirge, 219
A Fairy Banquet (from Britannia's Pastorals), 239
A Panegyric to My Lord Protector, 322
A Pindaric Ode, 202
A Rose, as Fair as Ever Saw the North, 242

A Squirrel Hunt (from Britannia's Pastorals), 236
A Sweet Lullaby, 102
A Ternary of Littles, 280
A Valediction Forbidding Mourning, 211
A Vote, 314
Adieu, Farewell, Earth's Bliss, 100
Ah, Sweet Content, 109
Ale Song, 15
Amoretti, 83
An Elegy, 206
An Epitaph on Mr. John Smyth, 242
An Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers, 289
An Horatian Ode, 328
An Hymne in Honour of Beautie, 30
An Ode, 260
And Will He Not Come Again, 131
Another Grace for a Child, 284
Another on Her, 276
Arcadius' Song to Sepha, 258
Ask Me No More Where Jove Bestows, 290
Astrophel and Stella, 19
At a Solemn Music, 351

Bashfulness, 272
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind, 129
Britannia's Pastorals, 236

Care-Charming Sleep, 217
Chorus Sacerdotum, 25
Christ's Victory and Triumph, 220
Come Away, Come Away, Death, 130
Come, Thou Monarch of the Vine, 133
Come unto These Yellow Sands, 134
Comus, 352
Constancy, 294
Cooper's Hill, 311
Corinna's Going A-Maying, 265
Crabbed Age and Youth, 151
Cupid's Curse, 93

Daffadil, 166
Death, Be Not Proud, 214
Delia, 158
Description of Spring, 3
Disdain Returned, 288
Divination by a Daffadil, 264

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H., 194
Epithalamium, 16
Epode, 187

Fair Virtue, 247
Faith and Knowledge Fight the Dragon (from The Purple Island), 228
Fear No More the Heat o' th' Sun, 134
Follow Thy Fair Sun, Unhappy Shadow, 139
Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies, 135

Go, Lovely Rose, 322
Gondibert, 324
Good Wife, 143

Hark! Hark! the Lark, 133
Hark! Now Everything Is Still, 219
He Complaineth to His Heart, 2
He Ruleth Not Though He Reign over Realms, 3
Hence, All You Vain Delights, 216
Her Man Described by Her Own Dictamen, 199
Hero and Leander, 109
His Ballad of Agincourt, 173
His Grange, or Private Wealth, 279
His Litany to the Holy Spirit, 282
His Pilgrimage, 90
His Winding-Sheet, 274
How Should I Your True Love Know, 131
How Violets Came Blue, 271

I Know that All beneath the Moon Decays, 231
I Saw My Lady Weep, 152
Idea, 168
If Crossed with All Mishaps Be My Poor Life, 232
Il Penseroso, 347
Inviting a Friend to Supper, 193
It Was a Lover and His Lass, 129

Jack and Joan, They Think No Ill, 141
Januarye (from The Shepheardes Calender), 27
Justice and Mercy (from Christ's Victory and Triumph), 220

Koilia (from The Purple Island), 226

L'Allegro, 343
Leave Me, O Love Which Reachest but to Dust, 24
Love beyond Change, 26
Lover's Infiniteness, 210
Lullaby, 185
Lycidas, 378

Maying Song, 157
Moderation, 282
My Sweetest Lesbia, Let Us Live and Love, 139
Myra, 25

Never Weather-Beaten Sail, 142
Night Piece, to Julia, 276

No Armour against Fate, 251
No Trust in Time, 234
Nosce Teipsum, 148
Now the Hungry Lion Roars, 128
Now Winter Nights Enlarge, 142
Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam, 287
Nymphidia, 177

O Mistress Mine, Where Are You Roaming, 130
O Sorrow, Sorrow, 186
O Sweet Content, 185
Of Solitude, 318
Of the Day Estivall, 105
Of the Last Verses in the Book, 323
On a Day, Alack the Day, 127
On a Foul Morning, 297
On a Girdle, 321
On Giles and Joan, 192
On His Blindness, 385
On His Deceased Wife, 387
On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three, 342
On My First Son, 193
On Shakespear, 341
On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, 243
On the Detraction Which Followed upon My Writing Certain Treatises, 384
On the Late Massacre in Piemont, 385
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity. 334
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey, 218
Open the Door, 231
Orchestra, 146

Pack, Clouds, Away, and Welcome, Day, 215
Paradise Lost: Book I, 387, Book III, 407; Book IV, 408
Paradise Regained, 412
Peace ("My soul"), 304
Peace ("Sweet Peace"), 255
Pharonnida, 326
Philomela's Ode, 98
Phoebus, Arise, 233
Phyllida and Corydon, 101
Phyllida's Love-Call to Her Corydon, and His Replying, 153
Poly-Olbion, 176
Pomp a Futile Mask for Tyranny, 27
Prothalamion, 85

Queen and Huntress, Chaste and Fair, 186

Rosalind's Description, 95
Rosalind's Madrigal, 94
Rose-Cheeked Laura, Come, 140

Samson Agonistes, 416
Samson's Lament (from Samson Agonistes), 416
Samson's Revenge (from Samson Agonistes), 419
Satan (from Christ's Victory and Triumph), 224
Satires: Satire I, 207
See Where My Love A-Maying Goes, 230
Shall I, Then, Hope When Faith Is Fled, 144
Shall I, Wasting in Despair, 246
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair, 215
Simplex Munditiis, 191
Sleep, Silence' Child, 232
Song, 190
Song by Apelles, 92
Song on May Morning, 341
Sonnets, 119
Spring, the Sweet Spring, 99
Sweet Are the Thoughts That Savour of Content, 98
Sweet Suffolk Owl, 231
Sweeter Scents than in Arabia Found (from Britannia's Pastorals), 236
Sweetest Love, I Do Not Go, 212

Take, O Take Those Lips Away, 132
The Argument of His Book, 262
The Bag of the Bee, 264
The Barons' Wars, 169
The Battle of the Summer Islands, 319
The Beggars' Holiday, 217
The Bellman, 284
The Bellman's Song, 230
The Bracelet to Julia, 273
The Character of a Happy Life, 145
The Character of Holland, 333
The Church-Porch, 251
The Civil Wars, 159
The Collar, 256
The Conclusion, 92
The Country Life, 277
The Elixir, 258
The Faerie Queene: Book I, Canto I, 33, Canto III, 38, Canto XI, 49; Book II, Canto VII, 62, Canto XII, 70; Book VI, Canto IX, 72
The Fairies' Farewell, 243
The Fairy Temple, or Oberon's Chapel, 269
The Flaming Heart, 300
The Garden, 331
The Hock-Cart, or Harvest Home, 270
The Holy Nativity, 298
The Iliads of Homer Translated, 135
The Indifferent, 209

The Induction, 8
The Lark Now Leaves His Wat'ry Nest, 325
The Lover Beseecheth His Mistress, 1
The Lover Compareth His State, 1
The Mad Maid's Song, 274
The Man of Life Upright, 140
The Means to Attain Happy Life, 4
The New Jerusalem, 155
The Passionate Shepherd to His Love, 111
The Pearl, 254
The Praise of a Solitary Life, 235
The Pulley, 257
The Purple Island, 226
The Rape of Lucrece, 115
The Resurrection, 316
The Retreat, 303
The Reward of Innocent Love, 286
The Salutation, 308
The Scourge of Villainy: Satire VII, 183
The Second Anniversary, 213
The Shepheardes Calender, 27
The Shepherd's Life (from The Purple Island), 227
The Shepherd's Wife's Song, 97
The Silent Lover, 90
The Spring, 314
The Steel Glass, 5
The Timber, 307
The Triumph of Charis, 198
The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint, 152
The Wake, 280
The World, 304.
The World a Game, 235
Then I Was in Love, 229
There Is a Garden in Her Face, 145
They Are All Gone into the World of Light, 306
Thou Blind Man's Mark, Thou Fool's Self-Chosen Snare, 24
Thrice Toss These Oaken Ashes in the Air, 144
To Althea from Prison, 295
To Amarantha, That She Would Dishevel Her Hair, 296
To Anthea, 272
To Celia, 197
To Chloris, 234
To Daffadils, 273
To His Sweet Saviour, 283
To Keep a True Lent, 284
To Live Merrily and to Trust to Good Verses, 266
To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars, 295
To Mr. Cyriack Skinner upon His Blindness, 386
To Mr. Lawrence, 386
To My Bookseller 192
To Perilla, 263
To Roses, 285
To Sir Robert Wroth, 195
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, 162
To the Lady Margaret Ley, 383
To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652, 384
To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakspeare, 200
To the Nightingale, 342
To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time, 268
Translation of the Æneid, 4
True Love, 294
True Monarchy, 27

Under the Greenwood Tree, 128
Upon Julia's Clothes, 281
Upon Julia's Hair Filled with Dew, 276
Upon Julia's Voice, 264
Upon Sneape, 272
Upon the Loss of His Mistresses, 263

Venus and Adonis, 112
Virgidemiarum Libri Sex: Book I, Satire VI, 180; Book III, Satire I, 181
Virtue, 253

Walla, the Fairest Nymph (from Britannia's Pastorals), 237
Weep No More. 218
Weep You No More, Sad Fountains, 156
Were I as Base as Is the Lowly Plain, 108
What Bird So Sings, Yet So Does Wail, 92
When the Assault Was Intended to the City, 383
Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I, 135
Who Is Sylvia, 126
Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover, 291
Winter, 127
Witches' Charm, 190
Witches' Incantation, 132
Wonder, 310
Worldly Paradise, 103

Ye Little Birds That Sit and Sing, 157

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine	33
A little onward lend thy guiding hand	416
A little saint best fits a little shrine	280
"A man, a man, a kingdom for a man"	183
A rose as fair as ever saw the North	242
A shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)	27
A way enchased with glass and beads	269
About the sweet bag of a bee	264
Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss	100
Ah, my heart, what aileth thee	2
Ah, my Perilla, dost thou grieve to see	263
Ah, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode	109
Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing	97
Along the dark and silent night	284
Amarantha, sweet and fair	296
An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me still	168
And will he not come again	131
And with that he led	230
Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes	180
Are they not senseless, then, that think the soul	148
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers	185
As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack	213
As pilot well expert in perilous wave	62
As virtuous men pass mildly away	211
Ask me no more where Jove bestows	290
At length an aged sire far off He saw	224
At that cave's mouth twice sixteen porters stand	226
Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones	385
"Away, thou changeling motley humourist"	207
Back and side go bare, go bare	15
Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew	158
Before the starry threshold of Jove's court	352
Bermudas, walled with rocks, who does not know	319
Bid me to live, and I will live	272
Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy	351
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	129
Brave flowers, that I could gallant it like you	245
Brave infant of Saguntum, clear	202
But here methinks my priests begin to frown	5
But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen	220
But listen, and I shall you tell	177
By this, lamenting Philomel had ended	115
By this the wedding ends, and brake up all the show	176
By those soft tods of wool	281
Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren	219
Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre	85
Captain or colonel or knight in arms	383
Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night	159
Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes	217

Cast our caps and cares away 217
Clear Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore 168
Come, Anthea, let us two 280
Come away, come away, death 130
Come, little babe, come, silly soul 102
Come live with me and be my love 111
Come, my Celia, let us prove 190
Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace 21
Come, sons of summer, by whose toil 270
Come, spur away 260
Come, thou monarch of the vine 133
Come thou, who art the wine and wit 274
Come unto these yellow sands 134
Corydon! arise, my Corydon 153
Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together 151
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud 384
Cupid and my Campaspe played 92
Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear 386

Daughter to that good earl, once President 383
Death, be not proud, though some have called thee 214
Dew sate on Julia's hair 276
Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame 251
Drink to me only with thine eyes 197

Even such is Time, that takes on trust 92

Fair and fair, and twice so fair 93
Fair daffadils, we weep to see 273
Fair friend, 't is true your beauties move 206
"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me" 112
Fair stood the wind for France 173
Fair was the day, but fairer was the maid 237
"Farewell rewards and fairies" 243
Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy 193
Fear no more the heat o' th' sun 134
Fie, foolish Earth! think you the heaven wants glory 26
Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow 139
For that indeed is no true monarchy 27
Forget not yet the tried intent 1
From you have I been absent in the spring 122
Full fathom five thy father lies 135
Full many a glorious morning have I seen 120

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may 268
Get up!. get up for shame! the blooming Morn 265
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet 90
Go, lovely rose 322
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes 185
Good morrow to the day so fair 274
Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way 166

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born 407
Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good 318
Happy those early days, when I 303

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings 133
Hark! now everything is still 219
He that loves a rosy cheek 288
He that of such a height hath built his mind 162
Hence, all you vain delights 216
Hence, loathèd Melancholy 343
Hence, vain deluding joys 347
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee 276
Here a little child I stand 284
Hierusalem, my happy home 155
High time now gan it wex for Una fayre 49
Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be 23
Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land 333
How blest art thou, canst love the country, Wroth 195
How can I choose but love and follow her 276
How happy is he born and taught 145
How like an angel came I down 310
How should I your true love know 131
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth 342
How vainly men themselves amaze 331

I can love both fair and brown 209
I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs 384
I have lost, and lately, these 263
I know that all beneath the moon decays 231
I know the ways of learning, both the head 254
I might—unhappy word, O me!—I might 21
I saw Eternity, the other night 304
I saw my lady weep 152
I saw those glorious styles of government 27
I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers 262
I struck the board, and cried, "No more" 256
I tell thee, Dick, where I have been 291
I was foretold your rebel sex 288
I, with whose colors Myra dressed her head 25
If crossed with all mishaps be my poor life 232
If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage 3
If yet I have not all thy love 210
In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes 124
In the hour of my distress 282
In the merry month of May 101
In things a moderation keep 282
Is this a fast, to keep 284
It is most true that eyes are formed to serve 20
It was a lover and his lass 129

Jack and Joan, they think no ill 141

Know thou, that tread'st on learned Smyth inurned 242

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son 386
Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust 24
Let me not to the marriage of true minds 124
Let mother Earth now deck herself in flowers 16
Like to the clear in highest sphere 95

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch 125
Long after Phoebus took his lab'ring team 169
Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose 158
Look how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade 234
Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we 322
Love in my bosom, like a bee 94
Love on a day, wise poets tell 271
Loving in truth and fain in verse my love to show 19
Lyke as a ship, that through the ocean wyde 83

Maids to bed, and cover coal 230
Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare 84
Martial, the things that do attain 4
Methought I saw my late espousèd saint 287
Mortality, behold and fear 218
My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not 152
My galley, chargèd with forgetfulness 1
My love is as a fever, longing still 126
My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming 122
My soul, there is a country 304
My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love 139

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore 142
Night hath no wings to him that cannot sleep 283
No more, my dear, no more these counsels try 22
No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be 294
Not to know Vice at all, and keep true state 187
Not winds to voyagers at sea 316
Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse 38
Now is the time for mirth 266
Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger 341
Now the hungry lion roars 128
Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne 72
Now winter nights enlarge 142

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide 123
O joy too high for my low style to show 22
O mistress mine, where are you roaming 130
O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray 342
O Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell 186
O wearisome condition of humanity 25
Occasions drew me early to this city 419
Of all our parts, the eyes express 272
Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit 387
Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me 190
On a day—alack the day 127
On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood 109
Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow 229
One day I wrote her name upon the strand 84
"Open the door! Who's there within" 231
Out upon it, I have loved 294

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day 215
Passions are likened best to floods and streams 90
Phoebus, arise 233

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair 186
Rose-cheeked Laura, come 140
See, Chloris, how the clouds 234
See the chariot at hand here of Love 198
See where my love a-Maying goes 230
See'st not, my love, with what a grace 258
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day 119
Shall I, then, hope when faith is fled 144
Shall I, wasting in despair 246
Shepherds all, and maidens fair 215
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea 121
Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part 168
Sister, awake! close not your eyes 157
Sisters, stay; we want our dame 190
Sitting by a river side 98
Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft Rest 232
Sneape has a face so brittle that it breaks 272
So oft as homeward I from her depart 84
So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice 264
Soul's joy, bend not those morning stars from me 21
Southward through Eden went a river large 408
Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king 90
Still to be neat, still to be drest 191
Sure thou didst flourish once; and many springs 307
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content 98
Sweet country life, to such unknown 277
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright 253
Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave 255
Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight 231
Sweetest love, I do not go 212
Take, O take those lips away 132
Teach me, my God and King 258
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind 295
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons 311
That time of year thou mayst in me behold 122
That which her slender waist confined 321
The forward youth that would appear 328
The glories of our blood and state 251
The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest 325
The man of life upright 140
The morning of that day which was his last 159
The shaddow of the earth anon 105
The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings 3
The sovereign castle of the rocky isle 146
The wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace 8
Then, as a nimble squirrel from the wood 236
Then walked they to a grove but near at hand 236
There is a garden in her face 145
There the most daintie paradise on ground 70
These little limbs 308
They are all gone into the world of light 306

This is the month, and this the happy morn 334
This little vault, this narrow room 289
This only grant me: that my means may lie 314
This said, old Nestor mixt the lots. The foremost lot surveyed . . . 135
This world a hunting is 235
Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare 24
Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well 192
Thou who some ages hence these rolls dost read 324
Though clock 279
Though you be absent here, I needs must say 314
Thrice happy he who by some shady grove 235
Thrice, O thrice happy shepherd's life and state 227
Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed 132
Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air 144
Time was, and that was termed the time of gold 181
Tired with all these, for restful death I cry 121
To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name 200
To me, fair friend, you never can be old 123
To whom the Fiend, with fear abasht, replied 412
To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I 193
Two loves I have of comfort and despair 125
Two pretty rills do meet, and, meeting, make 247

Under the greenwood tree 128
Underneath this sable herse 243

We saw, and wooed each other's eyes 286
We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest 298
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan 218
Weep you no more, sad fountains 156
Well-meaning readers, you that come as friends 300
Were I as base as is the lowly plain 108
What bird so sings, yet so does wail 92
What is it all that men possess, among themselves conversing 143
What needs my Shakespear for his honoured bones 341
What time this worlds great Workmaister did cast 30
When a daffadil I see 264
When, fearing tears should win 326
When God at first made man 257
When I consider how my light is spent 385
When I do count the clock that tells the time 119
When I survey the bright 287
When I was forced from Stella ever dear 23
When icicles hang by the wall 127
When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes 120
When Love with unconfinèd wings 295
When my love swears that she is made of truth 124
When Sorrow, using mine own fire's might 23
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought 120
When we for age could neither read nor write 323
Whenas in silks my Julia goes 281
Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold Day 297
Where the bee sucks, there suck I 135

Whether the Turkish new moon minded be 20
Whiles Laocon, that chosen was by lot 4
Who can live in heart so glad 103
Who is Silvia? what is she 126
Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be 192
Why I tie about thy wrist 273
Why so pale and wan, fond lover 291
With Fido, Knowledge went, who ordered right 228
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies 20
Wouldst thou hear what man can say 194

Ye blushing virgins happy are 285
Ye little birds that sit and sing 157
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more 378

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